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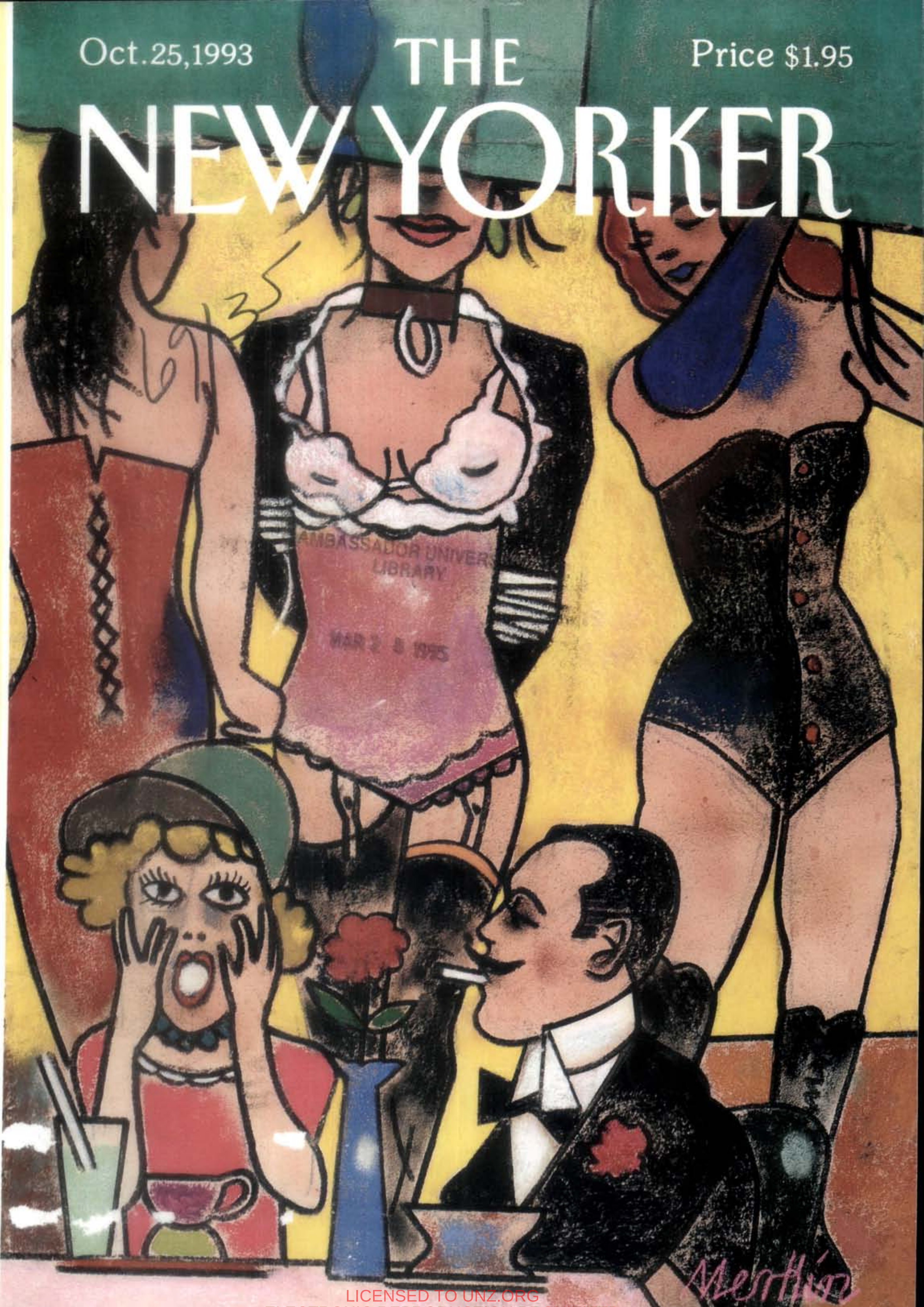

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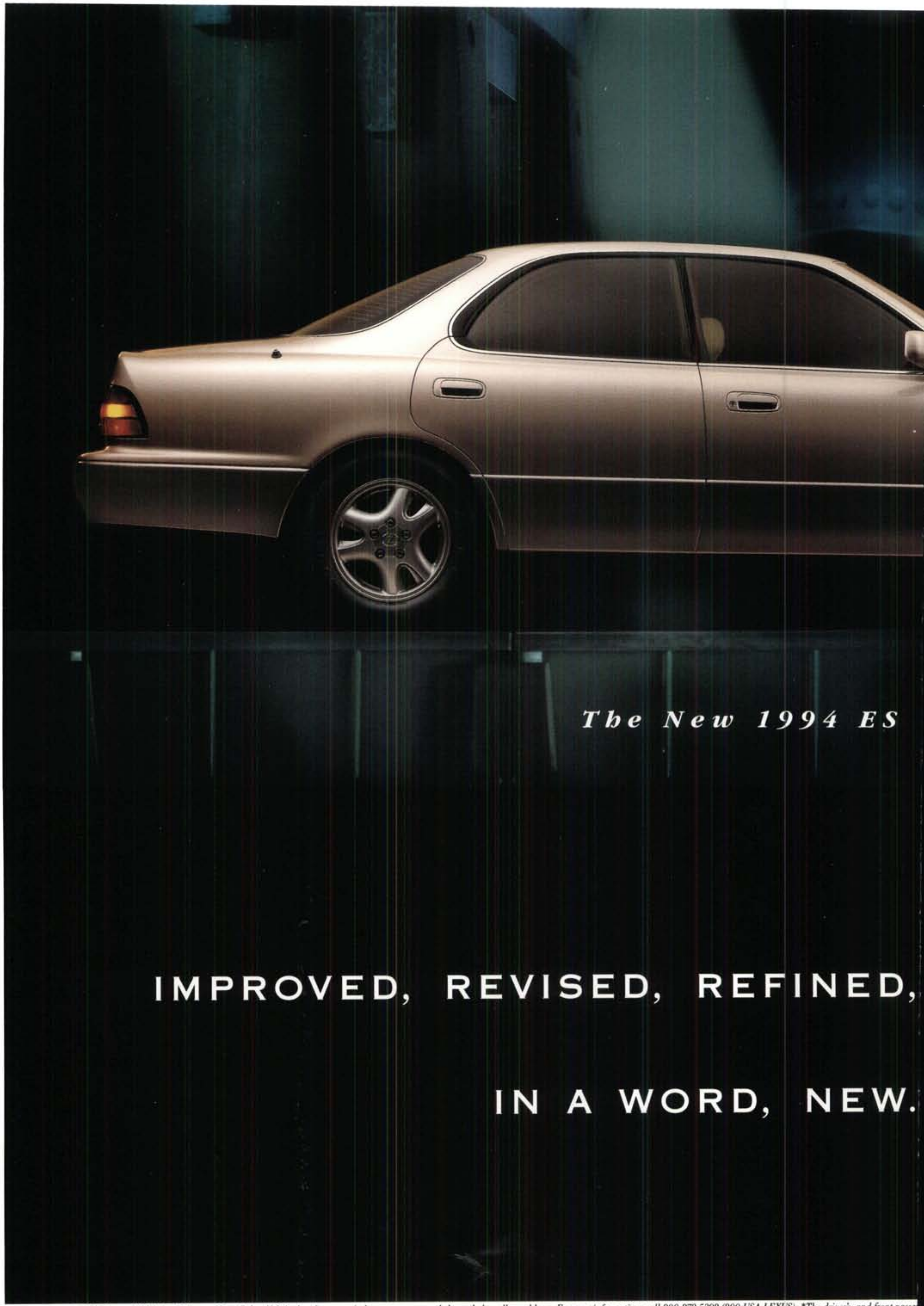
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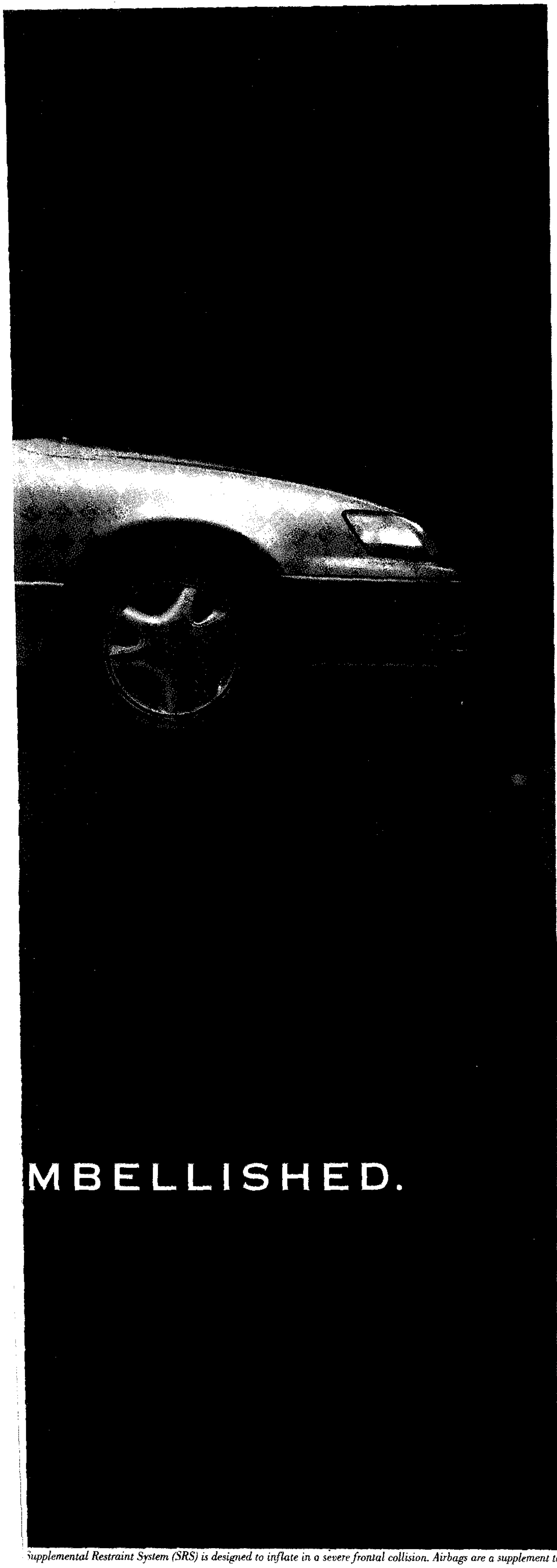

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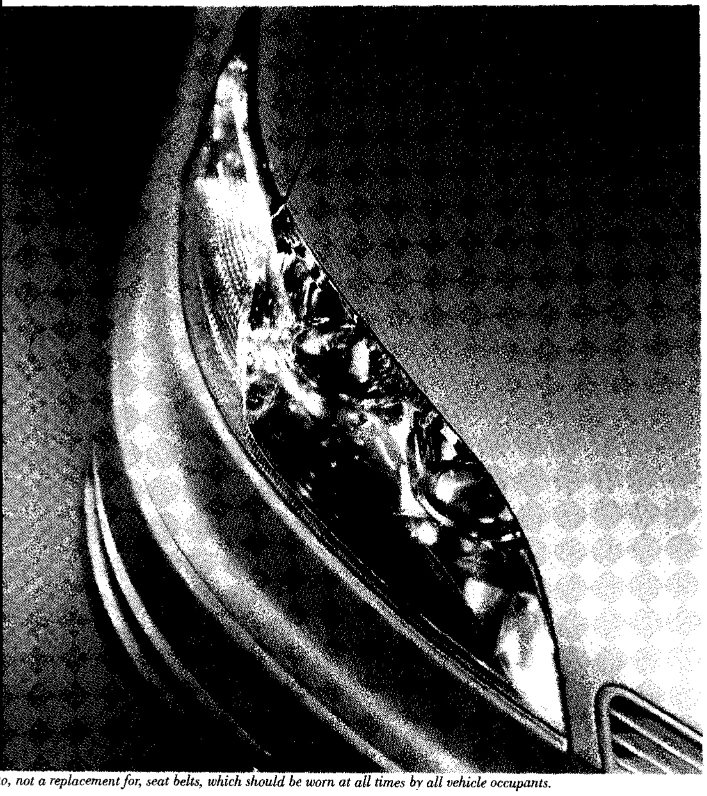

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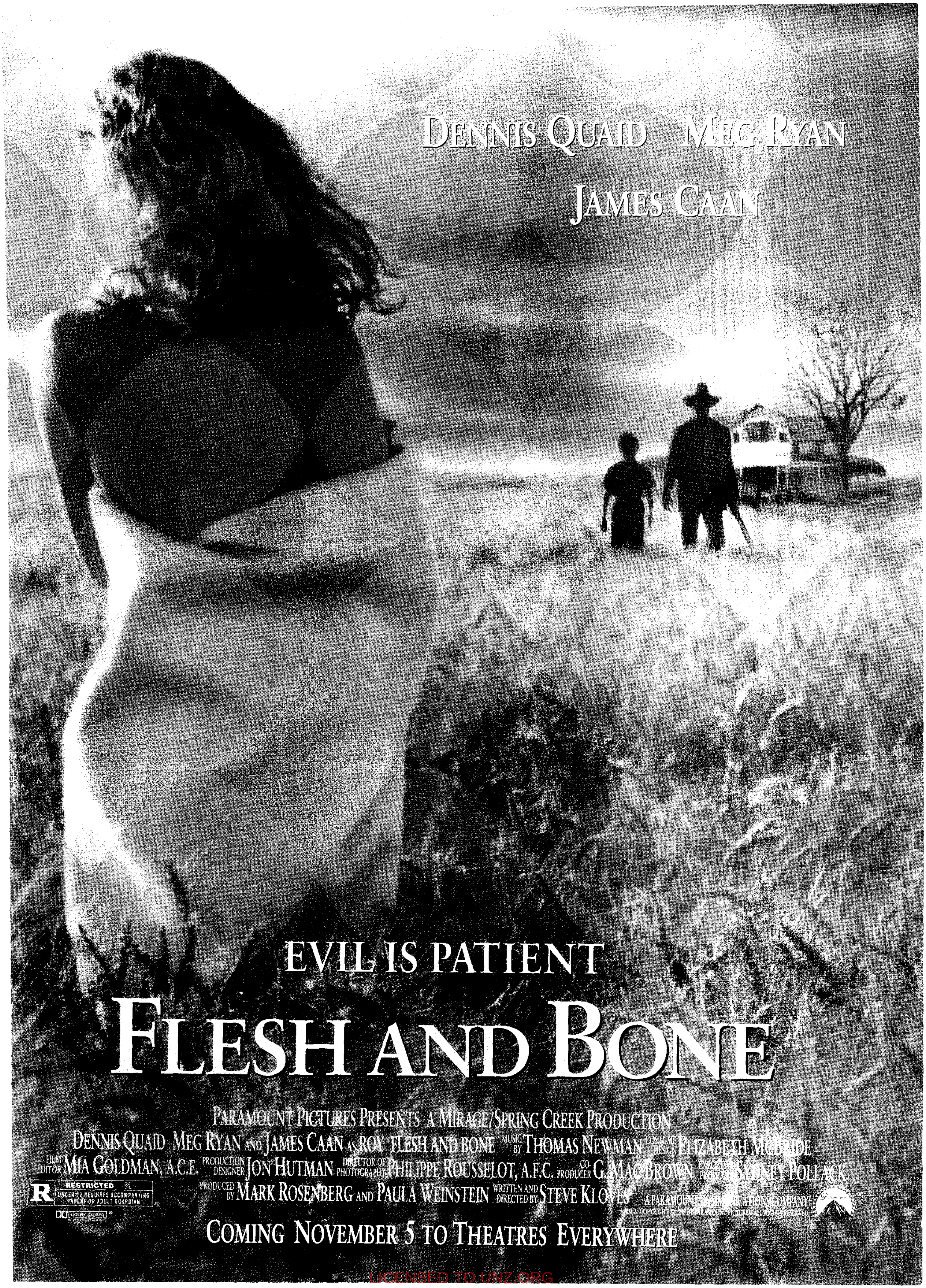

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COMMENT

THE PRICE IN HAITI

AMERICANS are so devoted to democracy and so respectful of its central ritual that we tend to confuse the one with the other. Call it the Election Day Myth. On that charmed day, every citizen, no matter how poor or obscure, is endowed with exactly the same quantum of power as every other citizen, no matter how wealthy or well connected. The myth is beautiful and affecting, and not without truth. But in the absence of institutions through which the elected can govern and the governed can seek justice even the freest election is not enough to make a democracy.

Almost three years ago, on a day of great jubilation, the citizens of the wretched island nation of Haiti lived their own Election Day Myth. Courtesy of hundreds of observers from the United Nations and the Organization of American States, Haitians took part in a free and fair election, in which, as it happened, two Haitians in three cast their ballots for a rousing orator and inspiring leader of the poor named Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Since Aristide had won two-thirds of the vote, his mandate to govern might seem to have been overwhelming—were it not that virtually all the Haitians with money and power numbered themselves among the other third. Many of these people, whose families had brutally ruled the country for almost two hundred years, nourished an intense hatred for Aristide, a Catholic priest who made no secret of his determination to rectify the grotesquely skewed distribution of money and power that characterized Haitian society. They feared his wildly enthusiastic supporters in the slums, and they were determined to keep him—by any means necessary—from assuming real authority over the Army.

As Father Aristide took office, there existed a clear potential for disaster—a potential that had been underlined, a month before his inauguration, by an attempted coup d'état and, in response, violent rioting by his supporters. Faced with this uncertain situation—and with the strong disinclination of Haitians, who are fiercely nationalistic, to see the international presence extended—the representatives of the international institutions that had made Aristide's election possible left the country. Thirty-one

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tumultuous weeks later, after a second, and very bloody, coup d'état succeeded, Aristide followed them.

That was two years ago. Last week, when the United States troop ship Harlan County, carrying two hundred American "combat engineers and military trainers," beat an ignominious retreat from the waters off Port-au-Prince, it was only the latest and most embarrassing of a series of failed attempts to restore President Aristide to office. What was most striking about this sad incident was not the glee of the unruly Haitian gunmen celebrating their triumph onshore (a triumph sweetened by Haitian memories of 1915, when American Marines last disembarked at Port-au-Prince for a stay of almost two decades) but, rather, the yawning gap between the stated goal of the mission—"the restoration of democracy in Haiti"—and the means chosen to achieve it: a few engineers and trainers, many of whom did not even carry sidearms, and who were under standing orders, should they encounter trouble in the Haitian capital, to "run the other way."

Ever since President Aristide's overthrow, and increasingly since early July, when the so-called Governor's Island accord was signed (and under which the President was to return to office on October 30th), violence has overwhelmed life in Port-au-Prince: disappearances, kidnappings, mysterious fires, assassinations in broad daylight in full view of the police and the military—all the familiar techniques of street terror that have traditionally been used to impress on Haitians that, no matter what the foreigners say, those who have always held power in their country still hold it. Though the refusal of the Haitian armed forces to protect citizens clearly violated the spirit of the accord, the United States and the United Nations did nothing, preferring to wait hopefully for the arrival of the foreign troops, who, one diplomat said, could be expected to turn the tide because of Haitians' "awe of foreigners." And, if that awe proved insufficient, how were these lightly armed foreigners expected to deal with street terror? An unnamed but obviously less hopeful official told the *Times* that they would "have a narrow mandate to be there and rub off on the police and the army, who magically by osmosis are supposed to behave themselves; to conduct themselves more professionally."

"To conduct themselves more professionally": how American, to take a political problem and disguise it as a technical one—as if the difficulty were that the benighted Haitian troops had simply never been informed that their job description did not include the murder of unarmed civilians. Training might well benefit the Haitian soldiers—although it is worth recalling that their predecessors got plenty of training under the Marines, who founded the current Army during the American occupation. But training cannot clear the political impasse, which is that a large number of Haiti's rich and powerful, fearing (with some reason) the diminution of their privileges and wealth, not only detest but distrust President Aristide and his supporters, and lack the means, the traditions, and the inclination to respond in any way save violently. Even had they been inclined to offer legal opposition, the mediating institutions through which they might have done so—established political parties, a vigorous legislature, a judiciary insulated from the executive power—do not exist. Until they do, talk of "restoring democracy in Haiti" will be little more than a sad farce.

For all President Clinton's talk of "growing democracies," no one really knows how such institutions could be developed in Haiti. What is clear is that the Clinton Administration, while setting the lofty goal of democracy in Haiti, has never been willing to make the investment, financial and political, needed to achieve it. One result is that the Governor's Island accord mandated not only Aristide's return but also an amnesty for those who overthrew him and then murdered thousands of his supporters. After all, to force a wholesale "housecleaning" in the Haitian military would have required something more than a few hundred lightly armed engineers and trainers.

Even if Father Aristide does one day manage to return to Haiti, the political paradox that led to his downfall will remain. He stands for "the people" in a country in which the people have always had nothing. He is, in essence, a revolutionary, come to office not in the manner of revolutionaries—by sweeping away the old order—but thanks to a foreign-sponsored election that left the system he would overturn firmly in place.

It is not at all clear how, or whether, democracy can be implanted in a place like Haiti. At the weekend, American destroyers were steaming toward Haitian waters—sent by President Clinton to bolster the international sanctions that are supposed, again, to force Haiti's rulers to adhere to that flawed accord. Perhaps the warships will force concessions; perhaps they will bring more violence. But it is unlikely that they will bring democracy: in Haiti, as elsewhere, that would require of the American people a greater commitment than they, or their leaders, appear ready to make. ♦

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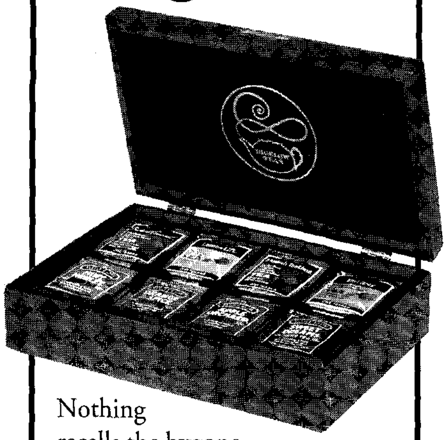

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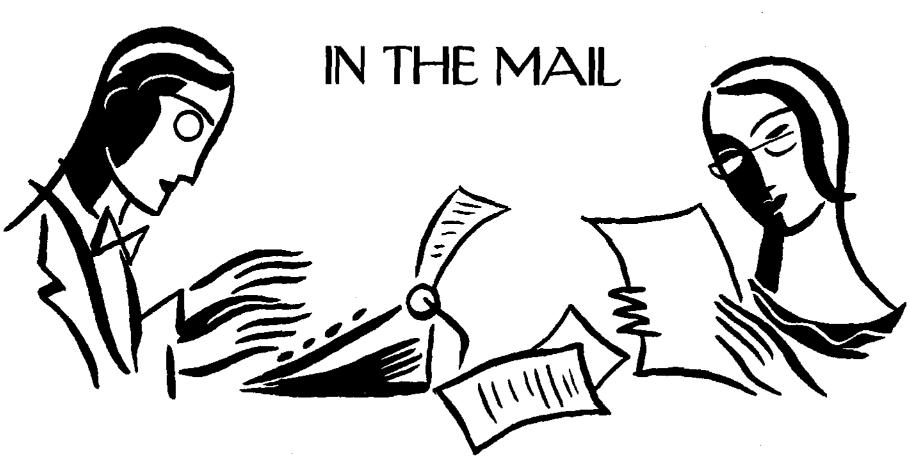


CROSSING SPEARS

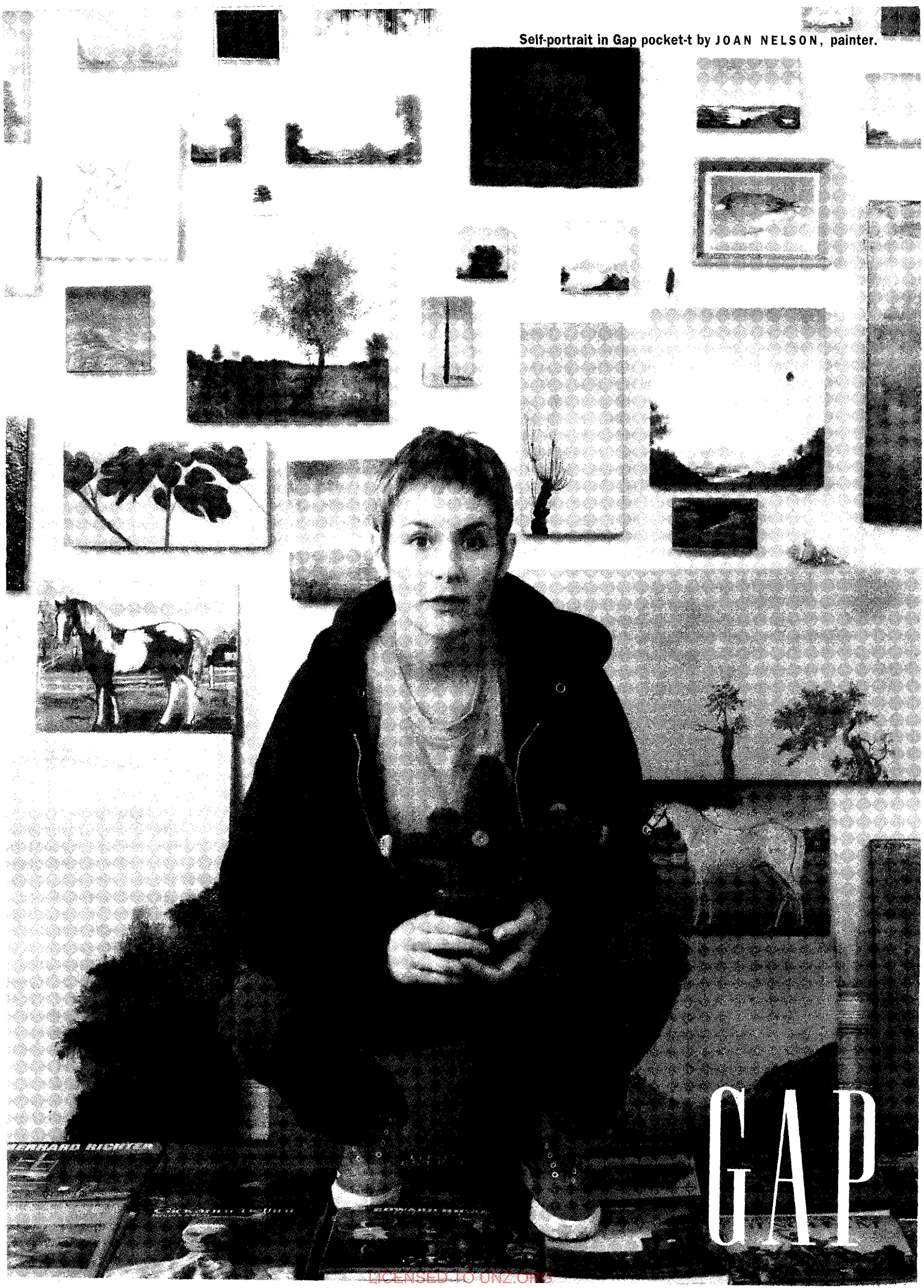
Joe Kane's "With Spears from All Sides" (September 27th) dodges a central question that still hounds the people and the tropical forests of eastern Ecuador: How should American organizations, such as the Natural Resources Defense Council (N.R.D.C.), respond to the plight of the Huaorani and other indigenous people who are threatened by petroleum development? Kane's reluctance stems from his own involvement as a leading proponent of a hard-line, no-negotiation approach that has since proved disastrous to the rain forest. In his piece Kane minimizes the extent of this involvement, saying only that he was a part-time editor for the Rainforest Action Network.

In the spring of 1991, Kane and his colleagues at the Rainforest Action Network railed against N.R.D.C.'s efforts to explore a possible settlement of Conoco's controversial plans to develop oil fields in eastern Ecuador's tropical forests. Our easiest course at N.R.D.C. would have been to remain with Kane and others in the chorus campaigning against Conoco. However, we questioned whether driving Conoco out of the Oriente would really halt the development of its Block 16 and, more important, reverse more than two decades of toxic contamination and cultural genocide resulting from oil exploitation in the region. We were impressed that Conoco was willing to go beyond the usual promises of good practices in its unprecedented willingness to submit to independent oversight of its operations and to share its profits with the Indian communities.

By early March of 1991, we had received requests for legal and other assistance from ONHAE, the fledgling Huaorani organization, and from CONFENIAE, the umbrella group for all the Indians of the Ecuadorian Amazon—a group praised by the Rainforest Action Network's newsletter, *World Rainforest Report*, of which Joe Kane was the editor, as "the primary mechanism for the defense of indigenous rights." Our decision to provide the requested assistance followed hundreds of hours of consultations with the full range of concerned organizations and experts here and in Ecuador, and we worked in partnership with Cultural Survival, which is one of the most highly respected indigenous rights groups in the world, with over fifteen years of experience in Ecuador.

Kane attaches special significance to a January 11, 1991, letter from ONHAE sent to the Rainforest Action Network. Kane's *World Rainforest Report* featured this letter in its April-May, 1991, issue, calling it "unambiguous" proof of the Huaorani opposition to oil development of any kind. Kane now says he harbored doubts about the letter's validity—doubts his newsletter failed to mention. Nor does Kane mention in his current article that ONHAE and its president, Nanto, sent a second, contradictory letter, three weeks after the first, to N.R.D.C., requesting N.R.D.C.'s legal help in securing for the Huaorani a share in the economic benefits of oil development. In March, 1991, we quietly informed Kane of the second letter. Kane chose to conceal its existence from his own organization's members and, more recently, from *New Yorker* readers.

The shrill public attacks and boycott threats by Kane, RAN, and others helped drive Conoco out of Ecuador in October of 1991. As we predicted, Conoco's successor, Maxus, lacks the commitment and the resources to carry out the program promised by Conoco. The develop-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ment of Block 16 has now proceeded, as Kane described, in the same fashion as earlier oil projects—with worthless environmental safeguards and trivial payments to affected communities.

Kane now grinds his axe in a self-interested apologia filled with falsehoods. He attributes to one of us quotations that he has torn violently from their context to make us appear muddle-headed and arrogant. His description of our relationship with Judy Kimerling and the suggestion that she was fired because she disagreed with N.R.D.C.'s willingness to talk to Conoco are absolutely false. He wrongly blames N.R.D.C. for divisions between Indians and environmentalists which predated our involvement in Ecuador.

We knew that there were risks in defying political correctness by suggesting the possibility of negotiation with an oil company. Nonetheless, we were convinced that ideological purity would not solve problems in the Amazon. Subsequent events have borne us out.

ROBERT F. KENNEDY, JR.
S. JACOB SCHERR
Natural Resources Defense Council
New York, New York

The predicament of the Amazon basin and its Indian peoples is a subject that has attracted a good deal of published hogwash, particularly in recent years. Joe Kane's article, by contrast, was excellent—quite the most intelligent thing I've read on the subject for years. I first stayed with Amazon Indians twenty years ago and have had the good fortune to be the guest of about seventy different tribal peoples since then. I also knew the Huaorani more than a decade ago, when I visited most of the places Kane mentions and met most of the individuals he knows.

What struck me then was how inspiring it was to realize that this very remote and unacculturated people had a firm grasp of the importance of land rights for their children and their children's children. It is encouraging to know that this has not diminished.

STEPHEN CORRY
Director General, Survival International
London

Joe Kane replies:

Several points in the letter from Robert Kennedy and Jacob Scherr require a response.

1. My work at the Rainforest Action Network is accurately described on the opening page of my story. I worked an average of four days a month at an organization that at the time had a full-time staff of about fifteen people. I quit RAN the week after the Washington *Post* revealed that the N.R.D.C. had been negotiating with Conoco, and five months before Conoco pulled out of the Oriente.

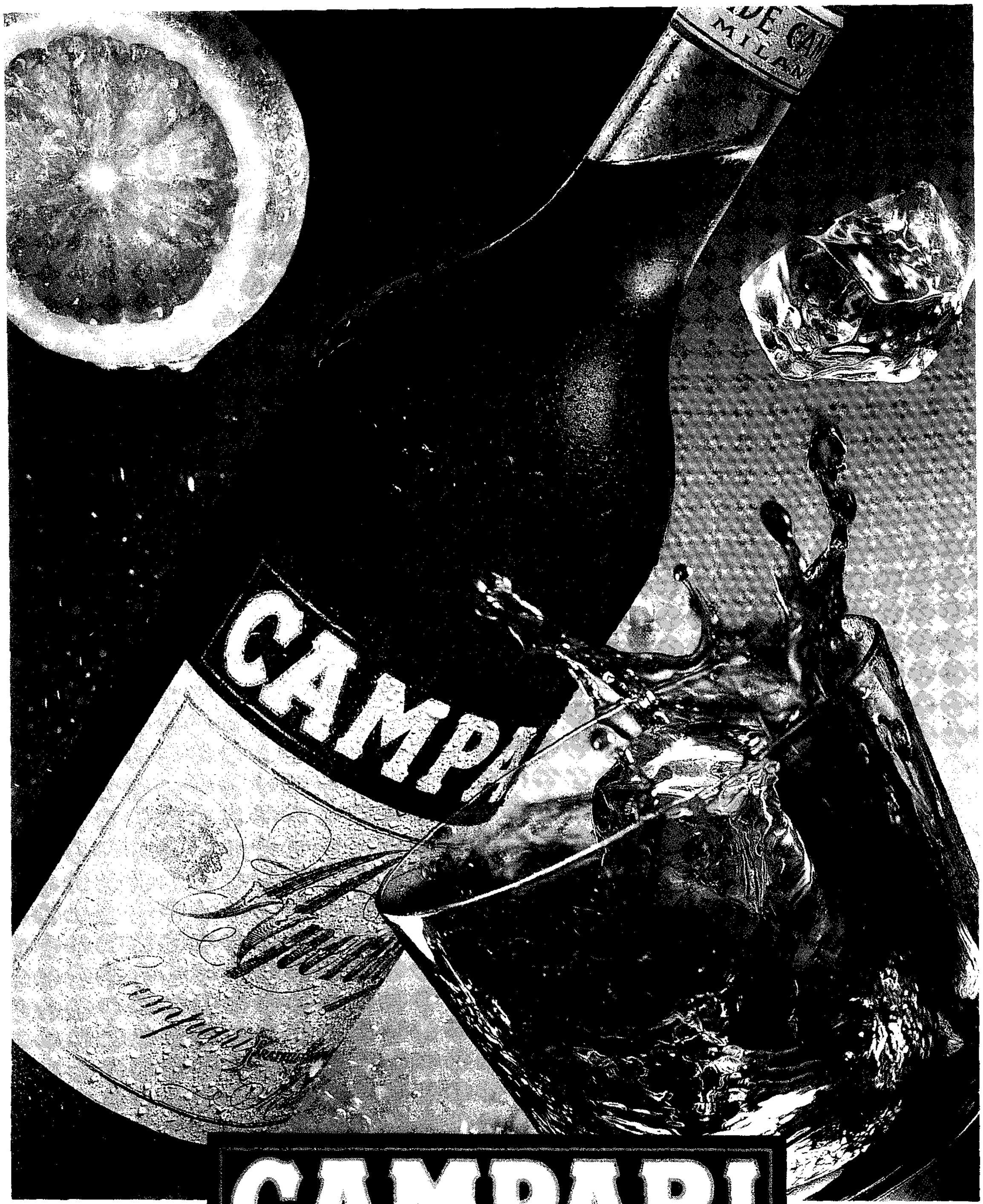
2. The quotes from Kennedy in my article (there are none from Scherr) are all on tape, and all are accurate. In addition, *The New Yorker's* checking department spoke with Kennedy at length to make sure that his views were presented accurately.

3. I had never heard of the "second" ONHAE letter Kennedy and Scherr refer to until after my story was published, when they sent a copy to *The New Yorker*. They had not informed me of it, quietly or otherwise. Nor did they mention it during their hours of taped interviews with me, or their conversations with the magazine's checking department. I showed it to Moi Enomenga, a former vice-president of ONHAE, who was in the United States to testify before the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States. He recognized the letter; he said that it had surfaced briefly in Ecuador two and a half years ago, then disappeared after ONHAE disavowed it. (I don't know if Kennedy and Scherr knew about the disavowal, but it's clear that ONHAE never considered itself represented by the N.R.D.C.) "Nanto was tricked," Moi said. "A white man gave him a piece of paper and told him to sign it. He had no idea what he was signing."

4. My account of the N.R.D.C.'s firing of Judith Kimerling, and of its use of her work to negotiate a deal with Conoco that she opposed, is based on taped interviews with Kimerling, Kennedy, and Scherr, and on internal N.R.D.C. documents.

5. The Maxus environmental-management plan for Block 16 is indeed as bad as Kennedy and Scherr say it is. It is also virtually identical to the Conoco plan.

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.



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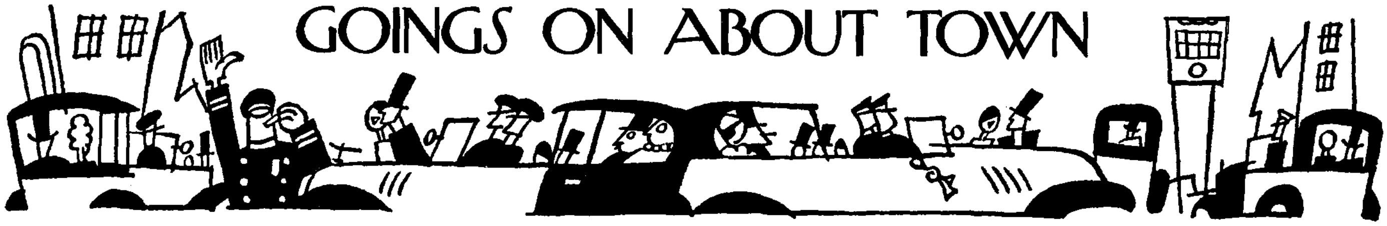
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

Playwright Redux

EDWARD ALBEE'S public image is stuck in 1962, the year his scandalous "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" made its triumphant move uptown to Broadway and he became a household name. Luckily, though, his writing isn't also stuck there—since 1962 he's written sixteen plays, as well as adaptations and librettos, and won two Pulitzer Prizes (in 1967 and 1975). Over the years, Albee has remained tough-minded and experimental (though some of his experiments work better than others) while Broadway has become ever less experimental, moving into the age of helicopters and singing cats. Albee's work has premièred in Houston, Vienna, and Cincinnati, yet it's been more than ten years since he's had a world première in New York, and much of his recent work hasn't been seen here at all, on or off Broadway.

But there's hope downtown, where the Signature Theatre Company is presenting a season of seven Albee plays, four of which will be directed by the playwright. The shows range from an early one-act, "The Sandbox," to his just completed full-length work, "Fragments—A Concerto Grosso." Five are New York premières, including "Marriage Play," the company's current show. This may not herald a popular comeback for Albee, but it's refreshing just to have his intelligent, detached, yet visceral sensibility represented on a New York stage again.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA: PERESTROIKA—The second half of Tony Kushner's epic work is in previews. It runs in repertory with Part One, "Millennium Approaches." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

CYRANO: THE MUSICAL—The Dutch actor Bill van Dijk has the title role in this new musical version of Edmond Rostand's play. The production originated in Amsterdam. In previews. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1994—A new edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies, including spoofs of "Angels in America," "Sunset Boulevard," and "The Who's Tommy." In previews. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

FOUR DOGS AND A BONE—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING!—An expanded version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein revue that played at Rainbow & Stars last spring. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26				

JIMMY TINGLE'S UNCOMMON SENSE—The American Humorists Series continues with this solo show. In previews. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

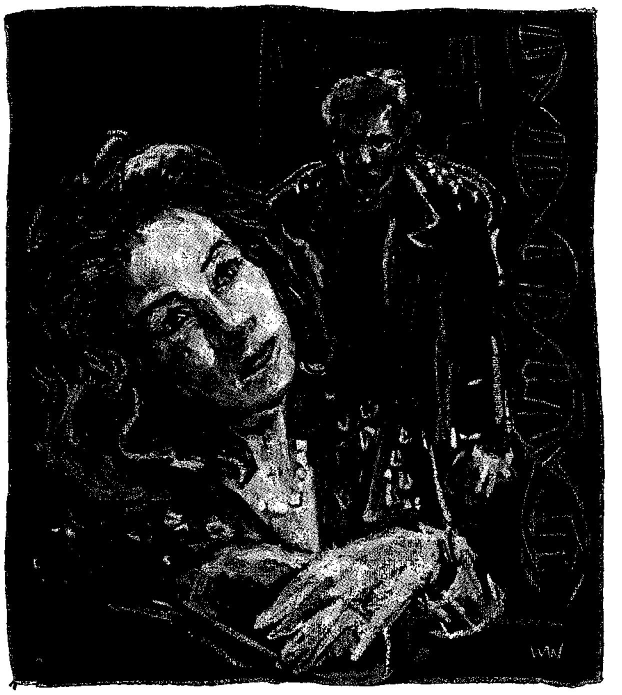
JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOLKILLER—Kaitlin Hopkins, Daniel Jenkins, and Spiro Malas lead the cast of Mark St. Germain and Randy Courts' musical, which is based on a short story by Stephen Vincent Benét. In previews. (Lamb's Little Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

THE LIGHTS—The Atlantic Theatre Company in a new play by Howard Korder. Mark Wing-Davey directed. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

PTERODACTYLS—A dark comedy by Nicky Silver, with Kelly Bishop. Opens Oct. 20 at 8 and runs through Nov. 7. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

TIMON OF ATHENS—The National Actors Theatre launches its season with a rarely performed Shakespearean tragedy. This production, set in the Jazz Age, stars Brian Bedford and features a score by Duke Ellington. In previews. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

THE TREATMENT—Randy Danson and Daniel Von Bargen portray Hollywood producers who option the life story of an abused woman, played by Angie Phillips, in this play by Martin Crimp, which premièred at London's Royal Court Theatre last April. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)



Jennifer Grey and Raphael Sbarge in "The Twilight of the Golds."

WENDY WILSON

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GOLDS—A play by Jonathan Tolins, starring Jennifer Grey, David Groh, Raphael Sbarge, Judith Scarpone, and Michael Spound. Arvin Brown directed. Two previews on Oct. 20. Opens Oct. 21 at 7. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

WONDERFUL TENNESSEE—The Abbey Theatre's production of Brian Friel's new play. Previews through Oct. 23. Opens Oct. 24 at 6:15. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE WORKROOM—A play by Jean-Claude Gromberg, set in France during the Second World War. Translated from the French by Tom Kempinski. Previews through Oct. 24. Opens Oct. 26 at 8. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ALL THAT GLITTERS—A comedy of manners, set in the eighties, by Stephan Bullard. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

ANNIE WARBUCKS—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." After sixteen years, the old team—Thomas Meehan (book) and Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin (music and lyrics)—is still in top form. With Donna McKechnie, Harve Presnell, Harvey Evans, Marguerite McIntyre, and Raymond Thorne, to say nothing of a merry scattering of orphans. (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

BIBLIOMANIA—A one-man show by Roger Rosenblatt. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes Oct. 23.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. The cast includes Shaun and David Cassidy and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BLOWN SIDEWAYS THROUGH LIFE—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store as a child to being a "phone girl" in a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. Although she hasn't always enjoyed herself, Ms. Shear still believes in "getting out of the house." It's worth getting out of your house to have her tell you why. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

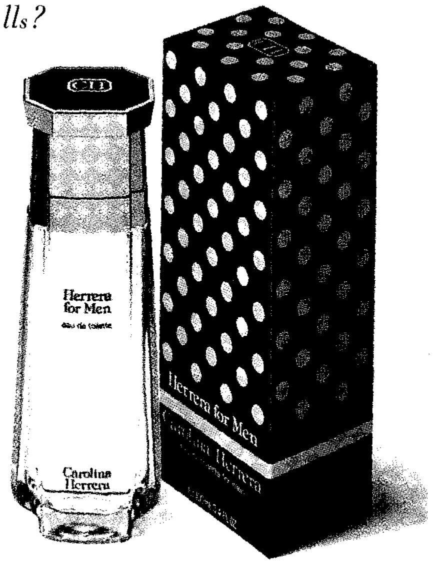
GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



Bloomingdale's

Herrera for Men

Carolina Herrera
New York

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Burning Bright—A 1950 play by John Steinbeck, adapted and directed by Damien Gray. (Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St. 431-9220. Closes Oct. 30.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole performer in this comedy, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Fiery Furnace—Julie Harris stars in a play by Timothy Mason. Presented by Circle Repertory Company. (10/18/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Fire's Daughters—This play by Ina Césaire, of Martinique, is set on the island in 1870, just before a slave revolt. The script is a mixture of family drama and storytelling, with dancing and singing. The acting is often stylized and melodramatic, and the production is something of a hodgepodge, but the climax, a voodoo ceremony that ends with all the women taking weapons and marching offstage, is powerful and resonant. Mauro Refosco composed and performs the extremely effective music. Translated from the French by Judith G. Miller. Ntozake Shange directed. (*Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th* St. 679-7562. Closes Oct. 24.)

The Hamlet Festival—The Prince of Denmark celebration continues. Oct. 21-Nov. 1: "Hamlet," directed by David Herskovits; Andrés Ibañez's play "Ophelia"; and four late-night productions of Heiner Müller's "Hamletmachine." (Nada Inc., 167 Ludlow St. 420-1466.)

Holly Near: Fire in the Rain—The feminist singer in an autobiographical play with music. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

In Persons—The actors Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson in a show about their lives in the theatre. Martin Charnin was the director. (10/18/93) (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—"The First Lulu," Eric Bentley's version of a hundred-year-old play by Frank Wedekind, alternates with "Enrico IV," by Luigi Pirandello. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. The play was seen recently at Playwrights Horizons. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

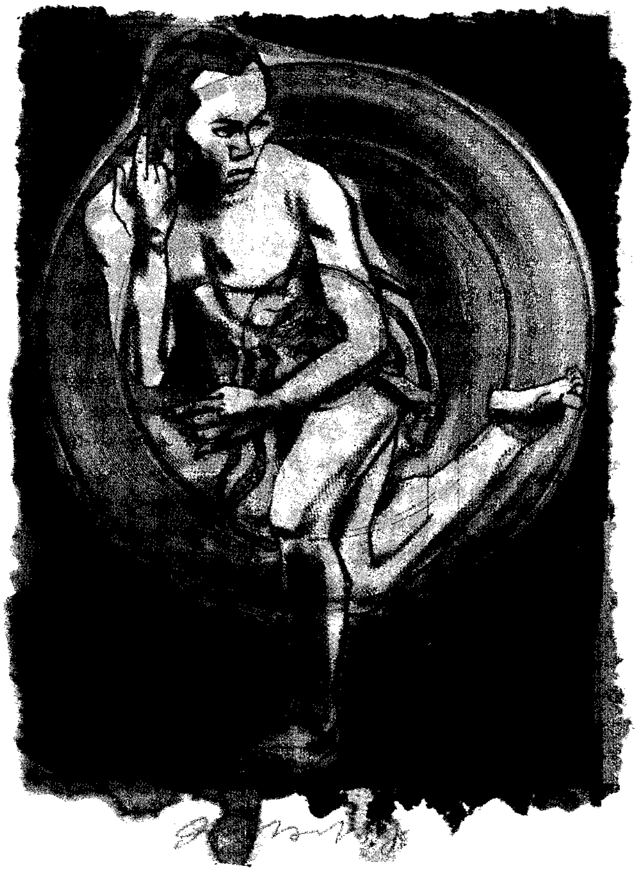
The Little Prince—Daisy Eagan stars in a musical adaptation of the 1943 book by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. (28th Street Theatre, *120* W. 28th St. 279-4200. The last performance here is on Oct. 24. The show moves to the John Houseman, 420 W. 42nd St., starting in Nov.)

The Maids—Jean Genet's 1947 play. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Oct. 31.)

Marriage Play—Edward Albee's play about a couple going through a midlife crackup is disturbing, funny, violent, and not in the least sentimental. The roles are powerfully acted by Kathleen Butler and Tom Klunis (who originated them in Vienna in 1987), and the show is incisively directed by James Houghton, the artistic director of the Signature Theatre Company. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 31.)

Mixed Emotions—Katherine Helmond and Harold Gould portray a widow and a widower, in a romantic comedy by Richard Baer. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Oedipus the King—Timothy Wheeler is the king and Margo Skinner is his beloved wife and mother, in a solid, traditional production of Sophocles' play, with masked actors in multiple roles. Ms. Skinner (who is also Tiresias) and Sean Pratt (Creon) take turns as the various bearers of increasingly bad news. The translation, by Stephen Berg and Diskin Clay, does especially well by the chorus. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Oct. 23.)



Sardono Dance Theatre at BAM.

JACK MOLLOY

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Snowing at Delphi—A comedy by Catherine Butterfield. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Sophistry—A play by Jonathan Marc Sherman. (*Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-*4200. Closes Nov. 7.)

S.S. Glencairn: Four Plays of the Sea—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company in a quartet of one-acts by Eugene O'Neill. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes Oct. 31.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-*6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Big Apple Circus—The little big top returns to Lincoln Center starting Oct. 21. (Damrosch Park. Through Jan. 9. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

Of Mice, Bugs, and Women—A new performance piece by Deb Margolin. (Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Oct. 21-22 at 8.)

Frank Maya: Paying for the Pool—The comedian's latest show. (Atlan*tic Theatre. Oct. 23* at 9 and Oct. 24 at 8. Through Nov. 14.)

DANCE

Paul Taylor Dance Company—The opening performance of a two-week engagement that will run through Nov. 7: "Mercuric Tidings," "Spindrift" (New York première), "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)," and a solo from "Aureole" (with guest artist Mikhail Baryshnikov). (City Center, 131 W. *55th St.* 581-1212. Oct. 26 at 7.)

Sardono Dance Theatre—This company from Indonesia is making its New York début at the Next Wave Festival with "Passage through the Gong," a non-narrative piece that promises to be an eyeful, with members of the royal court of Solo, Java, among the ensemble. A focal point will be a sacred dance called serimpi sangupati, which has never been presented outside the court. A chamber-sized gamelan orchestra accompanies the dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. *1-718 636-4100. Oct. 26 at 7.* Through Oct. 30.)

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—Oct. 20 at 8 and Oct. 24 at 7:30: "Justice's Leg," "Esperanto," "Last Night on Earth," and "There Were So Many . . ." (première). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 8: "How to Walk an Elephant," "Achilles Loved Patroclus," "Shared Distance," and "War Between the States" (première). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 and Oct. 26 at 8: "Continuous Replay," "Esperanto," "There Were So Many. . .," and "Last Night on Earth." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8 and Oct. 24 at 2: ". . . And the Maiden," "Just You" (company première), "Havoc," and "Another History of Collage." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Oct. 31.)

"The first time I gave her a diamond ring my hands trembled. Now hers will."

I'll always remember that face. The smile bordering on a tear. Silence as powerful as music. Eyes as lively as the diamond I nervously slipped on her finger. And now that we have come so far together, perhaps now is the moment to celebrate that love, once again, with a diamond as exceptional as our love.

Exceptional woman.
Exceptional diamond.

An exceptional diamond of two carats, or more, is so rare that fewer than one percent of women will ever own one. If you are considering an important diamond gift for your wife, like this ring featuring a brilliantly cut 2.05-carat center stone, simply call for your guide to a diamond's quality and value, as well as the name of your local expert diamond jeweler. 1-800-241-9444.

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NIGHT LIFE

Keeping Up with Jones

IN its heyday, in the early eighties, British techno-pop was a rather dreary affair, performed chiefly by fey-voiced chaps whose writing tended to reflect a strong sense of what Cole Porter called "that old ennui." Then there was Howard Jones, a classically trained pianist who parlayed a knack for bright melodies and positive thinking into shamelessly warm, ebullient rock. Jones made a joyful noise with his synthesizers and sequencers, but his lyrical sensibility also accommodated a bittersweet lament, as singles like "What Is Love?" and "No One Is to Blame" proved. Jones's current tour, which brings him to the Academy on October 22, coincides with the release of "The Best of Howard Jones," a greatest-hits collection that chronicles the singer's career from his 1983 début album, "Human's Lib," to last year's "In the Running."

Joining Jones for this gig will be a band from Dublin called the Fat Lady Sings. Fat Lady's spirited guitar pop, with its shimmering folk flourishes and breathy, passionate vocals (a trademark of Irish rock singers, who tend to shy away from the cool sardonicism that distinguishes some of their English peers), is very much in synch with Jones's tender romanticism. The group will be playing a few other gigs in town over the next week or so, including a night at Café Sin-é on October 28, to promote its new album, "Johnson." Frontman Nick Kelly got his start singing in piano bars while studying law in New York, so for him this marks a sort of homecoming.

CONCERTS

Sweet Honey in the Rock—This a-cappella ensemble manages to do more with five voices and an occasional tambourine than many groups could with an orchestra. Their voices weave, overlap, keep a dead-on beat, and even synthesize (or so it seems—they sound positively electronic on "Fulani Chant"), and their material incorporates African rhythms, gospel and blues, and folk songs from the South. Some songs touch on politics and issues like AIDS, yet the music never succumbs to an agenda. It's a celebratory moment for Sweet Honey in the Rock: next month, the group turns twenty. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 23 at 8.)

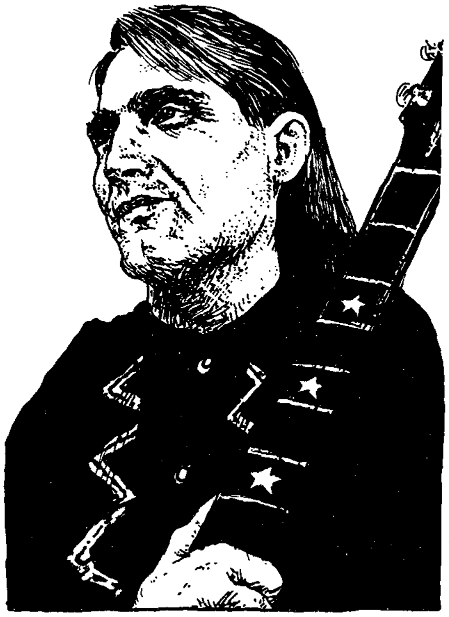
Bell Biv DeVoe—With SWV, LeVert, Silk, Big Daddy Kane, MC Lyte, and Tag Team. A summit meeting of sweet and soulful harmonizers and hip-hop rappers. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 22 at 7:30.)

Phillip Officer—Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 20 at 8.

Tony Bennett—Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Oct. 20-22 at 8 and Oct. 23 at 2:30 and 8.

Bette Midler—"Experience the Divine" comes to a close. Bye, Bette! (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 20-23 at 8.)

Paul Simon—With Art Garfunkel, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, and others. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 20, Oct. 22-24, and Oct. 26, all at 8. Through Nov. 2.)



JIMMIE DALE GILMORE *grew up in Lubbock, where he soaked up just about every pure-blooded sound a West Texas boy can hear. The forty-eight-year-old singer's fifth album, "Spinning Around the Sun," is a high, lonesome masterwork that lives and breathes country-music history. His three-night engagement at the Ballroom will provide a chance to hear this voice of the prairie in person.*

George Benson—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 21 at 8.

Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—A tribute to Benny Goodman, with guest artists Bill Easley, Milt Jackson, Walt Levinsky, David Liebman, and Michael White. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 21 at 8.)

Grover Washington, Jr.—With Stanley Jordan. (Beacon Theatre. Oct. 22 at 8.)

Jim Hall and Peter Bernstein—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Oct. 22 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Salsa Festival—Tito Puente, Celia Cruz, Oscar D'Leon, La India, and many others. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 23 at 8.)

Luther Vandross—With En Vogue and Lewis Dix. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 26 at 8. Through Oct. 30.)

Duran Duran—With the Cranberries. (Radio City Music Hall. Oct. 26 at 8. Through Oct. 29.)

ROCK AND FOLK

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—A cozy former theatre, situated a few doors away from Times Square, where techno and alternative-rock bands, among others, occasionally turn up. On Oct. 22: Brit-pop idol **HOWARD JONES,** with Irish modern rockers **THE FAT LADY SINGS.** For concert information, call 249-8870.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **JIMMIE DALE GILMORE** is here Oct. 26-28.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. On Oct. 24-26: the **CHICK COREA ELEKTRIC BAND II,** a state-of-the-art fusion outfit led by the jazz pianist.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have turned up and tuned up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few. On Oct. 21, catch the folkie, effervescent rock of **VENUS FOR BREAKFAST.** On Oct. 24, **SUSAN MC KEOWN AND THE CHANTING HOUSE** serve up lyrical Celtic folk.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. Despite the balloons and the candy-colored lights, this is a serious room for serious rock-and-rolling. You can either vibrate up front, near a wall-o'-speakers, or lounge around the bar in the back and follow the show on a video monitor. On Oct. 21: the **DEAD MILKMEN,** with guests **CHUCKLEHEAD.** There's nothing particularly unique about the Milkmen's simple, straight-ahead rock and roll, except for the lyrics, which at their best transcend the band's fundamental tastelessness to achieve an inspired level of snotty, taboo-defying irreverence, à la Don Rickles or Howard Stern.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. On Oct. 22: a double portion of atmospheric pop, with **VERVE** and **ACETONE.** Verve's reverb-laden, neo-psychedelic guitar rock alludes to influences ranging from Led Zeppelin to Echo and the Bunnymen, and its new album, "A Storm in Heaven," is a big hit with college-aged retrophiles, not to mention critics. Acetone, according to the band's press release, got its name from a Kurt Vonnegut novel, where it was used to describe a shade of green. It is said to be a "cool" color, but the songs on Acetone's début album, "Cindy," are actually rather warm and inviting, in the band's quirky fashion.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Austin-based singer and guitarist **JUNIOR BROWN** appears on Oct. 21. Brown's new album is called "Guit with It," a reference to his instrument of choice, the "guit steel," a hybrid designed by Brown that fuses a steel guitar and a six-string. Brown conceived this wacky instrument as a vehicle for his technical dexterity, but it's the gritty warmth of his songs, which emphasize rock's roots in country music, that matters most. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **YO LA TENGO** takes the stage on Oct. 23. With the release of its first major-label album, "Painful," this Hoboken trio has ended its long apprenticeship on the margins of professionalism. But an amateur's heart and soul is the key to Yo La Tengo's intelligent rock, and the band's knowledge and imagination make "Painful," like their earlier independent releases, a

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

PEARL JAM, "Vs." (Epic).

ME'SHELL NDEGEOCELLO, "Plantation Lullabies" (Maverick).

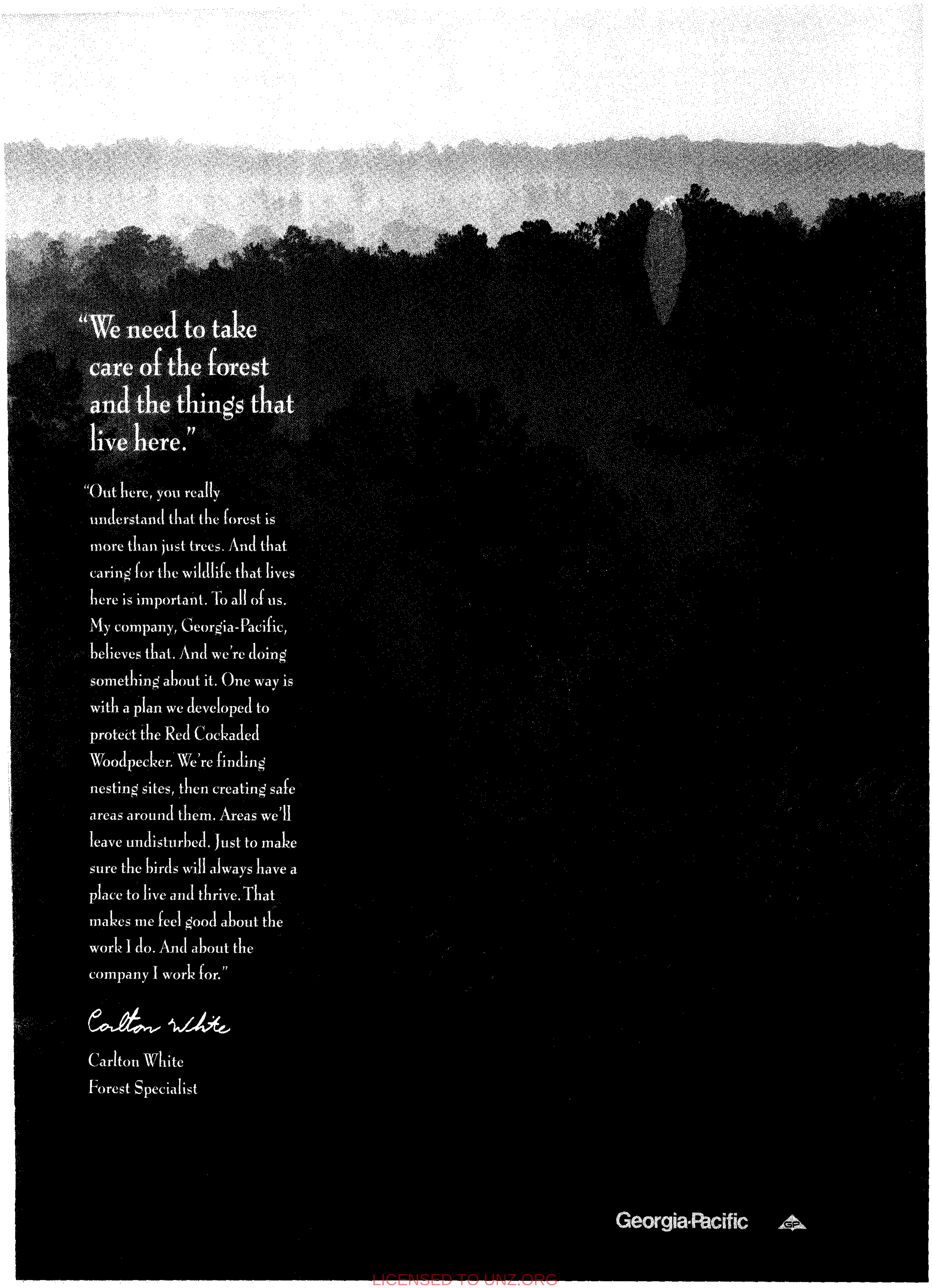
ELVIS COSTELLO, "2 ½ Years" (Rykodisc).

DEAD CAN DANCE, "Into the Labyrinth" (4AD).

KRS-ONE, "Return of the Boom Bap" (Jive).

"COMMON THREAD: THE SONGS OF THE EAGLES," by various country artists (Giant).

JARRETT HUDDLESTON

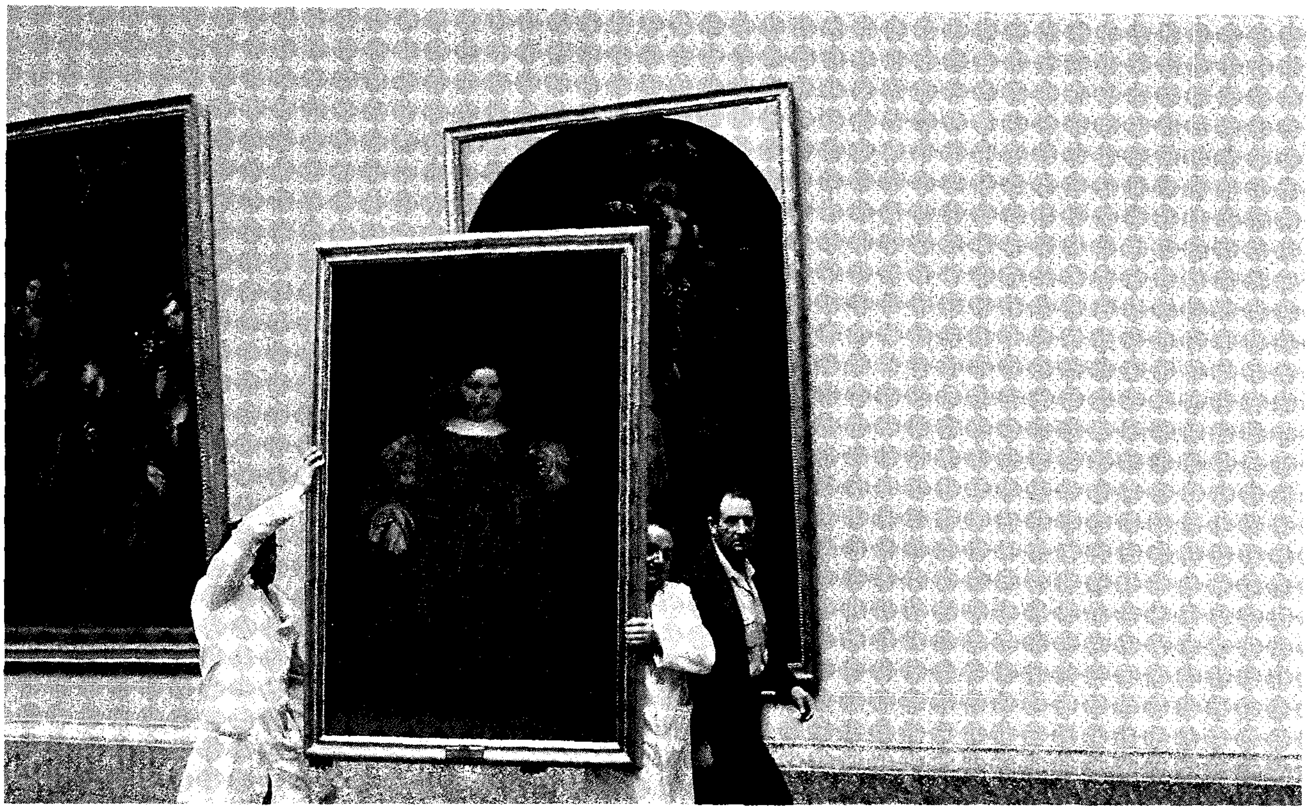


"We need to take care of the forest and the things that live here."

"Out here, you really understand that the forest is more than just trees. And that caring for the wildlife that lives here is important. To all of us. My company, Georgia-Pacific, believes that. And we're doing something about it. One way is with a plan we developed to protect the Red Cockaded Woodpecker. We're finding nesting sites, then creating safe areas around them. Areas we'll leave undisturbed. Just to make sure the birds will always have a place to live and thrive. That makes me feel good about the work I do. And about the company I work for."

Carlton White

Carlton White
Forest Specialist



"La Monstrua" by Juan Carreño De Miranda. El Prado Museum.

So many ages have been inspired by Spain, we have trouble making room for it all.

Spain has always inspired people, it just gets to them. Consider countless civilizations—the Celts, Romans, Visigoths and Moors among them—who were moved by this vast breathtaking country. Their theaters, palaces and gardens make up the living, breathing treasures of the biggest cities and the smallest hamlets—directions to a village may include making a left at the Medieval castle. Our museums will not disappoint you either—unparalleled collections of Velázquez, Goya, El Greco, Picasso and Miró. This is the heritage of Spain, where you never know what masterpiece awaits you around the next corner. Kings and queens, chariots and minarets have called this place home. What they've left behind will astonish you.

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rewarding song bag. The Chicago-born singer-songwriter **LIZ PHAIR** arrives here on Oct. 26. Her début album, "Exile in Guyville," finds Phair operating on the new frontier of self-aware, do-it-yourself female rock, and having a playful, subversive good time. **JOE HENRY** will open.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif. Beginning Oct. 26: singer-percussionist **VINX**, with special guest **CASSANDRA WILSON**. As a struggling musician in the early eighties, Vinx supported himself as a "trainer to the stars," pumping up such luminaries as Stevie Wonder and Kelly LeBrock. A few years later, Sting, who wasn't a client (he prefers yoga, in case you're interested), saw Vinx perform live and decided to get him a record contract. The newly released "Storyteller," Vinx's third album, is even quirkier and more eclectic than its predecessors, setting the singer's mellifluous baritone against a lush backdrop that incorporates elements of jazz, salsa, and flamenco. A guest star on the album is jazz diva Cassandra Wilson, whose own idiosyncratic style has drawn heavily on funk and rap influences. Wilson opens for Vinx at S.O.B.'s, and may join him for a song or two. Closed Sundays. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner, and sight lines are above average. **BEAUSOLEIL** will be here on Oct. 22.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—With psychedelic graffiti adorning the walls and peace-espousing, environmentally correct literature displayed near the door, it's little wonder that this cavernous dive (situated right down the block from the entrance to the Holland Tunnel) has lured Deadheads and bands that share the Dead's penchant for endless jamming. That said, patrons in suits and ties can also be spotted swigging beer at the bar and taking in the various incarnations of rock, R. & B., and jazz featured on the small stage toward the back of the club. On Oct. 24, the driving progressive pop of the **JUDYBATS** tops off a typically left-of-center bill, which also features Dog Society, the Swansons, and John S. Hall.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**BONNIE FRANKLIN**, best known for her role on the popular seventies TV sitcom "One Day at a Time," is currently singing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, all this week, the sublime soprano of musical-theatre/cabaret legend **BARBARA COOK**. Cook and her longtime accompanist, **WALLY HARPER**, are nearing the end of their engagement, so drop in soon if you can. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. On Monday evenings, **WOODY ALLEN** continues his night job, playing clarinet in a Dixieland jazz ensemble that calls itself the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. Warm, witty singer **LAINIE KAZAN** continues through Oct. 23. Beginning on Oct. 26: the veteran singer and actress **LESLIE UGGAMS**. Closed Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. On Oct. 23-24: Obie-winning stage veteran **ELISABETH WELCH** will take care of the early shows; later in the evening you can catch singer-pianist **LARRY WOODARD** and vocalist **MARYLYN MULVEY**. Dining.

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Songs we've been listening to, humming, playing over and over, and otherwise including on our own hit parade.

SUNDAY MORNING (OMD, "Liberator")
IF (Janet Jackson, "janet.")
YOU DON'T KNOW ME (Emmylou Harris, "Cowgirl's Prayer")
EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD (Squeeze, "Some Fantastic Place")
IT'S ABOUT TIME (The Lemonheads, "Come On Feel the Lemonheads")
I AM I BE (De La Soul, "Buhloone Mindstate")
SOMEONE TO PULL THE TRIGGER (Matthew Sweet, "Altered Beast")
WHAT IF I CAME KNOCKING (John Mellencamp, "Human Wheels")
WHERE'S THE MANUAL (Dramarama, "Hi-Fi Sci-Fi")
PUT ME DOWN (The Cranberries, "Everybody Else Is Doing It, Why Can't We?")
NEW JERSEY (Red House Painters, "Red House Painters")
GO WEST (Pet Shop Boys, "Very")
REUNION (Jimmie Dale Gilmore duet with Lucinda Williams, "Spinning Around the Sun")

JAZZ AND BLUES

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The club's twelfth-anniversary celebration continues this week, with sultry R. & B. songbird **PHYLLIS HYMAN**. Hyman appears through Oct. 24. Jazz empress **DIANNE REEVES** begins an engagement on Oct. 26. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club where musicians gather round the Baldwin every night. The **KENNY DREW, JR.**, duo plays here through Oct. 23. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. Through Oct. 24: singer-pianist **LES MC CANN** and tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS**. In 1969, the two musicians released "Swiss Movement," a spirited live album of accessible, bluesy jazz. It was a huge success, and it's always fun to hear these veterans play together again. On Mondays, guitaristinventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. The **VIENNA ART ORCHESTRA** performs on Oct. 21-24. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, bangers and mash, and a piano. While music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. One such duo, pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **DAVID FINCK**, appears on Oct. 20-23.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drinks lend this blues bar place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: the long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists

Cave paintings

Go to Altamira and visit a cave where the paintings of a bison hunt date to 16,000 B.C.

Romanesque Art

Santiago de Compostela, the site of Christian pilgrimages for 1,000 years, boasts Romanesque architecture dating from the 11th century. In 1993, Spain celebrates its long history in the Year of Santiago.

Velázquez

The Prado in Madrid is home to the world's largest collection of Velázquez, as well as a myriad of Old Masters such as Goya, Zurbarán and El Greco.

Villahermosa Palace

View the extraordinary 830-piece collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, considered one of the most valuable private art collections in the world.

Picasso

The Picasso Museum in Barcelona is in the city's Gothic Quarter—after viewing all the art, walk in the footsteps of Christopher Columbus.

Miró

Celebrate the 100th anniversary of Miró's birth with exhibitions in Barcelona and Mallorca. Then check out the Miró Museum in Barcelona.

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both major and minor. **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON,** known for his work with Muddy Waters, is Manny's guest on Oct. 21.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket. The singer's singer **JIMMY SCOTT** continues an extended run. To hear Scott render a standard is to hear something classic deconstructed and redefined, with reverence and panache. In the Main Room on Oct. 26: the **BRIAN SETZER** orchestra. As frontman for the Stray Cats, Setzer popularized rockabilly in the early eighties. A decade later, the singer-guitarist has a thing for swing. His new Rockin' Big Band (which is currently recording an album, due out early next year) features Setzer's chugging guitar work backed up by five saxophones, four trombones, four trumpets, and a three-piece rhythm section.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This brown-toned ski chalet of a club is a fine place to study jazz-group dynamics. Pianist **MAL WALDRON** is here with a quintet through Oct 24. During solos that bring a listener to the edge of his seat, Waldron backs himself into a corner and then gracefully escapes. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With the opening of the Chestnut Room, this legendary tourist haven is making a bid to attract serious jazz fans. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings have been impressive. The wonderful singer **NANCY LA MOTT** continues through Oct. 24. Starting Oct. 26: the **HANK JONES** trio. Dining.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The club première of "Guitars Play Mingus" takes place on Oct. 22. The brainchild of a music professor at Concordia University, in Montreal, the program made its New York début at Lincoln Center this past August. The lineup for the Fez gig includes five guitarists, along with members of the Mingus Big Band's rhythm section. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room—which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a live-in Nevelson sculpture—singer-pianist Bob Dorough and bassist Bill Takas are in for a two-week run.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Oct. 24, saxophonist **JAVON JACKSON** is here with a quintet. Hard bop—bebop's brawny, enduring offspring—has become the common language of mainstream jazz, and this engagement looks like a cross-generational celebration of the style. Jackson, a fine, still-developing tenor man and a veteran of Art Blakey's final group, has roped together two veteran practitioners (trombonist Curtis Fuller and drummer Louis Hayes) and two of the freshest young hard-boppers (pianist Jacky Terrason and bassist Chris Thomas). The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. The **MILT HINTON** duo is in on Oct. 24.

ART

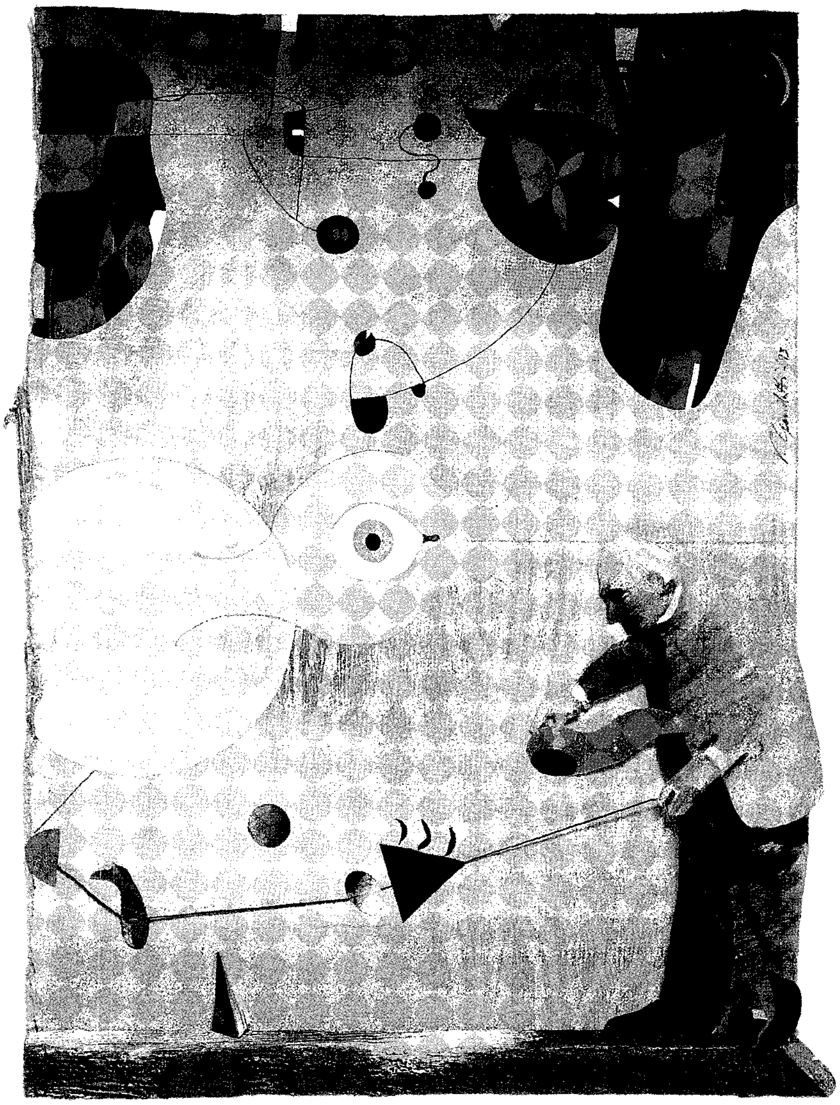
Reflecting Miró

LAST year's Matisse extravaganza at the Museum of Modern Art may have been an impossible act to follow, but the museum's current Miró retrospective—celebrating the centennial of the Catalan master with some four hundred paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and ceramics—is an attempt to equal it in breadth and intensity. The chief wonder of the Matisse show was the opportunity to experience firsthand so many paintings that had degenerated into visual clichés through repeated exposure via postcards, illustrated calendars, and coffee-table books. Miró may prove to be no less of a revelation.

Long associated with the Surrealist group in Paris—indeed, André Breton characterized him as "the most Surrealist of us all"—by the mid-nineteen-twenties Miró had already taken a pronounced turn toward abstraction. The tension between what would today be described as "pure painting" and the free-floating reveries of Surrealist poetics gives Miró's art its individual flavor. Yet Miró's light-handed play on pictorial conventions hints at a genuine profundity animating his twittering, skittering forms. Perhaps the most powerful interlude in the show is the series of twenty-three paintings known as "The Constellations" (1940-41). Works of dazzling complexity and innovation, they were begun in the seeming tranquillity of his adopted home in Varengeville, France, and completed in Palma de Mallorca only after the artist and his family had made a harrowing retreat from the German advance. They have the force of quasi-religious illumination.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection" begins with work from the mid-thirties and early forties, and concludes with several eclectic pieces from the mid-sixties. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ The museum's new Nineteenth-Century European Painting and Sculpture galleries are now open, featuring, among other works, van Gogh's "Wheat Field with Cy-



Joan Miró at MOMA.

PAOLO GUIDOTTI

presses" (1889). . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Joan Miró retrospective, which spans five decades of activity, includes some four hundred works in a variety of mediums. . . . ¶ An exhibition of the work of Robert Ryman, who is best known for his elegant, entirely white paintings. . . . ¶ "New Photography Nine" showcases four contemporary photographers whose work ranges from portraits of children in Knoxville, Tennessee, to images of squalor in Ukraine. . . . ¶ Paintings and assemblages by Moira Dryer (1957-92). . . . ¶ "Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper: Selections from the Design Collection." Twenty objects, including televisions, appliances, and chairs, designed between 1959 and 1978. Through Nov. 9. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A 1961 oil on canvas of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck sets the stage for four decades' worth of Roy Lichtenstein's Pop appropriations. The comprehensive exhibition (a hundred and twenty paintings) proceeds through a black-and-white period, past several Mondrian- and Picasso-like digressions and a few late works with sections deliberately blurred (as if to suggest stylistic transition or ennui), and culminates in a new large-scale series, titled "Interiors." These new works depict painted rooms populated with, among other images, reproductions of Lichtenstein's own earlier work. Outdoors, a seventeen-foot green-and-yellow sculpture called "Brushstroke" dominates Fifth Avenue, like an overgrown Benday dot. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8; Mondays, 10 to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee (1879-1940). Through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ "Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ "Virtual Reality: An Emerging Medium," presents five computerized "worlds" designed by Jenny Holzer, Thomas Dolby, and others. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A small but beautiful show of Arshile Gorky's "Betrothals," three important late canvases and related studies. Gorky (1904-48) was a bridge figure in the history of modern art: stretching between Europe and America, Surrealism and abstraction, he was a significant precursor of Abstract Expressionism. He achieved his mature style only in late works like the "Betrothals," painted shortly before his suicide, in 1948. The intricate formal play of drawing and painting in these works sustains a mood of inwardness and loss. . . . ¶ Paintings by Vija Celmins. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "The Cave," a video installation by Beryl Korot, with music by Steve Reich. Through Nov. 28. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Cuba, as seen in photographs, drawings, and biological specimens, including the skull of a previously unknown species of monkey. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Crash! Art Implants Reject Emotions," a lobby installation by the French artist Patrice Caire, features computer animation based on magnetic resonance images. . . . ¶ More than a hundred realist photographs by Consuelo Kanaga (1894-1978). (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—"The Ideal Home," a survey of American arts and crafts from the turn of the century through the twenties, includes furniture, jewelry, glass, and more. Opens Oct. 21. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Korean Arts of the Eighteenth Century: Splendor and Simplicity" includes a diverse selection of works, from candlesticks festooned with lions, dragons, and flowers to iridescent purple dividing screens decorated with peonies. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Mechanical Brides: Women and Machines from Home to Office" examines the traditional link between "women's work" and home and office appliances. . . . ¶ An exhibition of men's waistcoats from the eighteenth century. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—The first installment of a two-part show called "Kunisada's World" includes more than a hundred opulent works, almost all of them polychrome wood-block prints, by Utagawa Kunisada (1786-1865). Through Oct. 24. The second installment will run from Oct. 26 to Nov. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The library celebrates the birthdays of two classics—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" (1943) and Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit" (1893)—with early manuscripts, photographs, illustrations, and other memorabilia. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—"Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas." An intelligent and visually rich exhibition that focusses on the Yoruba and Kongo civilizations of West and Central Africa, respectively, tracing the dissemination and transformation of ritual forms in the Creole cultures of Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, and North America. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Driven to Create: The Anthony Petullo Collection of Self-Taught and Outsider Art." More than a hundred paintings and works on paper, from the nineteen-twenties to the present, by artists—from the self-taught to the institutionalized—who work outside the mainstream art community. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Beyond Category: The Musical Genius of Duke Ellington," a tribute to the legendary bandleader, includes manuscripts, musical instruments, and rare photographs. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Dead Sea Scrolls: Ancient Civilization / Modern Scholarship." Twelve Scrolls are on display, along with related artifacts, models, and maps, on loan from the Israel Antiquities Authority. . . . ¶ Letters, photographs, portraits, and memorabilia related to Virginia Woolf and other Bloomsbury writers. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Traditional Dance of Mexico." Sixty-seven vivid photographs depicting various ceremonies, celebrations, and rituals. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

FRITZ BULTMAN (1919-85)—Abstract Expressionist drawings from the years 1958 to 1961 by one of the Irascibles, a group that included Pollock, Kline, and Motherwell. Opens Oct. 20. Through Nov. 23. (Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St.)

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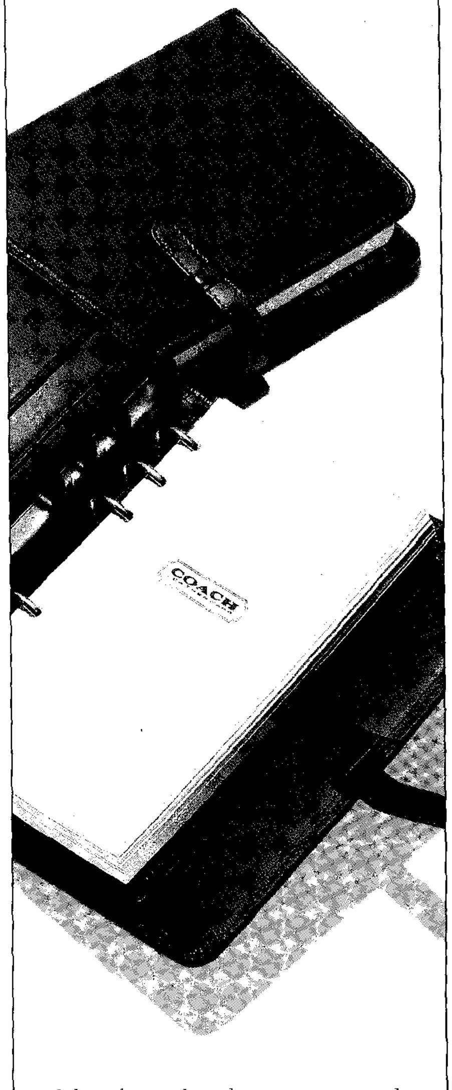

ART–Cont'd

Willem de Kooning—Drawings from throughout the artist's career. Opens Oct. 23. Through Dec. 31. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—"Ape & Cat" is a group of new bronze-and-wood sculptures, accompanied by several drawings on plywood, in charcoal, pastel, enamel, and shellac. Opens Oct. 22. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A retrospective of watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1964 to the present, including some preparatory studies from the artist's own collection. Opens Oct. 20. Through Nov. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

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"Art and Politics in Weimar Germany"—An excellent survey of the politically motivated art produced between the abdication of Kaiser Wilhelm II, in 1918, and the National Socialist coup d'état, in 1933. This show should stand as a stunning corrective to the desiccated and dopey posturing that inundates the current art scene. Leaning heavily toward works on paper and print media, this exhibition of some thirty artists encompasses the prevailing tendencies of the time: Expressionism, Dada, and Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity). Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) and the vitriolic John Heartfield (1891-1968) directly engaged the terrible politics of the time, but the most horrifying images in this show are those by Otto Dix (1891-1969). His etching "Sex Murderer" (1920) possesses an undiminished power to shock: it depicts a gleeful maniac slicing and dicing a woman's body. Through Nov. 6. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—Clement Greenberg once remarked that Hopper was a bad painter but a good artist. This mini-retrospective of paintings spanning five decades tends to bear out that assessment. Although most of these paintings are technically superior to the rather dull Parisian works recently exhibited at the Whitney, they still betray a certain clumsiness of execution that would persist throughout Hopper's long career. What nonetheless makes him a good artist is the way his defects sometimes enhance the mood of stilled melancholia for which he was famous. Otherwise prosaic landscapes like "Dauphinée House" (1932) and "October on Cape Cod" (1946) derive their strange power from Hopper's failure to integrate figure and ground: the forlorn little houses float ambiguously in their surroundings, ineptitude lending them an aura of hauntedness. Through Nov. 13. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

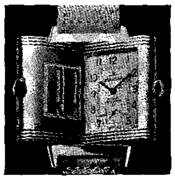
Robert Arneson (1930-92)—A memorial exhibition of paintings and sculptures from the past twenty years, including a 1972 self-portrait, a bronze portrait of Jackson Pollock, and the centerpiece of the show, "Guardians of the Secret II," Arneson's last major work. Through Nov. 16. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Works in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, and Plexiglas. Through Nov. 13. (Adler, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Sculpture and drawings on canvas. Through Nov. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . **Note**: Botero's corpulent bronze figures can be seen on the Park Avenue Mall from 54th to 61st Sts. Through Nov. 14.

Bruce Conner—This influential artist, who emerged from San Francisco's Beat culture, is represented by assemblages and collages, dating from 1959 to 1964, made of discarded material ("primitive urban art," as he calls it). Through Oct. 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Diversities of Decoration"—More than two hundred antique Chinese snuff bottles, in materials ranging from glass to precious metals and semiprecious stones and embellished with a dazzling variety of techniques. Through Oct. 29. (Taipei, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St.)



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John Duff—Recent abstract sculptures of painted fibreglass. Through Oct. 30. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Oyvind Fahlström (1928-76)—An installation titled "The Garden (A World Model)" (1973), a model for his large sculpture "The Meatball Curtain" (1970), plus "Notes"—drawings that form the basis for larger works. Through Nov. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jared French (1905-88) / **Debra Bermingham**—Drawings from the sixties. / New paintings and drawings. Both through Nov. 13. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Susan Hauptman—Pastel-and-charcoal still-lifes and self-portraits (in which the artist assumes various guises, such as a rodeo cowgirl and Carmen Miranda). Through Oct. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Levine and Aaron Shikler—A joint exhibition of figure paintings in celebration of the nearly fifty-year friendship of the two artists. Through Nov. 6. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; and Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Markus Lüpertz—New paintings and drawings of totemic heads that represent a selection from a larger series bearing the provocative but enigmatic title "Men Without Women—Parsifal." Through Oct. 30. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Boris Margo—An exhibition of work from 1932 to 1952 revealing this Russian painter's evolution from Surrealism to abstraction. Through Nov. 13. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Miró and New York"—A show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists who were influenced by Miró's New York exhibitions from 1930 to 1950, among them Ilya Bolotowsky, Arshile Gorky, and David Hare. Through Nov. 27. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ More paintings and works on paper from 1927 to 1951. Through Nov. 24. (Cohen, 1018 Madison Avenue at 78th Street.)

Grégoire Müller—Recent portraits by this Swiss artist. Through Oct. 30. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Nelson—Landscapes on wood panels, combining contemporary scenes with references to Old Masters. Through Nov. 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Vibrant landscapes from an aptly titled "Celebration" series, which this Hungarian-born artist has been working on since the sixties. Through Oct. 23. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings on paper from 1948 and 1949. Through Dec. 11. (C&M, 45 E. 78th St.)

Wallace Putnam (1899-1989)—An exhibition focussing on work from the forties, when the artist was painting in Maine with his friend and fellow-artist Milton Avery. Through Oct. 23. (Littlejohn-Sternau, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gerhard Richter—This artist's most recent abstractions include a quartet of brilliant blue-green blurs that resemble huge underwater Polaroids and a group of multicolored grid paintings. Through Oct. 23. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stone Roberts / Leland Bell (1922-91)—Realistic portraits and still-lifes. / Paintings from his "Morning" series, self-portraits, and other works. Through Oct. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Jeffrey Schiff—New sculptural work. Through Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

David Smalley / Andrée Ruellan—Abstract kinetic sculptures designed to be propelled by the wind. / Works on paper, dating from 1920 to 1980, on a wide range of subjects. Through Oct. 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—New paintings. Through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Mario Toral—Organic landscapes with floating, contorted figures by this Chilean artist. Through Oct. 23. (Americas, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jane Wilson—Luminous abstract landscapes in oil. Through Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

DOWNTOWN

Chuck Close—A new group of his trademark paintings—portraits of contemporary artists. Opens Oct. 22. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Claire Khalil—Watercolors and oils, from 1977 to the present, documenting notable places or events. The focal point of the show is the artist's latest work, "Venice et cum Spiritu Tuo," which is based on a map of the city and is peopled with figures derived from historical works by Venetian artists. Opens Oct. 23. Through Dec. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Sean Landers—New green-glazed terra-cotta sculptures of leprechauns, among other works. Opens Oct. 22. Through Nov. 27. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Glenn Ligon—New large black-and-white paintings that incorporate James Brown lyrics and Richard Pryor jokes. Opens Oct. 23. Through Nov. 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Ellen Phelan—A dozen paintings, in oil on linen, of dolls' faces. Using her familiar modus operandi, the artist made these works only after completing a corresponding series in gouache and watercolors (on view in December). Opens Oct. 21. Through Nov. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

"Ha-Cha-Cha!"—A group show of pinup and glamour art from *Playboy, Esquire,* and other magazines, along with works by contemporary artists inspired by the cheesecake muse. Opens Oct. 22. Through Nov. 13. (Cutler, 379 Broadway.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining and provocative eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, refurbished since its showing last summer, in which each hole was designed by a different artist. In Gregory Amenoff's piece, the ball travels down a time line of Elvis's life to a cup labelled "Las Vegas: Hole of Fate." Pat Oleszko and Ward Shelley make you outmaneuver their larger-than-life inflatable clown, who wears a hat called a Censorama and looks suspiciously like Jesse Helms. The hole designed by Chris Clarke—a Bronx native who used to play miniature golf under the Broadway El—is a commentary on the government's neglect of the AIDS epidemic: you putt the ball through a replica of the White House made of neon AZT and Zovirax bottles. The golf balls are imprinted with "truisms" by Jenny Holzer ("Raise boys and girls the same way," "Absolute submission can be a form of freedom"). You can rent a putter for five bucks, or just look for free. Opens Oct. 23. Through Feb. 27. (Fulton Market Building, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. The course is open Thursdays through Saturdays, from noon to midnight, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, from noon to 10.)

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Ashley Bickerton—Sculptures made of natural objects, such as stones and coconuts. Through Nov. 6. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Nancy Bowen—Organic sculptures made of ceramic, glass, and resin, and based on a form of Hindu spirituality. Through Oct. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Deborah Butterfield—Sculptures of horses, made of wood cast in bronze and of found steel. Through Oct. 30. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Two monumental sculptures: a mobile from 1957 and a stabile from 1964, neither exhibited in New York before. Through Oct. 30. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Steve DiBenedetto—Paintings combining traditional imagery with imagery that appears to have been computer-generated. Through Nov. 13. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Carroll Dunham—New drawings, including "Inverted Chartreuse," in which an unbroken horizon connects a sequence of ten shapes. Through Nov. 13. (Nolan-Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures by a member of the New York School. Through Oct. 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

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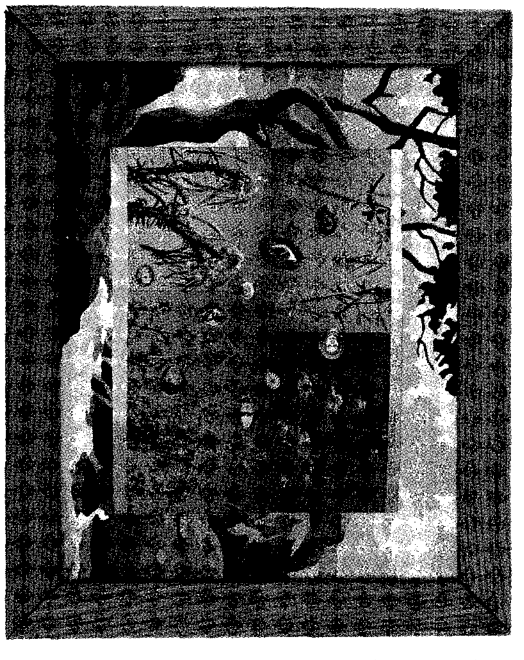
ART—Cont'd

Craig Fisher—Large raw canvases that have been stained, spotted, and drawn on. Through Oct. 23. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Christian Garnett—Veils of paint which were incised while wet to expose the underlying surface. Though Nov. 17. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Ann Hamilton—A site-specific installation involving horsehair, scorched paper, and a tape-recorded voice. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Elizabeth Harms / William Crovello—Richly colored abstractions. / Calligraphic watercolors related to the artist's recent abstract sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 524 Broadway.)



Self-portrait by Todd Oldham (Helander).

William Hawkins (1895-1990)—An illiterate who supported himself and his family with odd jobs, Hawkins liked to paint in his spare time. He amassed newspaper clippings, advertisements, and photographs that caught his fancy, and let his imagination take it from there. The large works on view here are dated after 1981, by which time Hawkins had achieved some success as a painter. Through Oct. 25. (Ricco-Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

Roni Horn—A new sculptural installation, "When Dickinson Shut Her Eyes." Through Oct. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Richard Kalina—New paintings, some in which the artist continues his use of the grid and collage, others in which he has dropped the grid for biomorphic forms. Through Oct. 30. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Joseph Kosuth—A two-room installation incorporating work previously seen at the Venice Biennale. Through Nov. 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Penny Kronengold—Paintings and small terra-cotta and wax sculptures of figures struggling to break out of an enclosed space or a formless mass. Through Nov. 6. (First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway.)

Tom Kuijpers—Spare still-lifes in a muted palette, painted from an aerial view. Through Oct. 30. (M-13, 72 Greene St.)

Robert Kushner—Large-scale paintings with floral motifs, in which the paint surface is embellished with gold, silver, and copper leaf and bronzing powder. Through Nov. 20. (Solomon, 172 Mercer St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Lasker's new paintings, full of bright, fat doodles that evoke cupcake fillings and cake frostings, are born of a technique so precisely conceived and so well under control that the artist can now take it for granted. Through Oct. 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Drawings from 1945 to 1960 that reveal an affinity with jazz. Through Jan. 15. (Daferner, 568 Broadway.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Gouaches, prints, a painting on wood, letters, and rare photographs. Through Nov. 13. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Morris—A double exhibition: Four large-scale sculptures, made in California in 1991, of precariously balanced industrial I-beams, described by the gallery as *very* minimal. Through Oct. 23. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.) . . . ¶ The fourth in a series of "blind-time" drawings, for which the artist, blindfolded, rubbed graphite onto paper and then documented the process at the bottom of each work. Through Oct. 23. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Reinhard Mucha—A survey of work from the past ten years: large vitrines and sculptures in various mediums, showing a concern with memory and personal history (symbolic reconstructions of train stations are recurrent). Through Nov. 20. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Ross Neher—Atmospheric abstract paintings that achieve their effect with subtle shifts of color and light. Through Nov. 13. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Dona Nelson—Nine works from the past three years, in which the artist uses muslin to great effect. Through Oct. 23. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Todd Oldham—Oldham, who is best known for his clothing design, presents twelve new paintings—on, among others things, found paint-by-number canvases—that convey his fascination with the thrift-shop aesthetic. Through Nov. 6. (Helander, 413 West Broadway.)

Nam June Paik—Prints and multiple video works from the past ten years. Through Oct. 23. (Sigma, 379 West Broadway.)

Philip Pearlstein—New watercolors and drawings of Pearlstein's familiar subject, nudes, as well as of objects from his personal collection (model airplanes, a carrousel ostrich, a Superman doll). Through Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway.)

Tony Scherman—Paintings based on the story of the rape of Callisto from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Through Nov. 13. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

Hugh Steers—Paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 13. (Anderson, 476 Broome St.)

Gunter Umberg—New monochromatic paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 13. (Stark, 594 Broadway.)

Thornton Willis—A series of bright-colored geometric canvases in oil stick. Through Oct. 30. (Zarre, 48 Greene St.)

"Comic Power"—Selections from the work of ninety-five artists whose style is directly or indirectly derived from comic strips, underground comics, graffiti, and other demotic forms of visual narrative, from the "head comix" of Gilbert Shelton and R. Crumb to recent productions by first-rate artists like Leslie Sternbergh and Carol Lay. Through Oct. 30. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—Burton and Helaine Fendelman are retiring to Sanibel Island, Florida, where their estimable collection of late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century paint-decorated furniture and folk art won't quite fit in. Among the hundred and twenty-five items on the block are a maple worktable with "A View of Dullston Springs Taken from Aldridge's Hotel" painted on top (estimate: $20,000-$25,000), an apothecary chest with thirty-two small graduated drawers (estimate: $15,000-$20,000), and a gilded-copper ram weathervane (estimate: $35,000-$50,000). (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000. Oct. 23 at 2.)

Fall Antiques Show—In 1979, Sanford Smith, whom *Country Living* recently dubbed "the P. T. Barnum of the art and antiques world," and Bob Bishop, of the Museum of American Folk Art, launched the first Fall Antiques Show at the Armory. The following year, it moved to the Passenger Pier, and there has been no looking back. This year, more than a hundred Americana dealers from nineteen states are offering everything from wooden hat-blocking forms ($75) to Kit Carson's fringed jacket and leggings, circa 1880 ($35,000). (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Oct. 21-22, from 11 to 9; Oct. 23, from 11 to 8; and Oct. 24, from 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jo Ann Callis—Large-scale color prints of objects draped in opulent fabrics. Through Nov. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Peter Campus—Computer-altered color photographs. Opens Oct. 14. Through Nov. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Doisneau—A sizable retrospective, including the famous 1950 photograph "The Kiss at the Hôtel de Ville." Through Oct. 23. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Eugène Druet (1868-1917)—Vintage prints of Rodin sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Sander, 19 East 76th St.)

William Eggleston—Recent work. Through Nov. 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Luis González Palma—New gelatin silver prints by this Guatemalan photographer, some juxtaposed with older, found images. Through Oct. 30. (Lowinsky, 575 Broadway.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Hine is best known for his harsh realist photography, particularly his work documenting Ellis Island, child labor, and industrial squalor. Through Nov. 13. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

George Platt Lynes (1907-55)—A first-rate exhibition of vintage photographs from the archives of the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender, and Reproduction. Through Oct. 30. (Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Pl.)

"Mesdames Morter: Striking Poses, Self-Portraits, 1918-28"—Black-and-white shots by these London-based proto-feminist sisters in a variety of lavish costumes and roles. Also on view is a show devoted to other influential women of the twenties. Through Nov. 6. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Sylvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York street life. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.)

Judith Joy Ross—Portraits taken at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Through Oct. 23. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—Photographs from the collection of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Oct. 23. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

Cy Twombly—Twombly's photographic début features subject matter that includes tulips, trees, and Roman antiquities. Through Dec. 4. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

"Up in Smoke"—Sixty images that chronicle photography's love affair with the cigarette. Through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Mexico Through Foreign Eyes" features more than two hundred photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paul Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.—"Keepers of the Spirit," a selection of exotic locales—Tibet, India, the Queen Charlotte Islands, etc.—photographed by Chris Rainier. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "Iterations: The New Image," an exhibition of computer-generated photography. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

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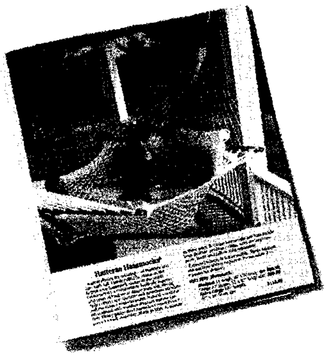
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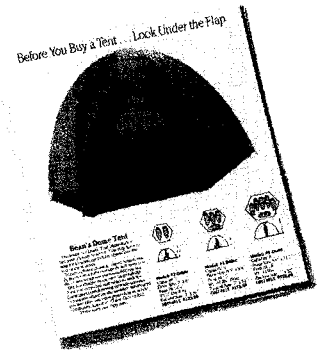
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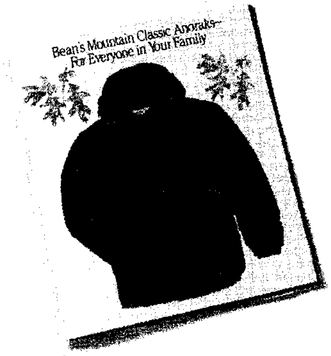
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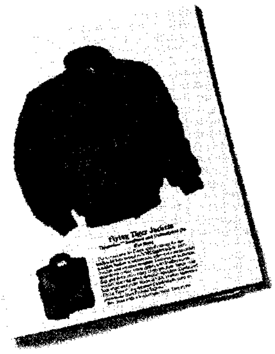
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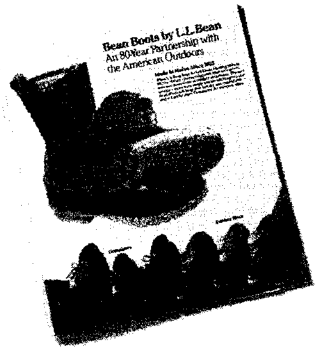
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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Bowing for Dollars

HORSEHAIR and catgut will abound onstage at Carnegie Hall on October 25, when an army of the world's leading violinists gathers for "Fiddlefest," a benefit concert for Link Up! (Carnegie Hall's music education program) and for the Opus 118 Music Center, an East Harlem facility run by Roberta Guaspari-Tzavaras. For the past twelve years, Ms. Tzavaras, with the fervor of Joan of Arc, has taught violin to hundreds of elementary-school students. When, after a decade of support, the Board of Education stopped funding her endeavors in 1991, she incorporated Opus 118 as an independent organization rather than let her students suffer from the further erosion of public musical education. Though some twelve hundred licensed music teachers are on the city's payroll, the majority of them spend most—or all—of their time teaching other subjects. (Even if they all taught music full time, they would add up to only one music teacher for every eight hundred and fifty students.)

So when Opus 118's current crop of young violinists, all one hundred and thirty of them, takes to the stage, the audience will witness the results of both the students' artistic aspirations and their teacher's tenacity and perseverance—traits one might imagine the Board of Education would go out of its way to promote. The kids will be the stars of the evening, but supporting roles have been entrusted to other worthies: Itzhak Perlman, Midori, Isaac Stern, Ida and Ani Kavafian, Arnold Steinhardt, Michael Tree, jazz violinists Karen Briggs and Diane Monroe, and country fiddler Mark O'Connor. All of them once went to elementary school, too.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

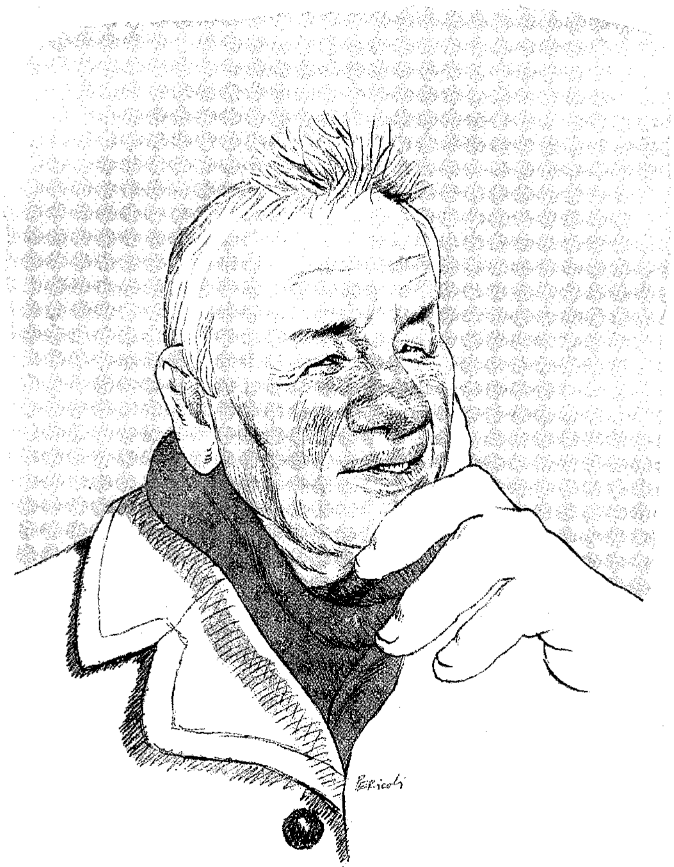
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—TOSCA, with Janis Martin, Emil Ivanov, and Yuri Mazurok; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Oct. 20 and Oct. 23 at 8.) . . . STIFFELIO, the opening performances of the company's first-ever production of Verdi's 1850 opera, with Sharon Sweet, Placido Domingo, Vladimir Chernov, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Oct. 21 and Oct. 25 at 8.) . . . DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE, with Dawn Upshaw, Elizabeth Carter, Frank Lopardo, Manfred Hemm, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (Oct. 22 at 8.) . . . FIDELIO, with Gabriela Beňačková, Marie McLaughlin, Gary Lakes, John Fowler, Robert Hale, and Paul Plishka; Hermann Michael. (Oct. 23 at 1:30.) . . . MADAMA BUTTERFLY, with Yoko Watanabe, Wendy White, Franco Farina, and Kim Josephson; Christian Badea. (Oct. 26 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—CARMEN. (Oct. 21 at 8.) . . . LA RONDINE. (Oct. 22 at 8.) . . . LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. (Oct. 23 at 1:30 and Oct. 26 at 8.) . . . TOSCA. (Oct. 23 at 8.) . . . MADAMA BUTTERFLY. (Oct. 24 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER OPERA COMPANY—Presenting the première of Alice Shields' "Mass for the Dead," a fully staged "electronic opera," based (the company announces) "on an actual *séance* experienced by the composer." Also on the bill is William Albright's "Seven Deadly Sins." Douglas Anderson conducts both. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Oct. 21 and Oct. 24 at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of "Aida." Little stage, big opera. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Oct. 23 at 7:30 and Oct. 24 at 2:30. Through Nov. 21.)



Henryk Górecki, whose music will be performed by the Orchestra of St. Luke's (at Avery Fisher Hall) and by pianist David Arden (at Merkin Concert Hall).

TULLIO PERICOLI

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Dennis Russell Davies conducts Beethoven's Symphony No. 6, Walton's Viola Concerto (featuring Yuri Bashmet), and Debussy's "Ibéria." (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 21 and Oct. 23 at 8, Oct. 22 at 2, and Oct. 26 at 7:30.)

ST. PAUL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Hugh Wolff conducts Respighi's "Trittico Botticelliano," Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Yefim Bronfman), and Tchaikovsky's "Souvenir de Florence" (expanded from its original string-sextet setting). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 20 at 8.)

SACRED MUSIC IN A SACRED SPACE—Kent Tritle directs the Choir of St. Ignatius Loyola and several soloists in Allegri's "Miserere" and Palestrina's "Stabat Mater"—both of which were long reserved to be performed exclusively in the Vatican—as well as Duruflé's Requiem. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. Oct. 20 at 8.)

LEIPZIG GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA—On tour with his "other" orchestra, conductor Kurt Masur arrives in familiar territory, leading Mendelssohn's *"Ruy Blas" Overture and Symphony* No. 4, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 22 at 8.)

NEW YORK VIRTUOSO SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directs ten choral works by Ned Rorem, to mark the seventieth birthday—to the day—of this composer, whose knack for vocal writing is as arresting as the gossipy musical anecdotes that fill his volumes of autobiography. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 23 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 763-3453.)

JUILLIARD SYMPHONY—Pianist John Browning launches a three-concert career retrospective by performing concertos, solos, and chamber music. The program includes Mozart's A-Major Concerto (K. 488) and Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, the première of Benjamin Martin's "Three Portrait Etudes" (for solo piano), and Barber's "Souvenirs," a four-hand work in which Mr. Browning will be partnered by Leonard Slatkin, who will spend the rest of the evening in the more familiar role of conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Oct. 25 at 8.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Oct. 25 at 8: David Zinman conducts Henryk Górecki's Symphony No. 3, the classical-music surprise of the decade, with the solo soprano part entrusted to Dawn Upshaw. Also on the program is another mystical work, Arvo Pärt's "Tabula Rasa." (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 7:30: Gerre Hancock directs Fauré's Requiem, Jean Langlais's Messe Solennelle, and Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, Percussion, and Orchestra (featuring organist Peter Stoltzfus); with the St. Thomas Choir. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013.)

RECITALS

MORGAN MUSIC—A program of works whose manuscripts reside in the Morgan Library, including chamber music by Fauré, Ravel, and Saint-Saëns, and songs by Offenbach and Debussy; featuring soprano Benita Valente, pianist Cynthia Raim, violinist Laurie Smukler, and cellist Pamela Frame. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Oct. 20 at 6:15.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC ENSEMBLES—Members of the orchestra perform a concerto a cinque by Johann Wilhelm Hertel; de Falla's Harpsichord Concerto (featuring Lionel Party); Milhaud's Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, and Piano; and Dvořák's Piano Quartet in E-Flat (Op. 87). (Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, York Ave. at 66th St. 327-8971. Oct. 20 at 8.)

HELICON ENSEMBLE—Period-instrument performances of music by Schumann, including his Violin Sonata No. 1, three Romances for oboe, his Piano Quintet, and several vocal duets. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 20 at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Performing Stravinsky's "Pribaoutki," Daniel Kessner's Chamber Concerto No. 4, Jeffrey Perry's "The Thrush," and Hindemith's "Die Junge Magd"; with mezzo-soprano Katherine Ciesinski. (Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway. Oct. 20 at 8. For information about tickets, call 423-3699.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—At Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 20 at 8: The ensemble turns the quarter-century mark this year, opening its celebratory season with a new brass fanfare by John Corigliano. Also on the program are Debussy's Première Rhapsodie (with clarinettist David Shifrin—the Society's artistic director—and pianist André Watts), Mozart's Clarinet Quintet (with Mr. Shifrin, violinists Joseph Silverstein and Ani Kavafian, violist Paul Neubauer, and cellist Gary Hoffman), and Schubert's Piano Trio in B-Flat (with Ms. Kavafian, Mr. Hoffman, and Mr. Watts). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8 and Oct. 24 at 5: Presenting a Rossini String Quartet (for the odd combination of two violins, cello, and double bass), Brahms' F-Minor Clarinet Sonata, and Dvořák's G-Major String Quintet (Op. 77).

Bargemusic—Presenting Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," Prokofiev's D-Major Violin Sonata, and Dvořák's "Dumky" Trio; with violinist Ida Levin, cellist Jian Wang, and pianist Carol Archer. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 21 at 7:30 and Oct. 24 at 4.)

New York Philomusica—Presenting an all-Brahms concert: his Scherzo for violin and piano, Clarinet Trio, and G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 21 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing string quartets by Haydn (the "Lark") and Grieg (in G Minor, Op. 27), as well as Brahms' Clarinet Quintet (with Stanley Drucker assisting). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 22 at 8.)

Eliot Fisk and the Shanghai String Quartet—The classical guitarist teams up with the quartet to perform a Vivaldi concerto and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco's Quartet for Guitar and Strings. Fisk will also play Rochberg's "Caprice Variations after Paganini" (for solo guitar), and the Shanghai foursome will perform Juan Crisóstomo Arriaga's String Quartet No. 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949 Oct. 22 at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—This season, the group will explore the late quartets of Beethoven and Shostakovich. This opening installment of their series comprises Beethoven's Quartets in E-Flat Major (Op. 127) and C-Sharp Minor (Op. 131), as well as Shostakovich's Quartet No. 12. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 23 at 8.)

Classics Declaimed—Robert Craft conducts an ensemble of distinguished freelance instrumentalists in Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" (with Marni Nixon delivering the Sprechstimme) and Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" (with Paul Hecht as narrator). (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 23 at 8.)

Baroque in the Morning—Baroque music from the Au-Williams Gamba Duo and the O'Brian-Cinelli Guitar Duo. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Oct. 24 at 11:30 a.m. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Pavel and Lazar Berman—Violinist Pavel Berman is partnered in his Carnegie Hall début recital by his father, pianist Lazar Berman. On the program are sonatas by Mozart (in E Minor, K. 304) and Shostakovich (Op. 134), Dvořák's Four Romantic Pieces (Op. 75), and Wieniawski's "Fantaisie Brillante on Themes from Gounod's 'Faust.'" (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 24 at 3.)

Si-Yo Music Society—Presenting Schumann's Adagio and Allegro for Horn (with Robert Routch), Schubert's Piano Trio in B-Flat, and songs by Schubert and Clara Schumann (sung by soprano Korliss Uecker). (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 24 at 3.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Henryk Górecki: Symphony No. 3—London Sinfonietta, David Zinman conducting, with soprano Dawn Upshaw (Elektra Nonesuch). It's a phenomenon: a work of austere Eastern European spirituality, liturgical in flavor, unsettling in its contemplation of death, and holding on to its No. 1 spot on *Billboard's* classical chart for the past thirty-two weeks. Hard-liners scoff at the music's accessibility and what smacks of New Age repetitiveness, but the piece keeps picking up converts. On October 25, David Zinman and Dawn Upshaw reunite at Avery Fisher Hall to address the score again, this time with the Orchestra of St. Luke's.

Tragicomedia—A British early-music ensemble, heavily weighted toward plucked strings, performing music from seventeenth-century Italy and England. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 24 at 5.)

Salon Soirée—Pianist Ilan Rechtman performs Liszt's B-Minor Sonata, and violinist Cornelius Dufalo plays Brahms' Scherzo. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 24 at 6. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—The flutist plays sonatas by two Bachs (J.S. and C.P.E.), Handel, Franck, and Poulenc; with pianist John Steele Ritter. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 24 at 8.)

Olga Borodina—In her New York recital début, the mezzo-soprano (known to audiences here through her appearances with the Kirov Opera a summer ago) will perform Russian and Spanish songs; with pianist Larissa Gergieva. Presented by Opera Orchestra of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Oct. 24 at 8.)

David Arden—The pianist performs the complete piano music of the Polish composer Henryk Górecki, a slim catalogue to which the composer has recently added a sonata, here receiving its American première. Works by Carson Kievman will round out the program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 24 at 8.)

"Fiddlefest"—Violin luminaries gather to fiddle their support for musical education and for the student musicians with whom they will share the stage. A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 25 at 7:30.)

Sonic Boom Festival—The New Music Consort opens this year's monthlong contemporary-music festival with a modern masterpiece: Elliott Carter's "Double Concerto for Harpsichord, Piano, and Chamber Orchestra" (written in 1961, and here featuring harpsichordist Christopher Oldfather and pianist Ursula Oppens). Also on the program are Wuorinen's "Blue Bamboula" and premières of works by Aaron Jay Kernis, Arthur Kampela, and Linda Bouchard. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 362-0962. Oct. 26 at 8.)

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THE AUSTRALIAN AIRLINE

Sharon Isbin and the Cleveland String Quartet—The classical guitarist assists the foursome in the première of a new guitar quintet by David Diamond; also on the program are string quartets by Beethoven (in F Major, Op. 18, No. 1) and Brahms (in C Minor), as well as Albéniz's "Asturias" *(for guitar)*. *(92nd Street Y, Lexington* Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 26-27 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Off until Oct. 31, when they'll host the Jets.

Jets—Vs. the Buffalo Bills, Oct. 24 at 1.

Islanders—Vs. the Ottawa Senators, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 26. (Game time, 7:40.)

Rangers—Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 24 at 7:30.

Devils—Vs. the Anaheim Mighty Ducks, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Florida Panthers, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Oct. 26. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Islanders at Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Story Time—Faith Ringgold reads from her latest book, "Dinner at Aunt Connie's House." (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. 864-4500. Oct. 23 at noon.)

Dramatics—Theatreworks/USA presents "Charlotte's Web," E. B. White's story of Wilbur the pig and his friend the spider, as adapted by Joseph Robinette. For ages five and older. (Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Oct. 23 at 12:30, and Oct. 24 and Oct. 30 at 10:30 and 12:30.)

Young Ears—The first of the Little Orchestra Society's Happy Concerts for Young People (for six-to-twelve-year-olds) offers, among other works, a new staged version of Darius Milhaud's "La Création du Monde," featuring puppetry by the Underground Railway Theatre. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Oct. 23 at 11 and 1.) . . . ¶ Paul Peabody's Old-Fashioned Marionette Theatre and the Philharmonia Virtuosi orchestra kick off a series called Children's Choice: Saturday Afternoon Treats at the Metropolitan Museum. Recommended ages: seven to twelve. (Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Oct. 23 at 2:30.) . . . ¶ The Birmingham (Alabama) Children's Opera Company performs "La Forêt" ("The Forest"), an environmentally conscious French opera, with English narration. For ages six and older. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Oct. 23 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Henry Street at a Hundred—Song and dance and theatre mark the hundredth anniversary of the Henry Street Settlement, which will be celebrated at the Nations of New York Arts Festival. Highlights: Oct. 20 at 8: The Klezmatics. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 7:30: Muna Tseng Dance Projects and Young Soon Kim Dance Company. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 7:30: Lavender Light (gospel choir) and the Unquenchable Flames (Pentecostal brass). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 4 and 9: Ping Chong and Company (performance art/dance). . . . At 8: Women of the Calabash. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: Rock Steady Crew (hip-hop dance). . . . At 6: Louis Johnson Dance Theatre Ensemble. . . . At 7:30: Sarah Skaggs Dance. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400.)

Howl—"Woofstock, a celebration of peace, love, and pets" is the theme for this year's A.S.P.C.A. doggy walkathon. Longhairs of the canine variety, as well as their short-haired and curly-haired friends, are invited to take their humans for a walk to benefit New York's homeless animals. Celebrities include Beethoven, the St. Bernard of movie fame; Norton, the day's mascot, a three-year-old Chow mix who was rescued from a Bronx sewer; and Grand Marshal Al Roker, a bipedal weatherman. The walk gets started at 10 on Oct. 24. For information and registration, call 876-7708.

Crash Course—If you slept through Am. Lit. 101, the 92nd Street Y is offering a reprieve on Oct. 24, from 1 to 9:30: a marathon reading from a new volume in the Library of America series, "American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century," edited by John Hollander. A cast of poetry all-stars, including Ann Lauterbach, James Merrill, and Robert Pinsky, will read from the poems of their elders, among them Whitman, Dickinson, and Melville. Also included in the anthology are gospel songs, hymns, and folk songs, some of which will be performed by Joan Morris, William Bolcom, and Oscar Brand, among others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Deepavali—It's the Indian Festival of Lights, with music and dance performances and crafts demonstrations. Fireworks are scheduled for 6:45. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Oct. 24, from noon to 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Festival—Bravo, Frolic, Encore, and Viking are among the thousands of chrysanthemums peaking at the New York Botanical Garden. To celebrate, there will be a martial-arts performance, chrysanthemum tea, and Chinese paper-cutting. (Bronx Park. Oct. 23-24, from 11 to 4. Admission by contribution.)

On the Bus—If you missed it the last time, here's your chance. Ken Kesey will read from his latest novel, "Sailor Song," and take questions from the audience after the reading. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Oct. 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Readings—Oct. 20 at 7: Charles Simic and Nadja Tesich will read from their own poetry, in connection with the exhibition "Remember Yugoslavia." (Art in General, 79 Walker St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: A staged reading of David Mamet's "The Frog Prince," as part of a series to benefit the Franklin Furnace Archive. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. For more information, call 925-4671.) . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6:30: Jessica Hagedorn and others will read in a program titled "Brown River, White Ocean: Philippine Literature in English." (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. No tickets necessary.)

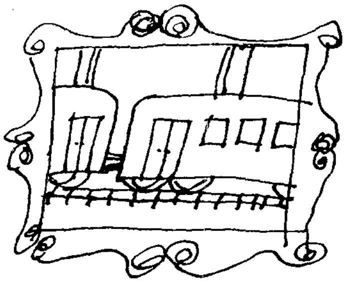
Talks—Oct. 22 at 7: Painter Nancy Spero will talk about her work. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. No charge beyond museum contribution. Free tickets, which are required, are available at 6 at the museum's Edward John Noble Education Center.) . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6: The art critic John Gruen will interview Jim Dine. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.) . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 7: Publisher Jonathan Galassi, Nuyorican poet Bob Holman, and others will participate in a discussion about the future of poetry publishing. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. No tickets necessary.)

Tours & Walks—Oct. 23 at 1: A lecture and walking tour titled "Greenwich Village Before Bohemia: Black Farms to 'Little Africa.'" For more information, call 924-3895. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 10: A free five-hour hike through Central Park. For more information, call 427-4040. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2: A behind-the-scenes tour of the outdoor sculpture exhibit at Prospect Park. For more information, call 1-718 788-0055.

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

Our subway system does little to encourage joyriding, but the Transit Museum, in Brooklyn Heights, may give you ideas. The place is two parts nostalgia (how clean and user-friendly the subway used to be) and one part fantasy (how easily it could regain its past glory). Such musings become especially intense during a stroll through the museum's fifteen retired subway and El cars, which date from 1903 to 1967. The earlier cars feature woodwork, striped wicker seating, and indirect lighting, but the air of gentility begins to dissipate after the Second World War. Later, of course, came the horrors of deferred maintenance, but the worst is now past (knock on stainless steel).

For all its potential for oppressiveness and danger, our underground has its democratic charms. By way of contrast, consider "The Moscow Metro: Underground Paradise," a photographic exhibit now at the World Financial Center, which captures both the grandeur and the hauteur of the Russian capital's system. The show has a selection of chilly, depopulated contemporary color shots and a set of historical black-and-white pictures, which, along with an accompanying text, describe how this "palace" for workers was constructed, under Stalin's close supervision, at great human cost.



Details about these and other mass-transit experiences are listed below.

Transit Museum—The current exhibition is "Hizzoner, John Q, and You: A Century of Mass Transit Cartooning." (Schermerhorn St. at Boerum Pl., Brooklyn. 1-718 330-5839. Tuesdays through Fridays, from 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, from 11 to 4.)

"Moscow Metro"—World Financial Center, Gatehouse 2, Ground Level, 225 Liberty St., on the northwest corner of Liberty and West Sts. Mondays through Fridays, from 8 to 5, and Saturdays, from noon to 5. Through Oct. 30.

Grand Central—The Transit Museum has opened a branch of its gift shop here. The décor suggests a stainless-steel subway car, and the shop sells conductors' badges, token jewelry, and books. (Main Concourse, Mondays through Fridays, from 8 to 8, and Saturdays, from 8 to 1.) . . . ¶ On Wednesdays at 12:30, the Municipal Art Society offers a tour of Grand Central Terminal. For more information, call 935-3960.

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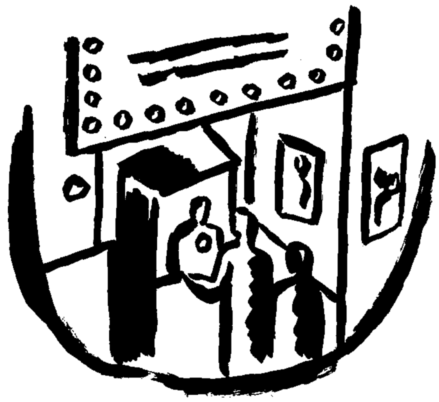


THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 36.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "Household Saints" (directed by Nancy Savoca), with Tracey Ullman, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lili Taylor, and Judith Malina.

Theatre 2: "Ruby in Paradise" (†).

Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).

Theatre 4: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).

Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

"No More Mr. Nice Guy" (Detlev Buck; in German); and "Germany in Autumn" (1977, R. W. Fassbinder, Volker Schlöndorff, Alexander Kluge, and Edgar Reitz; in German).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Mr. Wonderful" (Anthony Minghella), with Matt Dillon, Annabella Sciorra, Mary-Louise Parker, and William Hurt.

Theatre 2: "The Beverly Hillbillies" (Penelope Spheeris), with Diedrich Bader, Dabney Coleman, Erika Eleniak, Cloris Leachman, Lily Tomlin, and Jim Varney.

Theatre 3: "Mr. Jones" (†).

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Theatre 3: "M. Butterfly" (†).

Theatre 4: "Malice" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (†).

Theatre 7: Through Oct. 21: "The Age of Innocence" (†). From Oct. 22: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 21: "Police Story III: Supercop" (Stanley Tong; in Cantonese, with English and Chinese subtitles), with Jackie Chan.

From Oct. 22: "New York in Short," a program of two short films.

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "True Romance" (Tony Scott), with Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette.

Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gettysburg" (†).

Theatre 4: "Inside Monkey Zetterland" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Oct. 21: "Gettysburg" (†). From Oct. 22: "Twenty Bucks" (Keva Rosenfeld).

Theatre 6: "Cool Runnings" (†).

Theatre 7: "Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Mr. Wonderful" (Anthony Minghella), with Matt Dillon, Annabella Sciorra, Mary-Louise Parker, and William Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Rudy" (†).

Theatre 3: "Mr. Jones" (†).

Theatre 4: "Cool Runnings" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Oct. 21: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 22: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez, Cuba Goodings, Jr., Stephen Dorff, and Jeremy Piven.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Malice" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 21: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron). From Oct. 22: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

Theatre 3: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 4: "Cool Runnings" (†).

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "True Romance" (Tony Scott), with Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette.

Theatre 2: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Beverly Hillbillies" (Penelope Spheeris).

EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Farewell My Concubine" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas."

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez, Cuba Goodings, Jr., Stephen Dorff, and Jeremy Piven.

Theatre 2: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Oct. 21: "For Love or Money" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Michael J. Fox.

From Oct. 22: "Twenty Bucks" (Keva Rosenfeld).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (Woody Allen).

Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Short Cuts" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 2: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "Mr. Jones" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Beverly Hillbillies" (Penelope Spheeris).

Theatre 5: "M. Butterfly" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Oct. 21: "Mr. Jones" (†). From Oct. 22: "Flight of the Innocent" (Carlo Carlei, in Italian), with Manuel Colao.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.

Theatre 2: "Rudy" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"A Bronx Tale" (†).

NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Mr. Wonderful" (Anthony Minghella), with Matt Dillon, Annabella Sciorra, Mary-Louise Parker, and William Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Malice" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Cool Runnings" (†).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Fearless" (†).

EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez, Cuba Goodings, Jr., Stephen Dorff, and Jeremy Piven.

Theatre 2: "Malice" (†).

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Mr. Jones" (†).

Theatre 2: "Mr. Wonderful" (Anthony Minghella), with Matt Dillon and Annabella Sciorra.

Theatre 3: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.

Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Theatre 6: "Demolition Man" (†).

Theatre 7: "Cool Runnings" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 21: "Dazed and Confused" (†). From Oct. 22: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: "Strictly Propaganda" (directed by Wolfgang Kissel), a documentary.

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "It's All True: Based on an Unfinished Film by Orson Welles" (Richard Wilson), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

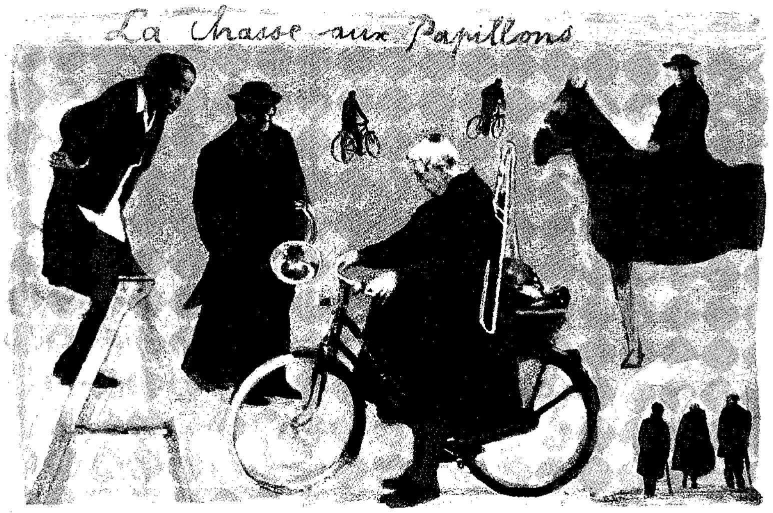
Theatre 1: "Deadfall" (Christopher Coppola).

Theatre 2: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

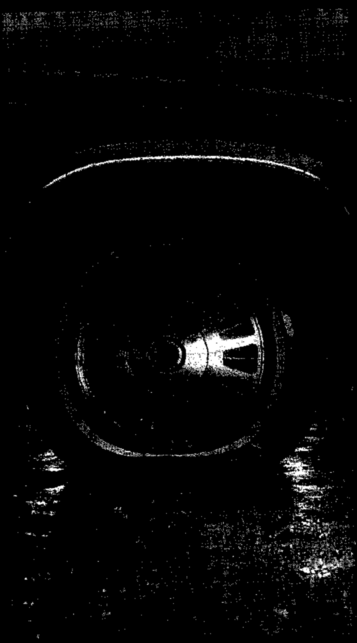
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.

Theatre 2: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).



Opening October 22, Otar Iosseliani's "La Chasse aux Papillons."

GERARD NICOLAS



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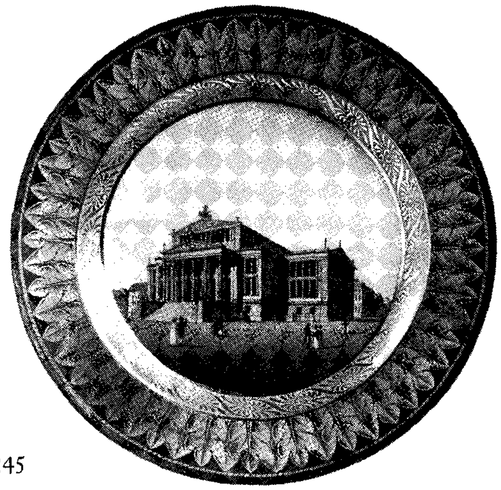

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FRATELLI
ROSSETTI

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair), with Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack.
Theatre 2: "King of the Hill" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jesse Bradford.
Theatre 3: "Into the West" (†); and "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 4: "The Ballad of Little Jo" (Maggie Greenwald), with Suzy Amis.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).
Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (†).
Theatre 3: "Demolition Man" (†).
Theatre 4: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez, Cuba Goodings, Jr., Stephen Dorff, and Jeremy Piven.
Theatre 5: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Beverly Hillbillies" (Penelope Spheeris), with Diedrich Bader, Dabney Coleman, Erika Eleniak, Cloris Leachman, Lily Tomlin, and Jim Varney.
Theatre 7: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 8: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 9: Through Oct. 21: "Demolition Man" (†). From Oct. 22: "Flight of the Innocent" (Carlo Carlei, in Italian), with Manuel Colao.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Secret Garden" (Agnieszka Holland); and "In the Line of Fire" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Clint Eastwood and John Malkovich.
Theatre 2: "For Love or Money" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Michael J. Fox.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Nanny" (Michael Gottlieb); and "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 21: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
From Oct. 22 (tentative): "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "For Love or Money" (Barry Sonnenfeld), with Michael J. Fox.
Theatre 2: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair), with Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack.
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 21: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron). From Oct. 22: "Twenty Bucks" (Keva Rosenfeld).
Theatre 5: "Orlando" (Sally Potter).
Theatre 6: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (Woody Allen).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Age of Innocence" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dazed and Confused" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"It's All True: Based on an Unfinished Film by Orson Welles" (Richard Wilson).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Deadfall" (Christopher Coppola).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"King of the Hill" (Steven Soderbergh), with Jesse Bradford.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Jamón Jamón" (Bigas Luna; in Spanish).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gettysburg" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez, Cuba Goodings, Jr., Stephen Dorff, and Jeremy Piven.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).
Theatre 4: "Ruby in Paradise" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 21: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh). From Oct. 22: "La Chasse aux Papillons" (Otar Iosseliani; in French).
Theatre 6: "Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca), with Tracey Ullman, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lili Taylor, and Judith Malina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben), with Macaulay Culkin.

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Rudy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Wonderful" (Anthony Minghella), with Matt Dillon and Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 3: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 5: "A Bronx Tale" (†).
Theatre 6: "Demolition Man" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Beverly Hillbillies" (Penelope Spheeris), with Diedrich Bader, Dabney Coleman, Erika Eleniak, Cloris Leachman, Lily Tomlin, and Jim Varney.
Theatre 2: "Mr. Jones" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Wonderful" (directed by Anthony Minghella), with Matt Dillon and Annabella Sciorra.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Nanny" (Michael Gottlieb); and "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 4: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).
Theatre 5: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis), with Harrison Ford and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 6: "Mr. Jones" (†).
Theatre 7: "A Bronx Tale" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Oct. 21: "The Beverly Hillbillies" (Penelope Spheeris).
From Oct. 22 (tentative): "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (†).
Theatre 2: "In the Line of Fire" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Clint Eastwood and John Malkovich.
Theatre 3: "The Program" (David S. Ward).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Striking Distance" (Rowdy Herrington), with Bruce Willis.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins), with Emilio Estevez, Cuba Goodings, Jr., Stephen Dorff, and Jeremy Piven.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Oct. 20: "Secret Six" (1931, directed by George Hill), with Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow; and "Iron Man" (1931, Tod Browning), with Lew Ayres, Robert Armstrong, and Harlow.
Oct. 21-23: "Libeled Lady" (1936, Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Wife Versus Secretary" (1936, Clarence Brown), with Clark Gable, Harlow, Myrna Loy, and James Stewart.
Nov. 24-26: "Riffraff" (1935, J. Walter Ruben), with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy; and "Personal Property" (1937, W. S. Van Dyke), with Harlow and Robert Taylor.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 23: "The Shining" (1980, Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "Drive, He Said" (1971, Nicholson), with William Tepper and Karen Black.
Oct. 24-25: "Terms of Endearment" (1983, James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson; and "The Fortune" (1975, Mike Nichols), with Warren Beatty and Nicholson.
From Oct. 26: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†); and "Batman" (1989, Tim Burton), with Jack Nicholson and Michael Keaton.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
Through Oct. 21: "Wuthering Heights" (1939, William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David

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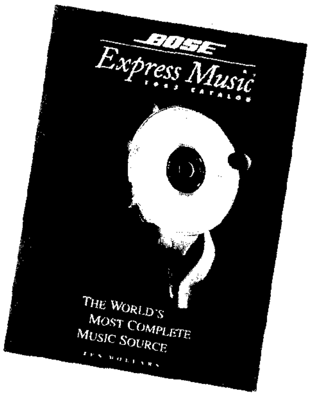

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "21 Days Together" (1937, Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Olivier.

Oct. 22-23: "Super Fly" (1972, Gordon Parks, Jr.), with Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee; and "Cleopatra Jones" (†).

Oct. 24-25: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (1946, Lewis Milestone), with Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Kirk Douglas.

Oct. 26: "The Shop on Main Street" (1965, Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos; in Czech), with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "The Round Up" (1965, Miklós Jancsó; in Hungarian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 20: "The Unforgiven" (1960, John Huston), with Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Audie Murphy, Charles Bickford, and Lillian Gish; and "Robin and Marian" (†).

Oct. 21: "The Getaway" (1972, Sam Peckinpah), with Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw; and "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968, Norman Jewison), with McQueen, Faye Dunaway, and Paul Burke.

Oct. 22-23: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†).

Oct. 24: "Persona" (1967, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Andersson, and Nils Poppe.

Oct. 25: "Luna" (1979, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "The Conformist" (1970, Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Oct. 26: "My Man Godfrey" (1936, Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937, William Wellman), with Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Oct. 21 at 2:30: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, directed by Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 3 and 6: "Moksha" (1992, Pankaj Butalia), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "The Whales of August" (1987, Lindsay Anderson), with Bette Davis, Lillian Gish, Ann Sothern, and Vincent Price. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30 and Oct. 24 at 5: "Marie, Légende Hongroise" (1932, Paul Fejös; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 3: "Seventh Heaven" (1927, Frank Borzage), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6 and Oct. 24 at 2: "M" (1951, Joseph Losey), with David Wayne, Luther Adler, and Howard Da Silva. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2 and Oct. 25 at 2:30: "He Ran All the Way" (1951, John Berry), with John Garfield and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2 and Oct. 24 at 1 and 4: A program of seven short Warner Brothers films animated by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 3:30 and Oct. 24 at 2:30 and 5:30: A program of seven short Warner Brothers films animated by Friz Freleng. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5: "Smart Woman" (1931, Gregory La Cava), with Mary Astor, Robert Ames, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6: "Unknown Soldiers" (1990, Veronika Soul). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 1 and 6: About a hundred British commercials made in 1992. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2:30: "Tonka of the Gallows" (1930, Karel Anton; in Czech). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6: "From Saturday to Sunday" (1931, Gutav Machaty; in Czech).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Oct. 20 at 2 and Oct. 21 at 4 and 8: "The Great Sinner" (1949, Robert Siodmak), with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Walter Huston, and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 4:15: "The Idiot" (1951, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 7:30: "Crime and Punishment" (1970, Lev Kulidzhanov; in Russian). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2 and 6:15: "Une Femme Douce" (1969, Robert Bresson; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2, 6, and 10, and Oct. 24 at 6:15: "Crime and Punishment" (1983, Aki Kaurismäki; in Finnish). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 4 and 8 and Oct. 23 at 6:30: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971, Bresson; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. Oct. 23-24 at 2: "Time Bandits" (1981, Terry Gilliam). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Raskolnikov" (1923, Robert Wiene; a German silent film). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 4:15 and 8:15 and Oct. 25 at 2 and 6:15: "The Idiot" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 4 and 8: "Crime and Punishment" (1935, Pierre Chenal; in French), with Harry Baur. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 2: "The Brothers Karamazov" (1958, Richard Brooks), with Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Claire Bloom, Lee J. Cobb, and Richard Basehart.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"From Kern to Sondheim: American Musical Theatre on Television." Through Oct. 31: "Annie Get Your Gun" (1957), with Mary Martin and John Raitt. Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2:30, and Thursdays at 6. . . . ¶ Through Oct. 31: "Treemonisha" (1986), Scott Joplin's opera. Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 4:30. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "Our Town" (1955), with Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, and Frank Sinatra as the Stage Manager.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years: Oct. 23 at 2: "Twilight of a Woman's Soul" (1913, Evgenil Bauer; a Russian silent film) and "Daydreams" (1915, Bauer; a Russian silent film). Live music played by Donald Sosin. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 4: "Sherman's March" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 20 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Orpheus" (1949, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Oct. 21-22 and 25-26 at 7:30 and 9 and Oct. 23-24 at 6, 7:30, and 9: "The Taste of Iron" (1993, Rémi Bernard; in French) and "Things People Do" (1993, Pascale Bailly; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 7: "Songs 15-22" (1966, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 8:30: "Mouchette" (1966, Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 22-23 at 10 and Oct. 24 at 10:30: "Style Wars" (1984, Tony Silver). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 4: "Pulse" (1987, Yasunori Yamamoto). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8: A program of films by Paul Shartis. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 4: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966, Brakhage).

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

La Chasse aux Papillons—A comedy about the encroachment of modern life in an old-fashioned French village. Directed by Otar Iosseliani. In French. Opening October 22.

Flight of the Innocent—A ten-year-old Italian boy (Manuel Colao) caught up in family feuds and kidnapping in Italy. Directed by Carlo Carlei. In Italian. Opening October 22.

No More Mr. Nice Guy—The adventures of two brothers in Germany. Directed by Detlev Buck. In German. Opening October 20.

Strictly Propaganda—A documentary about the German Democratic Republic, from the end of the Second World War to the fall of the Berlin Wall. Directed by Wolfgang Kissel. Opening October 20.

Twenty Bucks—The lives that are touched by a twenty-dollar bill after it leaves a cash machine. With Linda Hunt, Brendan Fraser, Elisabeth Shue, Steve Buscemi, Christopher Lloyd, and Spalding Gray. Directed by Keva Rosenfeld. Opening October 22.

ALAIN PILON

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in "The Current Cinema," the date of its review is given.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Life in the New York of the eighteen-seventies may have been constrained, but it was never dull—not if Scorsese's camera is anything to go by, leaping from detail to detail like the gaze of an inquisitive gentleman. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison, with no hope of escape, and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as May's older cousin, the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love. With her silly blond curls, Pfeiffer looks more plaintive than the dark exotic of Wharton's imagination.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Orpheum VII, and Ziegfeld.)

A Bronx Tale—"It was 1960, and doo-wop was the sound on the streets." The opening voice-over establishes the point of view of Robert De Niro's début as a director: an excitable nostalgia, which turns thugs into demigods and workingmen into heroes. The plot turns on the tussle for a boy's soul: De Niro plays Lorenzo, whose son Calogero is spending too much time with a local hood named Sonny (Chazz Palminteri) and his band of merry men—Tony Toupee, Eddie Mush, and so forth. Everyone here is a bit of a character, an O.K. guy; the whole movie is built from this well-meaning shorthand, with an oldies soundtrack to boost the mood. The tale was originally written by Palminteri as a five-minute monologue, then grew into a full stage performance before becoming a screenplay; by now it feels tired, and you can't help feeling that the material has already been worked to death onscreen. On the plus side are Sonny's reverse-driving skills, and a silky, striking performance by Lillo Brancato as the teen-age Calogero.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Cool Runnings—The filmmakers take the adventure of the 1988 Jamaican Olympic bobsled team and turn it into a kiddie movie—almost a toddler movie. Except for a few piquant sports details, they fictionalize everything and play it for easy laughs and melodrama; they even sink to portraying East German bobsledders as racist villains. Leon, Doug E. Doug, Rawle D. Lewis, and Malik Yoba are the teammates; John Candy is their disreputable American coach. Jon Turteltaub directed the script by Lynn Siefert, Tommy Swerdlow, and Michael Goldberg.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, Orpheum VII, Olympia, and Embassy.)

Dazed and Confused—A relaxed, uplifting new movie from Richard Linklater, who directed "Slacker." It's the last day of school, summer 1976, and a bunch of seniors are pondering their futures and getting ready to thrash their juniors. We learn of Pink (Jason London), for instance, who wants to play football and smoke pot. But the movie has no particular hero or heroine; Linklater is too democratic for that, and his camera glides around offering moments of heroism, or bliss, to all the characters in turn. There isn't much plot, but what there is gets resolved at an all-night party; you keep expecting the film to move on, but it just hangs around and enjoys itself. This is a great time-capsule film—Alice Cooper and Thin Lizzy on the soundtrack, womb-shaped plastic chairs, and the flap of flared jeans—but it's far more than that. With his endless gags and crisp, glowing images, Linklater has come up with a dramatization of good will.—A.L. (10/4/93) (Village Theatre VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Festival. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Oct. 21.)

Demolition Man—Woody Allen's "Sleeper" remade as a moronic action spectacle. Supercop Sylvester Stallone and supercrook Wesley Snipes wake up from a cryogenic sleep and do battle in a pacified, PC-fied future, where cussing is banned and lovemaking is a hands-off experience. The script (by Daniel Waters, Robert Reneau, and Peter M. Lenkov) simultaneously mocks and exploits the movie's pre-sold elements, including Stallone's morose brand of machismo; the result is as pleasurable to watch as a big ugly snake eating its tail. Marco Brambilla directed. With Sandra Bullock and Nigel Hawthorne.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Farewell My Concubine—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school—the sort of drama that uses the unsettled emotional lives of a handful of characters to portray the human cost of war and of constant political upheaval. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Duan (who plays warriors and kings) and Cheng (who plays the important female roles) have an ideal relationship onstage, but offstage they often seem less like mythic lovers than like miserable, muddling-through partners in an arranged marriage. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. Also with Gong Li. Screenplay by Lilian Lee and Lu Wei. Co-winner of the Golden Palm at the 1993 Cannes Film Festival. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

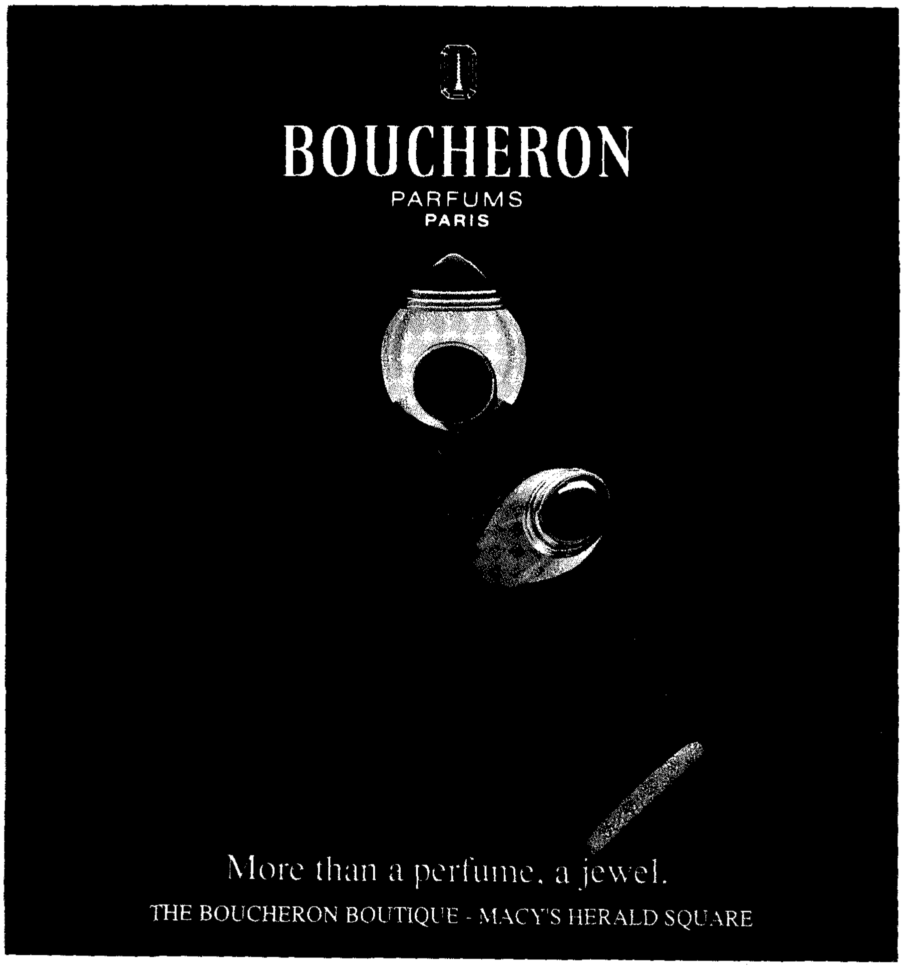
Fearless—With Jeff Bridges, Isabella Rossellini, and Rosie Perez; directed by Peter Weir. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Tower East.)

Gettysburg—Michael Shaara's thoughtful, surprisingly supple novel becomes something completely different: a Civil War buff's dream. The writer-director, Ronald F. Maxwell, strains to be rousing. His four-hour-and-eight-minute spectacle—featuring five thousand reënactors doing Pickett's Charge on the actual site—is overscored and often overacted. It needlessly reminds audiences of the battle's momentousness. Still, this clunky movie does have stirring passages (especially the defense of Little Round Top) and a few valiant performances, such as Sam Elliott's fiery Brigadier General Buford and Jeff Daniels' eloquent, comedy-tinged Colonel Chamberlain. With Martin Sheen (as Robert E. Lee), Stephen Lang (as Pickett), Richard Jordan, Kevin Conway, and Tom Berenger, whose portrayal of Longstreet disappears into his picturesque beard.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

Inside Monkey Zetterland—The biggest joke in this lame L.A. story is the title. There *is* no "inside" to twentysomething Monkey Zetterland (Steven Antin), a former actor and would-be writer. He's a child of Hollywood (Mom is a soap star); even his paranoid fits are figments of pop culture. This might be a fruitful subject for black comedy, but Antin, who also wrote the script, falls into a sickly slapstick poignance. Monkey yearns for "meaning"; Antin and the director, Jefery Levy, have none to deliver—only a circus parade of bizarre kith and kin. With Katherine Helmond, Patricia Arquette, Sandra Bernhard, Martha Plimpton, Rupert Everett, and Sofia Coppola.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas.)

Into the West—The adventures of two Irish boys, Ossie (Ciaran Fitzgerald) and Tito (Ruaidhri Conroy), and a white horse, which transports them from a depressing Dublin housing project all the way to the island's wild western shore. The screenplay, by Jim Sheridan, is based on motifs from Celtic mythology: Ossie's name refers to the legendary poet-warrior Ossian; the horse's name is Tir na nOg, which means Land of Eternal Youth (the Celtic version of Paradise); and in the old tales the waves of the Atlantic, where this movie reaches its climax, were sometimes called "white horses." This sort of marriage of ancient myths and contemporary realities rarely works, but Sheridan and the director, Mike Newell, keep the story moving along nimbly and achieve a winning blend of comedy and lyricism. The filmmakers don't have to insist on the magical properties of their story, because the horse—which evokes memories of the wondrous creature in Albert Lamorisse's great 1953 children's film, "White Mane"—supplies all the magic the movie needs. Also with Gabriel Byrne, Ellen Barkin, David Kelly, and Colm Meaney. The lovely cinematography is by Tom Sigel.—T.R. (Quad Cinemas.)

The Joy Luck Club—Amy Tan's 1989 novel is actually a collection of sixteen linked short stories about Chinese immigrant mothers trying to impart their knowledge of life to their Americanized daughters. Unfortunately, Tan and Ronald Bass ("Rain Man"), who wrote the movie, have attempted to cram all her mini-narratives into the script, diminishing instead of enlarging them. The contemporary scenes of marital discord and generational strife seem pat or trite, while the flashbacks to the mothers' woeful lives in China seem overblown or empty and portentous. Wayne Wang's limp direction is only part of the problem. Tan and Bass rely so heavily on voice-over narration that it sponges up the possibilities for genuine drama and emotion. By the end, the filmmakers just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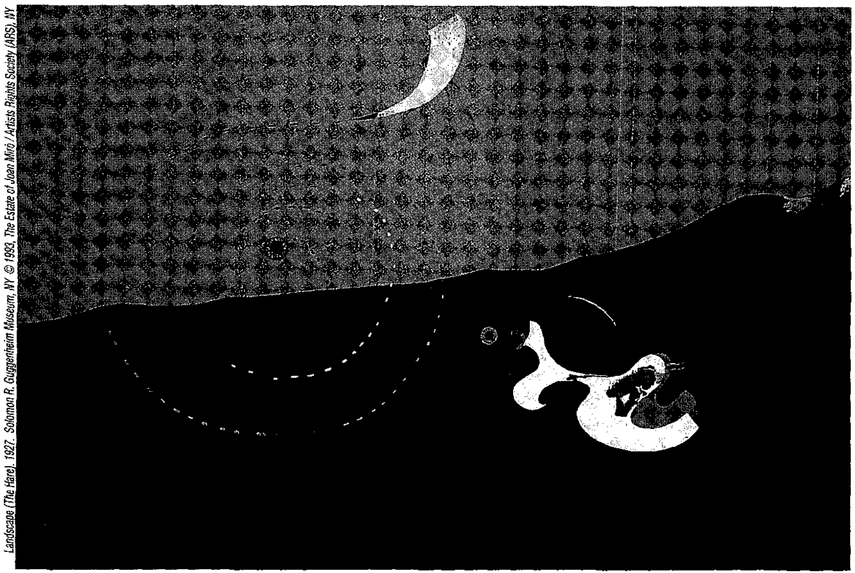

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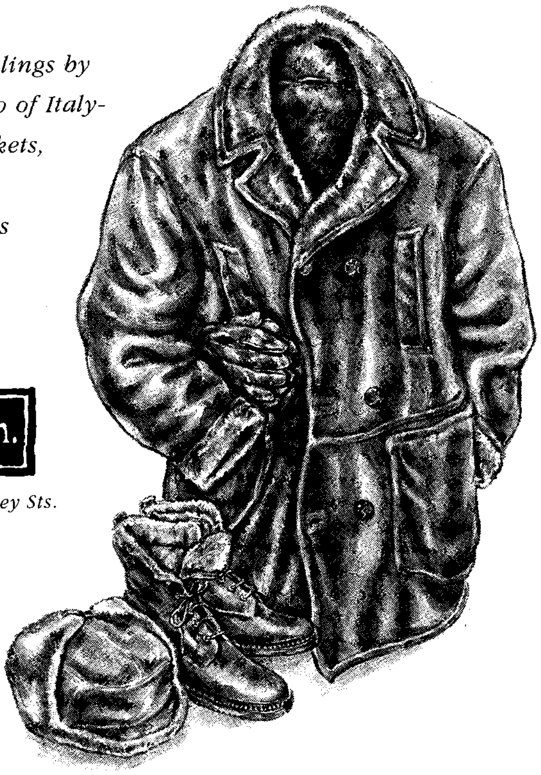

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

about beg for tears.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Guild; through Oct. 21.)

Malice—Andy Safian (Bill Pullman) married his favorite student, Tracy (Nicole Kidman), and they now live peacefully in a quiet college town—so quiet that you can hear rape and murder just waiting round the corner. After the ghastly deeds are done, Andy becomes a suspect, but, worse than that, he opens his doors to a big bad lodger—Jed Hill (Alec Baldwin), surgeon and stud. The director, Harold Becker, working from a script by Aaron Sorkin and Scott Frank, piles on the twists, and his photographer, Gordon Willis, wraps the action in immaculately tailored shadows, but they can't disguise its essential silliness. Unlike Becker's best movie, "Sea of Love," this one never feels driven or desperate, just a bit glum. Thankfully, Alec Baldwin refuses to give up, and in the second half he grabs the movie and turns it into high hokum. Who knows? Half an hour shorter and made for half the money, the whole thing could have been a gas.—A.L. (10/18/93) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

M. Butterfly—David Cronenberg's movie version of the acclaimed play by David Henry Hwang strips the work of its Brechtian theatricality and its heavily sarcastic (and politically correct) one-liners, but what's left after all this prudent streamlining still doesn't add up to much. The main characters are René Gallimard (Jeremy Irons), a French diplomat posted to China, and Song Liling (John Lone), a Beijing Opera actor who impersonates a woman in real life as well as on the stage; in a nearly twenty-year affair with Song, Gallimard never figures out that his lover is a man. For Hwang, this absurd romance is more than a hilarious illustration of the axiom that love is blind (or, in this case, utterly insensate); it's emblematic of imperialistic Western attitudes toward the East and of men's desire for submissive women. Cronenberg's dispirited treatment of the material has the effect of exposing it, inadvertently, for what it really is: not a pure, incandescent work of art but an extremely ordinary piece of agitprop drama.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Village Theatre VII, and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

Mr. Jones—The last time Richard Gere teamed up with the British director Mike Figgis, it went like a dream, albeit a scary one: they made the gripping "Internal Affairs," with Gere looking like a fetish object in his cop uniform. Now the magic is gone; he plays Mr. Jones—the man from nowhere, with his mind out of whack. He does crazy things—balancing on a roof beam, pushing aside a symphony conductor in the middle of a concert and trying to lead the orchestra himself—and is handed over for treatment to a psychiatrist (Lena Olin). You can feel a love affair coming, but it takes a long time, and then passes by; the rest of the movie is one long brood. As with "The Fisher King" or "Benny & Joon," there's something deeply insulting in the idea that mental instability is worth treasuring because it shakes the world up and gives the rest of us a buzz. The more fun Gere has with the part, the more it makes you wince.—A.L. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Ruby in Paradise—Ruby Lee Gissing (Ashley Judd) flees to Florida in search of a new life and finds it in Panama City Beach. There she sells T-shirts and trinkets, and yields to the advances of the loathsome Ricky (Bentley Mitchum) and the well-read Mike (Todd Field). Judd is a fine blend of pushy and graceful, but Victor Nuñez's script and direction leave her beached. If you like off-season resorts, leaden voice-overs ("Where does caring come from?"), and movies that never seem to end, this one's for you.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Rudy—Knute Rockne Stadium is the football field of dreams in this relentlessly inspirational sports story, based on a real person. Sean Astin plays Rudy Ruettiger, a dyslexic working-class Catholic boy who becomes one of Notre Dame's Fighting Irish on heart and guts alone. Unless viewers share Rudy's Notre Dame mania, they'll find the uplift grinding—like the myth of Sisyphus with a happy ending. David Anspaugh directed Angelo Pizzo's script. With Ned Beatty, Charles S. Dutton, Lili Taylor, and Robert Prosky.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, Gemini, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Short Cuts—In this wildly ambitious picture, Robert Altman uses nine short stories by Raymond Carver as the raw material for a latter-day "Nashville," set in Southern California. (One story line—by far the weakest—is the invention of Altman and his co-screenwriter, Frank Barhydt.) Most of the stories in the three-hour-and-seven-minute movie are about misunderstandings—often outright hostilities—between men and women, and the juxtaposition of all these poisonous domestic relationships has the effect of turning Carver's closely observed, scrupulously specific small dramas into a big, obvious generalization about men's brutality and women's capacity for endurance. Despite Altman's exquisite control of pace, the movie seems thin and insubstantial, and every moment feels pretty much like every other. The filmmaker hovers above his characters, spraying them with significance, and rarely touches down; he has to work too hard to maintain his overview, and, finally, the correspondences he wants us to see from up there start to look contrived, illusory. Of the twenty-two principal actors, a handful do terrific work here: Jack Lemmon, Bruce Davison, Julianne Moore, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Madeleine Stowe.—T.R. (9/27/93) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's beloved, barbed romance (co-written by Marshall Brickman) was praised for its originality and contemporaneity, but in large part it's a hilarious, sex-reversed version of "The Way We Were," with Allen in the Streisand role, as the anxious Jew who's too smart for happiness, and Diane Keaton in the Redford role, as the fun-loving and intellectually insecure Gentile. It has a great first half—Allen is peerless at conveying the cracked mating calls of a couple of neurotics. When he and the radiant Keaton drift apart, the movie flounders, too. The reasons for the breakup are one-sided and dissatisfying—they have more to do with Allen's Manhattanite solipsism than with the lovers' shifting feelings.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22-23.)

Cleopatra Jones (1973)—The first swashbuckler to star a fighting superwoman. Beautiful black Amazon Tamara Dobson, who doesn't take herself any more seriously than Errol Flynn used to, plays a cross between James Bond and Robin Hood. A six-foot-two-inch C.I.A. narcotics agent, Cleopatra is out to get the dope dealers who are preying on blacks; the leader of the international dope ring, which operates out of Los Angeles, is "Mommy" (Shelley Winters, in blazing wigs). The movie is brightly colored and energetic, and there's a comic-strip grossness (yet good-naturedness) about the continuous mayhem. Directed by Jack Starrett, with low-brow gusto; written by Max Julien and Sheldon Keller; cinematography by David Walsh. With the ravishing Brenda Sykes as Tiffany and Bernie Casey as Cleopatra's love object.—P.K. (Thalia; Oct. 22-23.)

The Idiot (1946)—The young Gérard Philipe is an extraordinarily sensitive Prince Myshkin, and Edwige Feuillère, that remarkable mistress of the language of gesture, is a spectacular Nastasya in this emotional, surprisingly effective version of the Dostoyevski novel. Directed by Georges Lampin. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 24-25.)

Manhattan (1979)—Woody Allen followed the irredeemably dour "Interiors" with this awkward hybrid, which starts as a sexual comedy of manners and turns into a jeremiad against superficiality and decadence. Allen plays an ambitious, twice-divorced TV writer, Michael Murphy a married writer-teacher, Diane Keaton an intellectual freelancer who segues from Murphy to Allen, and Mariel Hemingway a high-school girl—Allen's lover and a symbol of spiritual purity. When Murphy says, "You think you're God," Allen replies, "I gotta model myself after someone." Gordon Willis's black-and-white (sometimes black-on-black) cinematography gives the film an ostentatious visual skin, but what kills things is its sour-apple core. After the blithe high points of "Annie Hall," Allen and Marshall Brickman's trademark badinage here seems smug and mechanical.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22-23.)

Robin and Marian (1976)—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed, from James Goldman's script; cinematography by David Watkin. With Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20.)

Sherman's March (1986)—In Ross McElwee's New South, the word "reconstruction" no longer suggests carpetbaggers and the Ku Klux Klan, but eye-bag surgery and fanny tucks. That's just one of the observations to be gleaned from this random, sprawling, yet cunning and ruefully uproarious docu-comedy. It's about what happens when the Southern-born, Cambridge-based McElwee sets out to make a documentary about Sherman's March—and his girlfriend breaks up with him just before he heads South. He trips through Dixie anyway, and chronicles the romantic farce and anguish that ensue.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 24.)

The Witches of Eastwick (1987)—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson waited all his acting life for a harem like this.—P.K. (Gramercy; starting Oct. 26.)

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Cynthia has her own way of describing her performing experience. "Something happens to me when I go on stage," she says. "It's exhilarating being there with all the beautiful costumes, the sets, and the audience. That's when ballet comes alive for me."

Then, of course, there's the music. "When I approach a performance, I start out by re-playing passages on the piano because, for me, music is the essence of the ballet. I'm not someone who can concentrate solely on the mechanics of a dance. So when I perform, I just listen to the orchestra and let myself go."

Gregory says her love of music stems from one of her first ballet teachers. "Instead of the usual tinkly music one plays for children, she'd give us powerful things like Bach, Scarlatti, and Beethoven. That's how I learned to feel the music, to make it an integral part of my dance.

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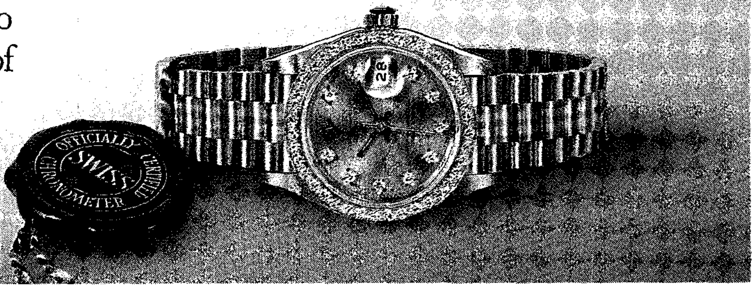

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE FORMER MAYOR WEIGHS IN, SORT OF

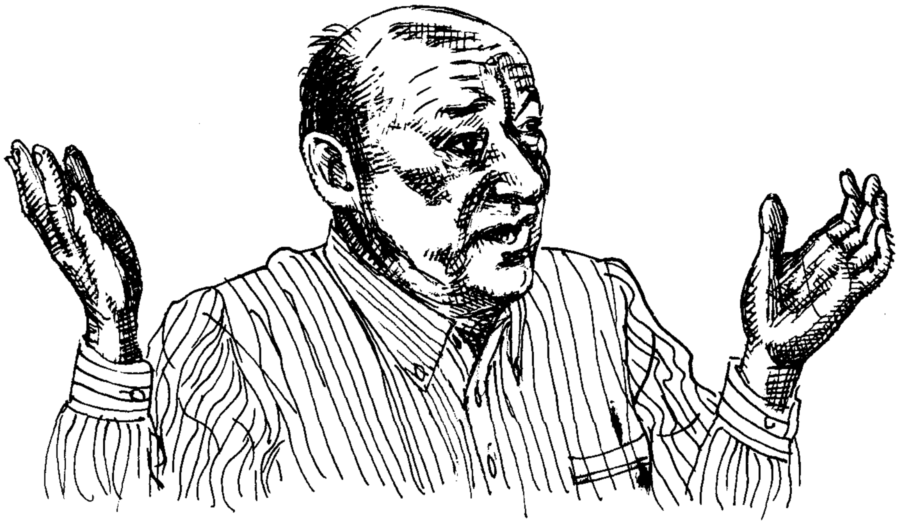
Last May, a *Times*/WCBS poll found that twenty-one per cent of the city's voters would be more likely to cast their ballots on November 2nd for the mayoral candidate who had won the endorsement of one former mayor, Edward I. Koch. More interestingly, perhaps, no less than five per cent of the voters the *Times* talked to said they would be more likely *not* to vote for the candidate Koch endorsed.

"I love it," Koch told a visitor late one afternoon last week when reminded of his negative capabilities, and it seemed as if he really meant it. After all, the very fact that the *Times* would pose such a question was in itself—well, Kochian. And that so many New Yorkers still had Koch on their minds, one way or another, confirmed for him his current role as not so much that of former mayor (although he did serve three terms) as that of Übermayor—a New York landmark, like the Carnegie Deli, or maybe a hallmark, like the loud, opinionated cabby. Moreover, he is still the man whose legendary taste for Chinese food and foreign films is surpassed only by his relish of power, particularly his own. He would love it, really, if he could influence the neck-and-neck mayoral election with an endorsement—if he could influence, say, the older Jewish women who make up the bulk of undecided voters (according to a recent New York *Post*–Fox 5 poll) and who have always been among those most willing to listen to him.

Last Friday, in the weekly column he writes for the *News*, Koch endorsed the Republican-Liberal candidate, Rudolph Giuliani. Or, better, he sort of endorsed him. Like many New Yorkers, if the polls are to be believed, Ed Koch remains torn. "We have two candidates," he said, explaining his less than ringing endorsement. "I'm not happy with either one. Nonetheless, I have made a choice."

Out on the balcony of his apartment, which overlooks Greenwich Village, Koch, leaning back in his chair, relaxed in khakis and a purple corduroy shirt while nibbling cheese and crackers and sipping white wine, talked at first of David Dinkins, whom he endorsed four years ago, after being defeated by him in the Democratic primary, but whom he never had any intention of endorsing this year. The Übermayor began to lose faith in Dinkins, he recalled, only a few weeks after Dinkins took office. In mapping the arc of this decline, Koch drew attention to the period beginning in late January, 1990, when a group of blacks boycotted two Korean-owned grocery stores in Brooklyn after a black woman accused one of the stores' owners of beating her, and Dinkins seemed unable or unwilling to react for weeks. "This is his M.O.," Koch remarked. "He doesn't protect the Korean community from this black mob and later he didn't protect the Jewish community from the black mob in Crown Heights. I mean, it's unacceptable." Koch said he lost still more faith in Dinkins this year, when Standard & Poor's, the credit-rating agency, was about to lower the city's bond rating. Dinkins, to prevent such a move, cut city services to please the bond specialists, but only at the last minute, two days into the new fiscal year. "I would have done it two days before, not two days after," Koch said, "but, I mean, it showed that he has no understanding of the process."

Get Koch going on Dinkins' faults and it's hard to remember that the sixty-eight-year-old Koch has spent his entire career as a Democrat. About Dinkins' fiscal acumen, he said, "Dinkins is incompetent." On his governing skills: "From what I've seen, David Dinkins is



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY PANTER

GOTHAM GOTHIC

With Halloween just around the ill-lit corner, a coven of Anne Rice fans crept out to Three Lives & Company Booksellers, in the West Village, to have their copies of her latest novel, "Lasher," signed. She bewitched, they bewildered.

by Gary Panter

more interested in the pomp and circumstance than he is in hands-on government, and I know it from talking to commissioners he's never seen."

When the conversation turned to the candidate he'd endorsed—well, does this sound like an endorsement? On Giuliani's governing skills: "I believe that he would be an adequate mayor in terms of services." On his prospects as a leader: "Giuliani is a wild card. With him you're taking your chances." On charisma: "Zilch." About the only kind words he had for the former prosecutor go like this: "Giuliani's prosecutorial skills are far better than Dinkins'."

Koch insisted that he had only two choices with regard to an endorsement. "It was between Giuliani and whether I stayed quiet. Period!" he said. Unbelievable as it may seem, Koch claimed he had put a lot of thought into remaining quiet, his old Party line still too thick to easily cross. What finally lured him across that line, according to friends of the Übermayor, was the presence on the other side of David Garth, his old friend and former adviser, who is currently employed as Giuliani's media guru. Koch, who denied that Garth played a role in his endorsement decision, dined with Garth the night before he turned in his endorsement to the *News*. And out on his balcony he could barely contain himself about an October 7th editorial in the *Times* charging Garth with running "explicitly racial television and radio ads" and comparing his "devious artistry" with that of Lee Atwater. "The *Times* editorial board should be denounced," Koch said. "They have reached the edge of the radical envelope. David Garth is one of the few people left in the media field, in campaigns in this city, who never compromise their own liberal point of view."

Koch will not stump for Giuliani, as he did for Dinkins four years ago. "I endorsed Rudy Giuliani," he said, "because the city is in freefall. With Giuliani, there is at least the possibility that he won't be a total failure."

MEN WHO BEAT WOMEN

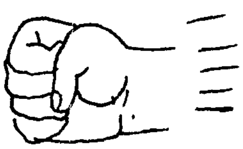
"SOME of these guys would be in jail, if this weren't New York City and the jails weren't full," John Aponte was saying the other night. He was talking about the men who attend Alternatives to Violence, a weekly class he runs on Staten Island for an outfit called Victim Services. The men have attacked their wives or girlfriends. Occasionally, a man attends the class because he wants to; the majority are under court order. On this night, ten men took part. Five of them were white, four were black, and one was part Asian.

"I don't look at their records," Aponte said as he waited for the men to arrive. "I know that no one here is a chronic offender. Most likely a wide range of behavior brought them to this class—some may only have pushed the woman they're involved with, or grabbed her hard enough to leave a bruise, and some may have knocked her down with a bat. They are men with a lifelong need to prove that they are in control."

Aponte, who is forty-six years old, is a former New York City police psychologist. He has the earthbound build of an Olympic weight lifter. He teaches his class with a handsome, forthright black woman named Mzuri Hudson.

As the men took seats in the small room where the class was held, it was clear that none of them were happy to be there. Four of the white men sat to one side. They slouched. They looked defeated. Their manner suggested that of children caught for something they knew was bad but didn't quite know why. One man waited to tell how he had never laid a hand on his wife until he pressed the "redial" button on his phone and a man answered—her boyfriend, he learned, for six of their eight years of marriage. The man was sure that once Aponte heard this, he would say that the man did not belong in the class and could go. (Aponte did not.)

When the men spoke, their voices were quiet, and their tone was flat. They did not understand where they had gone wrong. They had, they said, followed the examples of their families; their parents had seemed happy enough. They feared women and wished that they didn't. They had been provoked, they said, and knew that they were entitled to feel angry, and believed that what they had



done was no more than was necessary.

"What happened was, we've been married two years now, and we got into an argument," one of them said. "She was saying, 'Go on, why don't you just hit me and get it over with, so you can quit ragging on me,' and she kept saying this and saying this, and finally I took my fist and wrapped it in a pillow. But it didn't leave no mark. She was all right. And now I'm here. She's not here, but I am."

"If we don't abuse women," another said, "how are we going to get them to do what we want?"

Aponte suggested that they might treat the women they are involved with as partners.

"When you treat her nice and give her what she wants," one of them said, "she treats you like dirt. If you treat her like dirt first, then she don't do nothing to you."

When Aponte said that some of the men were describing women the way the Nazis described the Jews, the young man who had wrapped his fist in a pillow raised his hand. "Seriously, now," he said. "Get back to the issue without diversions about the Germans. 'Why don't you just hit me?' For a year, she said this."

"Did she come from a family where she was abused?" Aponte asked.

"Yes."

"Why did you marry her?"

"I liked her. She was cute."

"You married someone who would pull this from you. Even when a person pulls this from you, you don't have to go through with it. If you do, there are moral, legal, and sexual consequences."

"I tried everything," he said. "It didn't even hurt. It just got her really pissed off."

"And?"

"And scared her. I guess."

"You guess?"

"All right. Scared her. I know."

"There were other choices you could have made."

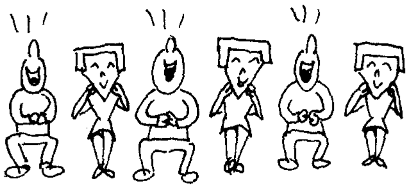
"I would have hit her," one of the other men said.

Aponte told them that men use anger differently from women. "When we use it," he said, "we think we are improving or changing or correcting things. What you are actually doing is making a deposit in the anger bank. The person who's the banker does not have your best interests at heart, and if she makes a withdrawal she will do it to hurt you. Look at the effect it has on you. Sometimes it can make you feel lonely, sometimes it can make you fear that your mate will leave you. Are you in a relationship because you want someone who will be obedient because she fears you?"

As Mzuri Hudson waited for her opportunity to speak, she pursed her lips. She watched the men carefully. When she spoke, it was plain from their reaction that they were not accustomed to a woman's addressing them with such clarity and authority. Most of them hung on her words. Among other things, she said that no man ever has the right to tell a woman what to do, that freedom is given by God and cannot be taken from anyone, and that they had better get used to it.

After the class, she said, "These men have to decide that they can change. I can't live with them and watch how they behave. All I can do is give them information, so that they can choose for themselves."

CLAUDIA SHEAR IS DEFINITELY WORKING



YOU'VE probably run into Claudia Shear on her way out. Maybe you were having brunch at the Empire Diner the day, the one day, she worked there and over-easied an egg so vigorously that it hit the wall. Or you were munching a Caesar salad at the Cupping Room Café during her only shift there, when, on a Curious George impulse, she opened the espresso machine and sprayed coffee bilge everywhere. Or your fork was hovering over dessert on her last night at Le Madri, when she shouted at another waiter, "Not only do I not know about pastry cream, I don't give a fuck about pastry cream! Now let's talk about all the things I know about that you don't!"

These days, at age thirty-one, Claudia Shear is on her way in. She has bottled up all that bad attitude and sold it, drawing so many rave reviews for her one-woman show, "Blown Sideways Through Life," that it may move next month from the New York Theatre Workshop, in the East Village, to another Off Broadway theatre for a commercial run. "Blown Sideways" is a piercing monologue about the sixty-four dead-end jobs Shear has taken to support herself as an actress, and it ends with Shear's reminder that "nobody is just a typist, just a dishwasher, just a cook, just a porter, just a prostitute." At which point, she kicks up her heels in a Snoopy dance of joy at her own arrival.

One recent afternoon, we met up with Shear at the World Gym on Lafayette Street and walked uptown to Danal, a small restaurant on East Tenth Street. She was wearing a black leather jacket and laughed a lot, with the gusto of the freshly aerobicized. Crossing Ninth Street, she planted her short, square body in front of a speeding cab and stared it to a halt: "I'm the human tsunami, bearing all in my path."

Inside Danal, a grimy-faced child came over to watch Shear smoke a Gauloise. "You're messy," Shear said factually. Turning back to us, she remarked, "Messy children go for me. Children and dogs, but never grown men." This managed to lead to a discussion of her travels ("I went to Paris to lose my virginity." And? "It was a *snap*") and her career obstacles ("Men can be funny, but if women are funny it's, like, 'I'm funny because no one will sleep with me.' It's also a profession where I'm considered as ugly as Danny DeVito").

Between her many brief and disillusioning bouts of work, Shear learned to fence. She learned Italian. She learned to dance. She learned French. But every New Year's Eve at midnight, when people all over were embracing and tooting their noisemakers, she would go outside and hug herself, feeling mortality whistling closer. For consolation, in the empty restaurants she would soon be fired from she chewed saltines and read about Buster Keaton. "The most intense relationship of my life is with Buster Keaton," she said. "He has the heartbreaking purity you see in small children, overlaid with knowledge and melancholy."

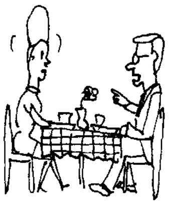
Shear then talked about how the gulf between Keaton-inspired longings and her actual life became almost unbearable. "I'd got a job at the Strand Book Store, where they give you a literature test, and I was really psyched, because I'd gotten a hundred," she said. "I thought I'd be standing behind the counter and people would ask me, 'What should I read?' And I'd say, ' "Ayala's Angel," by Anthony Trollope,' or 'Robert Graves's "They Hanged My Saintly Billy." ' Instead, the manager was, like, 'See that big table over there? Take all those books, wipe them off, and put them away.' I said, 'I have to go, I have to go,' very upset, and I just freaked out on the corner." She paused. "A little while later I heard there was an opening for a phone girl at a whorehouse on Forty-ninth Street. I went for an interview. It was Halloween night, and the woman who interviewed me weighed nine hundred pounds and had on a red clown nose."

Shear's account of her eight months at the whorehouse booking tricks has made its way into "Blown Sideways"; her explanation of how the hookers would dexterously fake certain oral intimacies is a high point of the show. "It does make a great story," Shear said. "A playwright, Elizabeth Egloff, and this dramaturge named Chiori Miyagawa came to see me do a reading. Famous young playwright, famous young dramaturge. I came out nervously afterward and said, 'What'd you think?' And they said, 'So, she does her hand like this, and then she takes it like so?' O.K., everyone's interested in what other people secretly do. But when I worked late at that job and had to sleep over I would always wake up crying."

Last month, as she walked to work on opening night Shear found herself in tears again: "I was going past this place I used to work at in the East Village—the food is disgusting, *disgusting*, ooh, *porca miseria*, putting up those chairs until four in the morning—and thinking, I'm a grown woman, I'm still only earning two hundred and fifty dollars a week but at last I've made it. But I was melancholy—one of my favorite words, and moods—because I realized that this part of my life was ending, that it would never be that way again. And there had been something very rewarding about being a fuckup."

Shear stretched out at the table and lit another cigarette. "I used to work the midnight shift on Wall Street with these two young guys, proofreading legal documents at this big law firm. And about seven-thirty in the morning we'd come out after work, as everyone else was arriving all shiny and slick, buttoned down and in ties, and we'd go to the South Street Seaport and suck down a few huge joints. Then we'd have these big, sticky, runny breakfasts and go home to sleep. Later, I'd spend three hours at a dance class, drink an iced coffee, and read the *Times*, one of the great pleasures in life. And it was all the most wonderful feeling of 'You might be buying in, but I'm not. No matter how poor you are, if it's May and you're walking down the street, then it's May and you're walking down the street, and the other guy's inside, working."

A LUNCH DATE THAT'S A . . . DATE

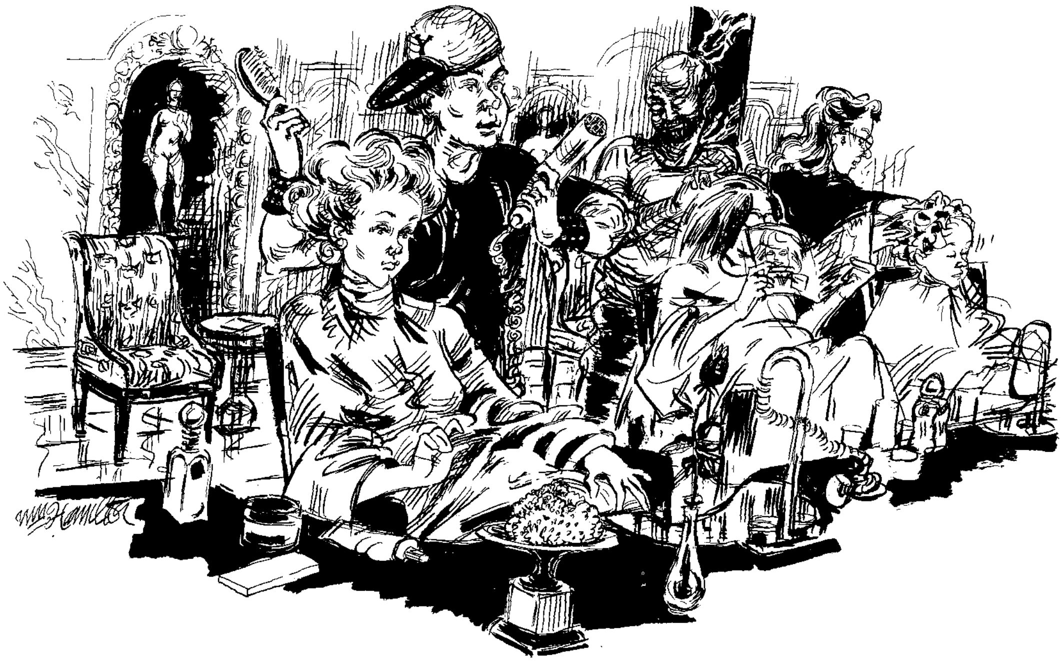


QUANDARY: Climbing Kilimanjaro was a snap. Bringing a company public? Please. Lesser types have more difficulty bringing a covered dish to a block party. And, hey, that's a nice Armani—the hand-painted tie lends that coveted maybe-I-deal-art-on-the-side look. But what else, you might be asking, is there? This is just an observation, but making piles of money, dressing to kill, and constantly putting your life in danger doesn't leave much time for romance.

A Possible Solution: Talk to Margaret Kunkler or Andrea McGinty. They're attractive the way flight attendants are attractive. "No"—that's the answer you'll get if you ask either one of them out. But this isn't about asking either one of them out.

A Better Solution: Talk to Kunkler and McGinty about It's Just Lunch!, the newest dating service in town. They co-founded the company a little over two years ago, in Chicago. That's headquarters. The New York office is at 120 East Fifty-sixth Street.

There will be an application to fill out: age, weight, ethnicity, marital status, how you feel about having children, how you feel about other people who've gone ahead and already had children. On page 2, there are two columns of ac-



"This is my version of 'The Age of Innocence.' "

• •

tivities: crafts, horseback riding, archery . . . Circle the five that you're religious about, and simply check those you'd like to try but have yet to acquire the necessary equipment for.

Kunkler and McGinty have standards. In order for them to do business with you, your weight must be proportionate to your height. The client who wouldn't have lunch with anyone unless she was worth at least two and a half million dollars was handed his walking papers. Same goes for the guy who, during his interview with Kunkler, took out his retainer and rested it on the arm of a nearby settee. Desperate-to-get-married types should keep it quiet—to Kunkler and McGinty, that's the plague. And both will tell you the same thing should you request a Cindy Crawford type: "Cindy Crawford is married to Richard Gere, and you're not Richard Gere."

Assuming That All Systems Are Go: Fork over five hundred bucks. Now you're entitled to remain "on file," as Kunkler and McGinty put it, for six months or until you've had six lunch dates, however long that takes. If a date shows up wearing Shalimar when you're an Obsession type, tell Kunkler and McGinty. Got stuck with a candidate for reconstructive surgery? Tell Kunkler and McGinty. Have a problem with anyone who uses the edge of her salad plate as a temporary resting place for her chewing gum? You got it. Kunkler and McGinty.

Eventually, they're going to get things right. After all, they take extensive notes on each applicant: "A little extra belly is O.K.," "Very up on politics—used to lobby," "Can camp but needs a shower."

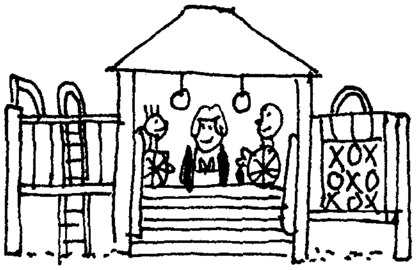
The Lunch Thing: Kunkler and McGinty have arranged everything. Get a scratch pad. You will be given three important names: that of the restaurant, that of your date, that of the maître d' who will direct you to your date. (Kunkler and McGinty don't run one of those tacky videotape dating services. Translation: you don't get to see beforehand what your date looks like.)

More on the Lunch Thing: It's dutch. Given the situation, it's a turnoff to insist on picking up the check, so don't get histrionic. Remember that at all times the focus is lunch. If things click and you both decide you want to, say, rappel off the side of a mountain, fine. But you'll have to do that some other time. If things don't click, however, then you're no worse for wear, because (a) an average lunch in a busy New York restaurant can last only so long, and (b) there's no awkward good-night kiss.

ALL THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT

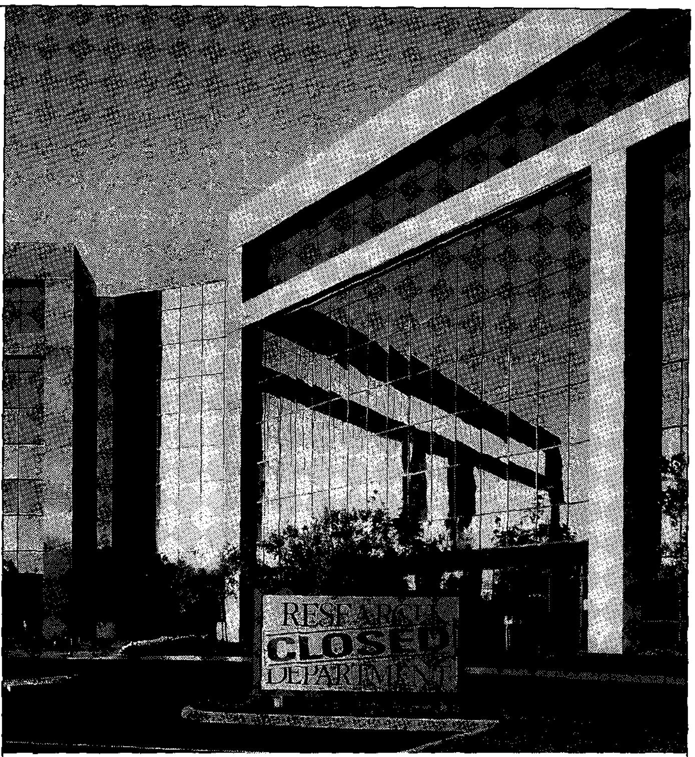
Asser Levy Playground, which reopened last week, is small, deeply shady, quiet, blazing with bold colors, semi-impossible to find, and gloriously worth seeking out. (It's just south of Twenty-fifth Street, and backs up on the F.D.R. Drive, in a sort of leftover space behind Bellevue.) The centerpiece of the redesigned playground is a first of its kind for the city—an enormous, gaudy, turreted, and, most especially, wide-ramped and gently sloping play structure that is welcoming not only to able-bodied children but to children who are deaf or visually impaired, or who have cerebral palsy, or who for one reason or another have to use wheelchairs. There are metal rings and an overhead ladder to hang from, for anyone with enough upper-body strength; red, white, and yellow wheels to spin, which give a good workout to shoulder muscles; white finger ladders you can walk your hand up; a blue half-tube you can pull yourself through; notched yellow handrails for more secure gripping; and wide platforms where wheelchairs can gather in a circle.

A paramount purpose of city parks has always been to help citizenship grow by bringing together people from every background. Now, finally, the city's come up with an ordinary playground that invites children of all abilities to play together unsupervised. And there's another payoff here, too, because in reaching out to a new group of children Asser Levy reintroduces many touches that the sombre, hard-edged, modernist playgrounds of recent decades had no use for: bright colors; a rich background of pungent plants, from ferns to cedars; unexpected bits of gorgeous paving, from swirling pebbles to cast-concrete crabs. Asser Levy enhances everyone. ♦



AIG Issues Forum

Why reforming our liabi
America is to succeed



EXCESSIVE LIABILITY AWARDS MAKE IT TOUGH FOR U.S. COMPANIES TO COMPETE.

We are a compassionate society. We want to compensate those who have suffered.

But when our courts expand the traditional concepts of liability, causing defendants to pay excessive compensation, we add to the costs we all pay for goods and services. We encourage companies to stop research and development on new products. And we even make it harder for American companies to compete overseas.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

In reality, the American system of liability has become the source of a hidden tax on our economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

What's worse, it has been estimated that this hidden tax amounts to $80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's 200 largest corporations.

Our economic competitors' legal systems do not encourage litigation to the extent we do. Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the U.S. than in Japan.

Is it any wonder that America is having a tough time competing in overseas markets?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system is also enormously costly to American competitiveness. For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability lawsuits caused 47% of firms surveyed to discontinue one or more product lines. What's more, 25% stopped certain product research and development, and 39% decided against coming out with a new product. Meanwhile, our overseas competitors continue to research and develop new products at an ever-increasing pace.

ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS OR INCREASING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risk?

Or just encouraging risky and careless behavior?

If you are a manufacturer, you can be sued even if your product has state-of-the-art safety features. Even if your customer misused it against your instructions. Even if the risks of misuse were obvious.

When fear of lawsuits causes physicians to limit

ity system is essential if in overseas markets.

services to patients—or worse, to abandon their practice altogether—lack of adequate treatment means greater risks for everyone.

Is this controlling risk or increasing it?

It's an unhealthy and dangerous situation that needs correcting.

WE MUST REFORM OUR "DEEP POCKETS" APPROACH TO LIABILITY.

Specifically, we need to change our approach and base liability suits on fault.

Our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with the ability to pay—in other words, those with "deep pockets." But does it make sense to hold such parties entirely liable, even if they were only minimally at fault?

A MORE RATIONAL APPROACH.

Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed. No one could argue with this principle. There should also be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

But can we afford to continue a system that encourages litigation and financial judgments bearing little direct relationship to fault or to the actual cost of injuries suffered?

Clearly, a better approach is needed.

CONGRESS HAS A ROLE.

Legislation providing a uniform product liability standard would allow American companies to compete without the burdens of excessive liability risks. And this would unclog the courts and put American business in a stronger position as barriers to international trade and investment fall.

There is proposed legislation before Congress dealing with these issues. A solution to the liability crisis is vital to American competitiveness, and Congress can play a role in restoring the right balance.

SO DO THE COURTS.

When all is said and done, our courts are the interpreters of our laws and our values. It's our values as a society that count, especially as reflected in the courts and individual jury decisions.

Together our legislative and judicial branches must recognize the damage being done to American competitiveness from the current liability system. And help America restore the proper balance.

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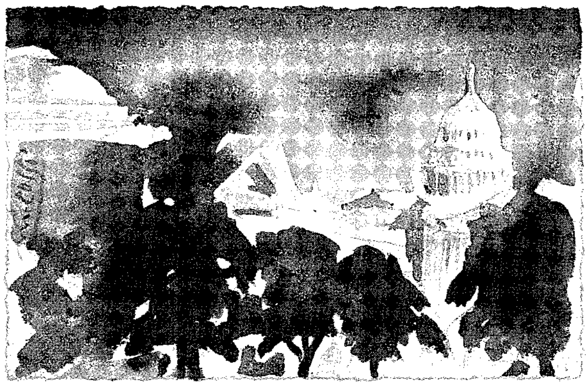
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHY ARE WE IN SOMALIA?

Clinton's political authority is threatened by a history of miscalculation that began when Somalia was made the proving ground of Bush's New World Order.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL



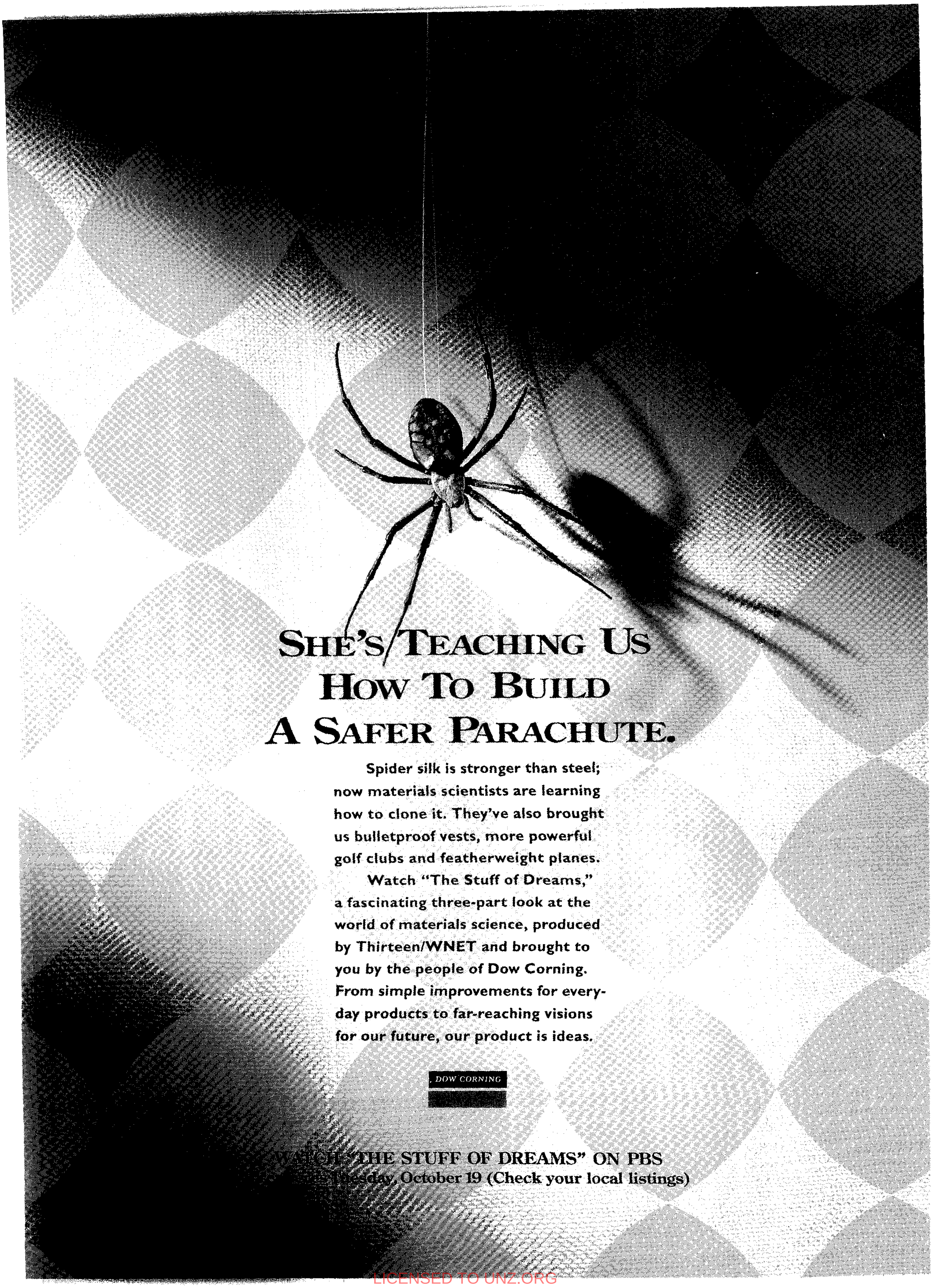
MARIO MICOSSI

JIMMY CARTER has known the major players in the Horn of Africa for years—the Presidents of Ethiopia and Eritrea, the tribal leaders, the warlords. He told me recently that while he was travelling "around the Red Sea area" this summer he "received a request from General Aidid to meet with a delegation he would send." Mohamed Farah Aidid, Somali clan leader and international fugitive, was being hunted through the neighborhoods of Mogadishu—"neighborhoods Aidid's men know as well as you know your bathroom," Carter said. This deadly pursuit had become the fulcrum of United Nations peacekeeping since twenty-four Pakistani soldiers were gunned down on June 5th and culpability was assigned by the United Nations to Aidid.

Carter had become worried that the policy was confused and misdirected. Both the President of Ethiopia and the President of Eritrea appealed to him to try to change the focus—onto broader political goals than chasing Aidid, which had become an obsession. Carter told me that while he was travelling he "communicated with President Clinton frequently through personal letters," telling Clinton of his encounters and apprehensions. Back in Atlanta, in early September, Carter received a letter from Aidid, a former Somali Army Chief of Staff, a desperate plea to "prevent an impending disaster in Somalia." About the mounting battle between him and the U.N. forces, he wrote, "They have already publicly announced that they will arrest me and my colleagues or kill us all. The S.N.A. [Somali National Alliance] supporters, who are a large segment of the Somali population, have responded that they will resist this unjust war which will result in bloodshed on a large scale. We believe that this imminent tragedy should be prevented by men of goodwill and rectitude like President Jimmy Carter." Carter said, "Aidid indicated to me that he was willing to accept the findings and decision of a commission that would analyze the allegations against him from the June 5th deaths of the Pakistanis. He said that all members of this commission could be selected by the U.N. Security Council, none by him, and that he would comply with it. He said he wanted to resolve issues by peaceful means. I'm not vouching for him. He asked me to mediate."

On the night of September 13th, after the signing of the peace agreement between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization, Carter stayed at the White House. George Bush was also a guest, but he turned in early. Carter and Clinton talked long into the night. "We talked about Somalia at length," Carter recalled. "Primarily, I wanted the U.N. to get off the military option—stop emphasizing the killing of General Aidid and proceed with a political solution." Carter also spoke with Secretary of State Warren Christopher, who had served in his State Department as Deputy Secretary, and whom he had recommended to Clinton for his present job. "President Clinton and the State Department both agreed that the political emphasis should replace the military emphasis."

Christopher expressed qualms about



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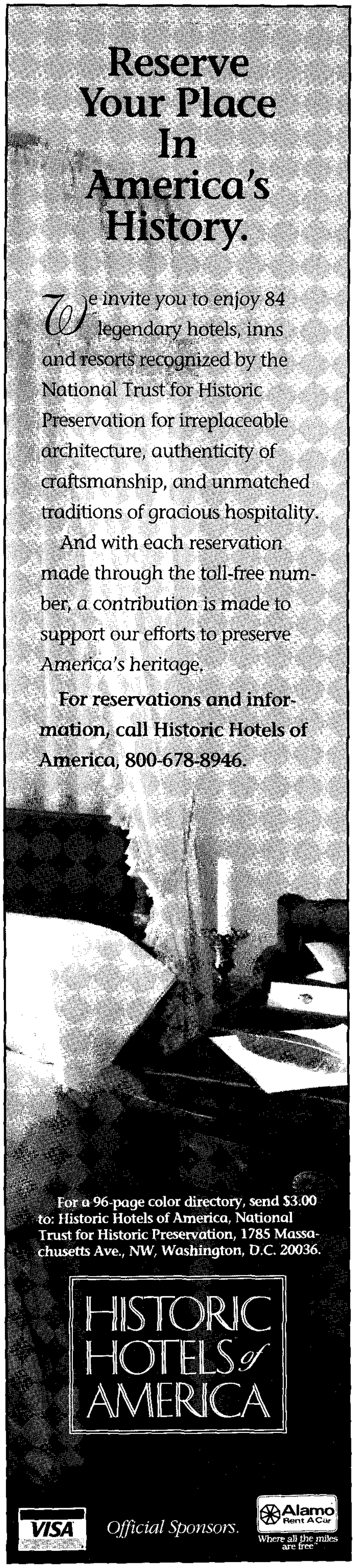

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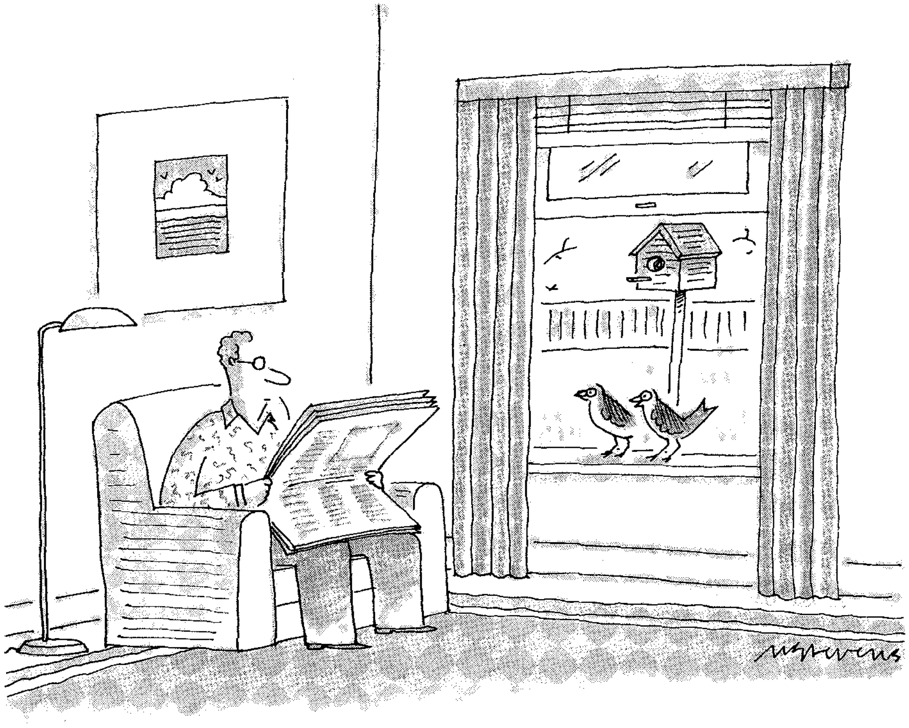
the United Nations approach to Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali, who had been primarily responsible for centering it on Aidid. He wrote Christopher a letter on September 25th reiterating his conviction that "neutralizing" Aidid was the only solution. On September 27th, Clinton, in addressing the United Nations General Assembly, referred obliquely in a few lines to his new concern about the Somalia operation: "In recent weeks in the Security Council, our nation has begun asking harder questions about proposals for new peacekeeping missions: Is there a real threat to international peace? Does the proposed mission have clear objectives? Can an end point be identified for those who will be asked to participate?" The next day, when a reporter asked if he was relinquishing the hunt for Aidid, the President declined to answer directly, saying that Somalia should "be given back to the people who live there."

"A stalemate existed between Washington and the U.N. on resolving the issue of Aidid," Carter recounted. "The U.N. wanted a military solution, then to move to a political solution. There was a standoff. Finally, it was decided—which I approved completely—that the United States would go ahead and take the initiative. The time for the military solution was past. A political solution should be proposed, political arrangements should be made, using East African leaders—particularly the Presidents of Ethiopia and Eritrea—to allow the Somali people themselves to determine what form of government they should have."

If there was a new policy, however, it was not communicated to the United States commander there, who had final approval over the use of American troops in the United Nations operation. Clinton's reversal was unrelated to the events on the ground. On the afternoon of October 3rd, on a tip, the Rangers swarmed a group of buildings near the Olympic Hotel, hoping to trap the elusive Aidid, only to find themselves surrounded by about four hundred of Aidid's men. The raid and its ghastly aftermath, according to a high State Department source, came as a surprise to Washington.

Within hours, horrifying pictures materialized on television screens: the corpses of American soldiers dragged through the streets of Mogadishu and burned by jubilant crowds, and a bloodied and bruised American hostage reciting his name and job in a monotone of terror. For a month, President Clinton had been on a political march, beginning to resurface as the enlivened campaigner who was at last finding his way through



"We're heading south for the winter—any chance we can get the place again next spring?"

the labyrinth of Washington. Overnight, the images from Somalia suspended politics in a freeze-frame. The appearance of a hostage turned Clinton into one himself: it was the picture of impotence and defeat, recalling, without any commentary necessary, the fate of the last Democratic President. "Honestly," Carter told me, "I sympathize."

The fact that the latest phase of the Russian revolution occurred on the same day as the Somali firefight did not redound to Clinton's benefit, to judge from the television news. True, in the event of world-historical significance, of paramount importance to the national interest, Clinton acted adroitly. But that action was overshadowed by the vividly bloody yet ephemeral incident in an involvement for which the Administration was still lacking a rationale. The Russian clash and the Somali clash competed for the same space: the small screen. The deaths of Americans naturally crowded out those of Russians.

After twelve Americans had been killed and seventy-eight wounded, panic swept Capitol Hill. A closed briefing of about two hundred members of the House and Senate by Secretary of Defense Les Aspin and Secretary of State Christopher on October 5th was a spectacle worthy of Abbott and Costello. These two pillars of national-security policy volunteered to expose themselves as utterly bereft of direction. The senior policymakers had come humbly to ask if anyone knew what their policy should be. The reaction to their bizarre performance was a combination of dumbfoundedness and anger that worked like a slightly delayed fuse on a thunderous explosive. Senator after senator, representative after representative, Republicans and Democrats alike, now demanded United States withdrawal. Calls for Aspin's head on a pike were heard from corners of the Capitol.

On the morning of October 7th, the President summoned congressional leaders, but he could not calm or reassure them. During the afternoon, his staff hurriedly threw together a speech. At five o'clock, the President spoke from the Oval Office, announcing the dispatch of new armored forces and a withdrawal date of March 31st. Our motives, he explained, were pure and our hands clean; the Somalis are the objects of virtuous efforts on our part. "In a sense, we came to Somalia to rescue innocent people in a burning house." Unable to define a particular national interest in Somalia, Clinton threw the whole weight of foreign policy on it. Resolve and credibility hung in the balance. "General Colin Powell said this about our choices in Somalia: 'Because things get difficult, you don't cut and run,' " Clinton said. "Our own credibility with friends and allies would be severely damaged."

Bill Clinton's ultimate promise is the revival of domestic social policy. For better or worse, foreign policy encroaches. The picture of a Mideastern handshake on the South Lawn one day is supplanted by a picture of a hostage the next. More at risk than anything else in the Somali crisis is Clinton's authority. His political interest has become the identifiable national interest. It has been placed in jeopardy by a history of miscalculation, cloaked in good intentions that Clinton wrapped around himself.

From the start, the Somali misadventure had been marked by self-delusion. Though it began as something like a scene from "Scoop," it has been shown to bear more resemblance to "The Quiet American." The mission was only incidentally about the Somalis: Somalia simply provided an arena for George Bush and Colin Powell to transform past failure into certain success.

JUST before dawn on December 9th of last year, under a full moon, the first of twenty-eight thousand American soldiers—Navy Seals, equipped with night-vision goggles, their faces smeared dark green—landed in Somalia. Instantly, they were rushed by a group of men who had been waiting on the dunes to ambush them. "Put your hands up and get back!" shouted a Seal. But the men paid no attention, despite the Seals' bristling weaponry. This intrepid gaggle of journalists was not to be deterred from the photo opportunity. The more demonstrative the invading force, the better the pictures. Television lights were shone into the squinting eyes of the liberators. When the sound of rubber landing craft was heard along the beach, the reporters scrambled across the sands. "Welcome to Somalia!" one yelled. Others called out questions. Assuming a professional posture, the soldiers captured the first Somalis they encountered,

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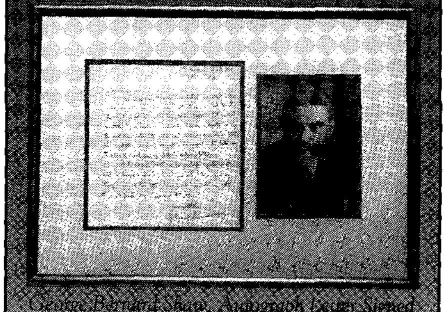

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forcing them to lie prostrate in a row. Lights, cameras, prisoners! Soon the conquerors were greeted by Brigadier General Imtiaz Shaheen, the commander of the Pakistani unit assigned to the United Nations. He told the Americans to release their captives, who were hapless employees from the airport situated just beyond the beach.

"Speed and ease seemed to mark the mission from its start," the Los Angeles *Times* reported—a typical dispatch. Operation Restore Hope, it seemed, had all the glamour of a military operation without any of the danger. The Somalis were innocents, starving people, awaiting only our beneficence. The December invasion was a large Christmas present—dinner for a whole grateful country. Politics had nothing to do with it; the charitable act was unsoiled by motives of state. Nor did the gesture have anything to do with the national-security rationales deployed during the Cold War: neither resolve nor credibility was at stake. We invaded only out of idealism. The operation was to be yet another glorious little victory, the first since the Gulf War, and one without the obstacle of a pistol-brandishing dictator and his phalanxes. If the scene on the beach was absurd, it was because it so patently lacked menace. The picture of the American arrival was intended to cancel the heartrending pictures of the starving. Our ridiculous display of strength, it seemed, only emphasized the bounty we were to deliver to the weak. "One image tells the story," President Bush told the nation in his announcement of the invasion. "Imagine seven thousand tons of food aid literally bursting out of a warehouse on a dock in Mogadishu while Somalis starve less than a kilometre away because relief workers cannot run the gantlet of armed gangs roving the city."

George Bush, when it came to Somalia, was the realist as humanitarian. He prided himself on his foreign-policy mastery, guided above all by a grasp of Realpolitik. His high-flown Churchillian rhetoric about aggression and appeasement in the buildup to the Gulf War was not merely a mechanical effort to pump up public support. It was the way the boy who had been inspired by the 1942 graduation speech delivered at Phillips Academy by Henry Stimson, the statesman-warrior ideal, understood the use of force. Bush was so implacably a man of his generation, his war, and his class that he remained remarkably untempered by Vietnam. At the same time, he always attempted to maintain strategic imperatives on a plane above mere morality, as any of his progenitors surely would have. This explained his steadfast backing of Gorbachev over Yeltsin until Gorbachev was ruined, and also explained his speech admonishing a crowd in Ukraine against the breakup of the Soviet Union. And it explained why he did not finally topple Saddam Hussein but left the Kurds and Shiites at his mercy.

Before the Gulf War, Bush proclaimed a New World Order, a grandiose abstraction, but after the war was over he could not find a place to demonstrate it. Even if he could have, it would have been against his political interest to do so. Throughout the Presidential campaign, he suppressed his urge for con-

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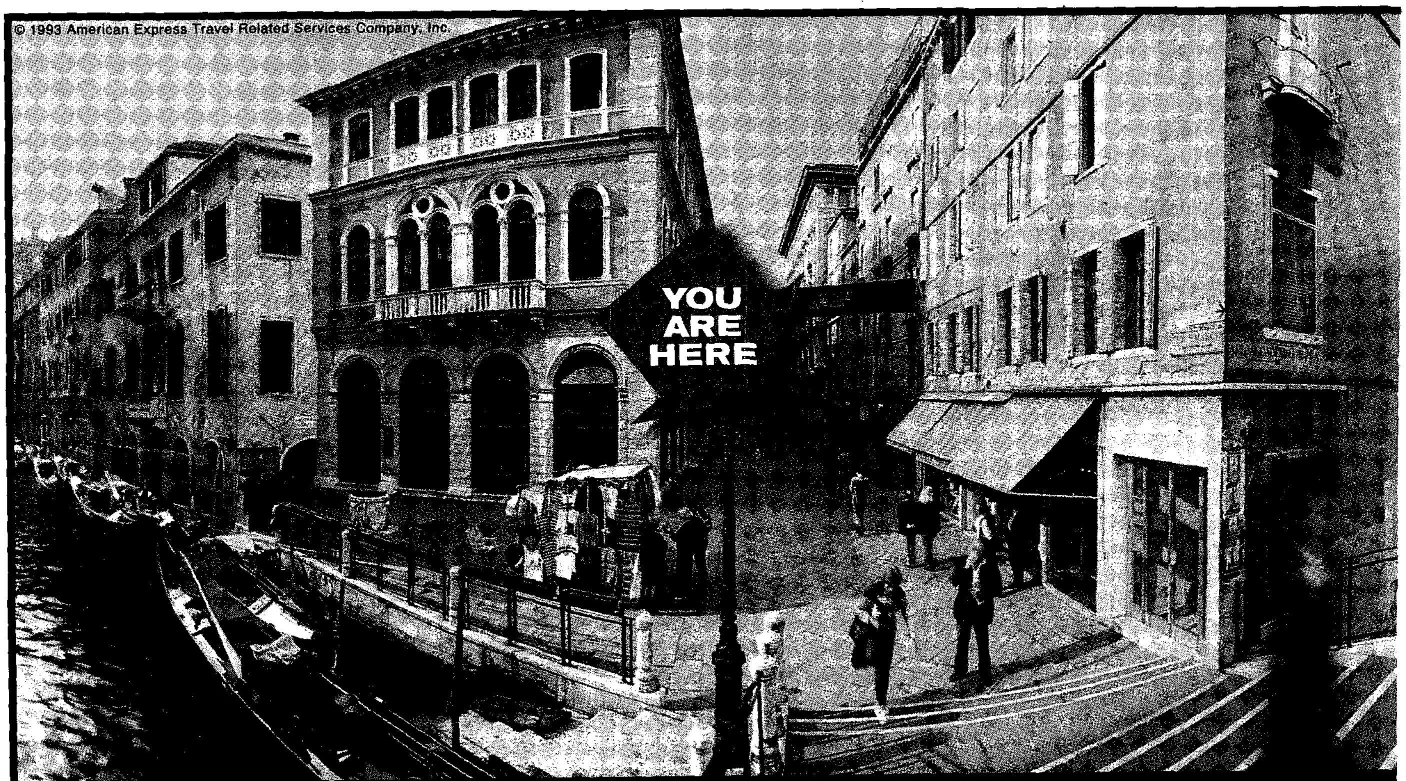

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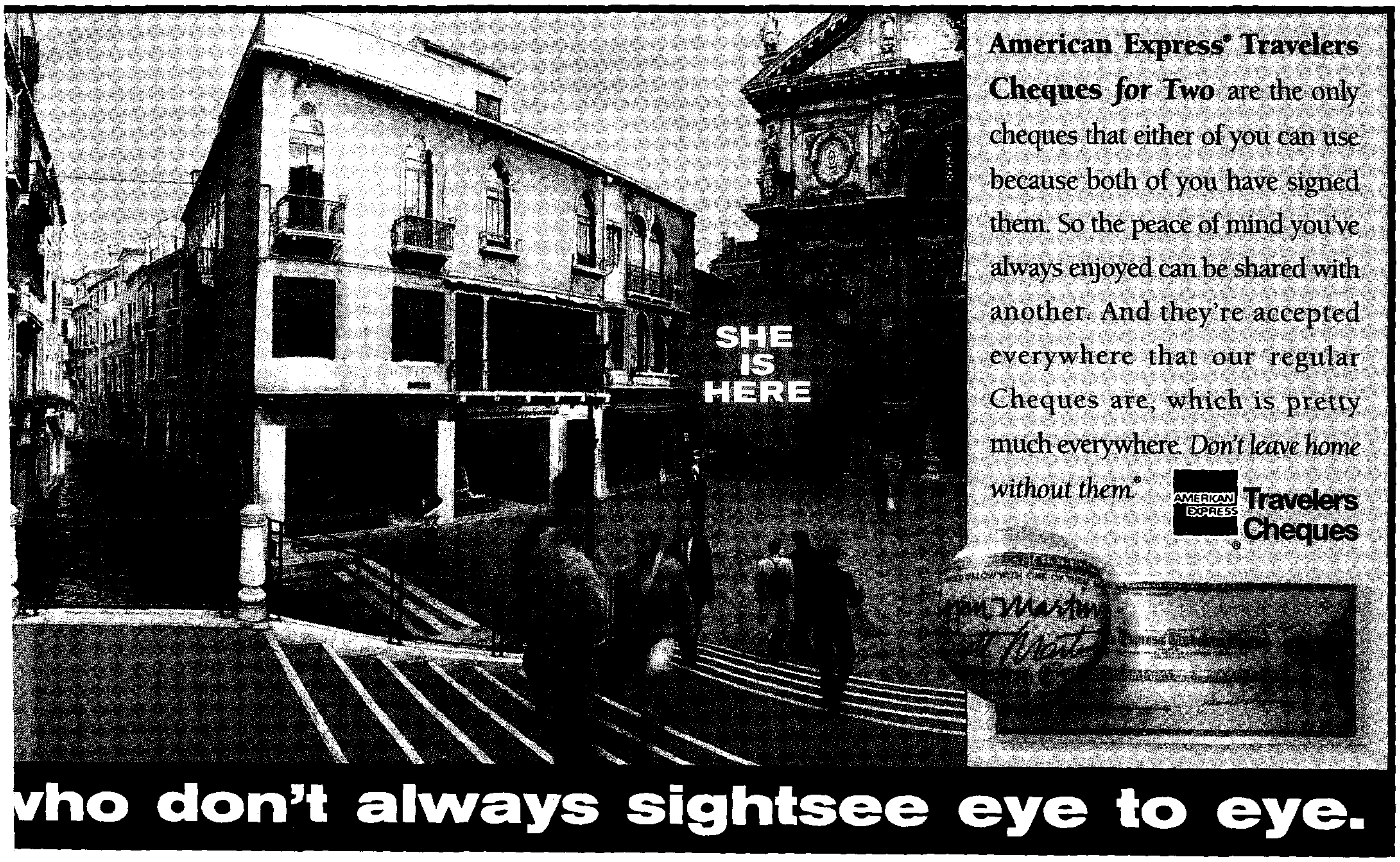
spicuous foreign-policy display, because of public fury at his neglect of the home front. His foremost credentials had to be hidden in a drawer. In the midst of the campaign, Bush decided not to intervene in Bosnia, despite horrific reports of concentration camps and ethnic cleansing. Intervention was seen, according to a former Bush national-security officer, as "a major gamble." Having ruled out action in Bosnia "raised serious questions not so much about Administration decisiveness as about what kind of New World Order this is. That formed an important backdrop for decisions on Somalia."

Having lost the election, Bush lived his worst nightmare, with no protection from being scourged as a political wimp. Contributing to his humiliation was mockery of his New World Order as a label for disorder. He was viewed as not only weak but heartless. "How could we be so callous? Detention camps in modern-day Europe," the Bush national-security official recalls. "The scenes in Bosnia created political pressure. But there was no way to relieve that pressure. Then the scenes from Somalia were even more grisly." The images, however, did not present equivalent quandaries. "There were two differences," the official says. "In Somalia, there was really no vital interest remotely at stake. The other difference was that we could do something about it." A former Bush official at the Pentagon says, "One looked at the two tragedies that were going on. Somalia was seen as an easier military proposition."

With one month remaining in his Presidency, Bush restored his dignity. "When we see Somalia's children starving, all of America hurts," he told the nation. In sending United States troops, he explained, "the humanitarian mission they undertake is in the finest traditions of service." It was, he concluded, nothing less than "God's work." Bush offered visual metaphor, noblesse oblige, and divine sanction. The Somali mission gave indisputable meaning to the abstraction of a New World Order that had perplexed him since he first suggested it. Thus the realist vision was anointed by the good deed.

The United States entered Somalia under the aegis of humanitarianism. The famine, however, had not had its source in natural causes. Somalia is an artificial postcolonial construct that exists as a modern nation only in a cartographer's imagination. Once it had ceased to be a distant playground of the Cold War, and the United States and the Soviet Union had halted aid to its dictator, it disintegrated. Famine became a principal instrument of contending factions and clans. In trying to relieve the famine, we plunged directly into the murderous cockpit of Somali politics. Control over food was the key to power for Somalis, and the United States had inserted itself into this game. The humanitarian role could not have been more political. Preventing the recurrence of the crisis that had brought us into Somalia required nothing less than establishing a quasi-neocolonial United Nations trusteeship. Such a political solution needed foresight and a firm commitment, for any Somali player could easily expose the limits of the military mission by a small investment of violence.

Yet from the beginning the interven-



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tion was seen more in a military frame than in a political one. This reflected the view of General Colin Powell, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It had been something of a surprise to the Bush Administration decision-makers that the Department of Defense enthusiastically supported an intervention under United States command. In every previous case, the automatic reflex had been to present caveats to action. "People felt the D.O.D. would be reticent to go in, but the uniformed services came on strongly," says James Lilley, the former Assistant Secretary of Defense who was a liaison with the interagency group that developed the final option. "It was a limited operation, strictly humanitarian—stop the looting, savagery. Bringing about a political solution was a separate thing."

In Somalia, Powell was the cautioner as miscalculator. Somalia was the best case the General had yet seen to fit his idea of the use of force. The Powell doctrine was based largely on his understanding of Vietnam: only invincible force, achieving success in the shortest time possible, could justify the use of force at all. Powell was always wary of civilians' motives, because they were corrupted by politics and therefore malleable. The General demanded a battle plan purged to the utmost of uncertainties. Without a clear exit, he opposed entrance.

The killing of two hundred and forty-one Marines in a bunker in Lebanon in 1983, when Powell served as an aide to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, had further hardened his thinking. A year later, Weinberger articulated six highly restrictive conditions to be met before United States force should be deployed. His speech was the latest skirmish in a long-standing rivalry with Secretary of State George Shultz, stretching back to their days in the Nixon Administration. About Weinberger's manifesto, Shultz wrote in his recently published memoir, "Turmoil and Triumph," "This was the Vietnam syndrome in spades, carried to an absurd level, and a complete abdication of the duties of leadership." Powell believed that Weinberger had committed a political error in making his view on force public.

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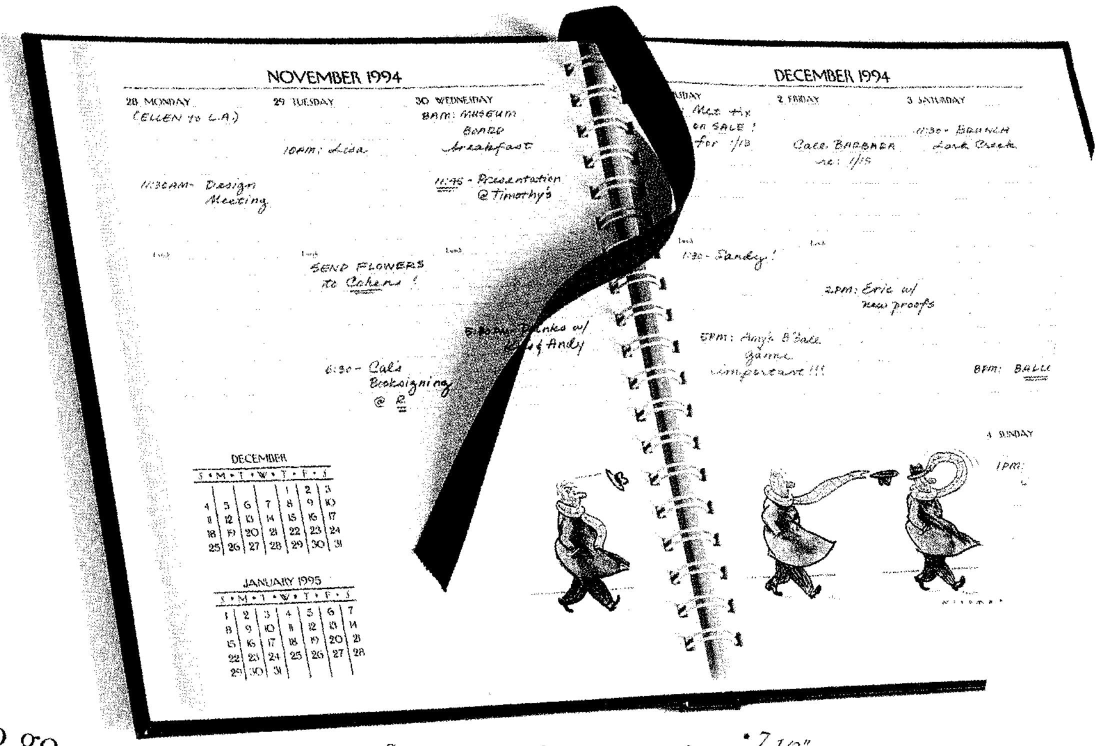

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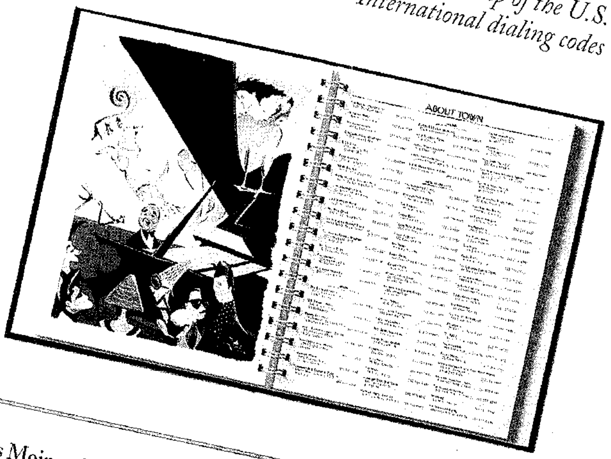

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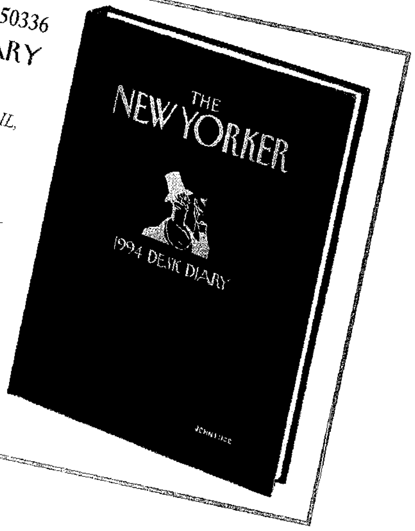

"A world that seems to be working right for a change."

Photo by Ronny Jaques

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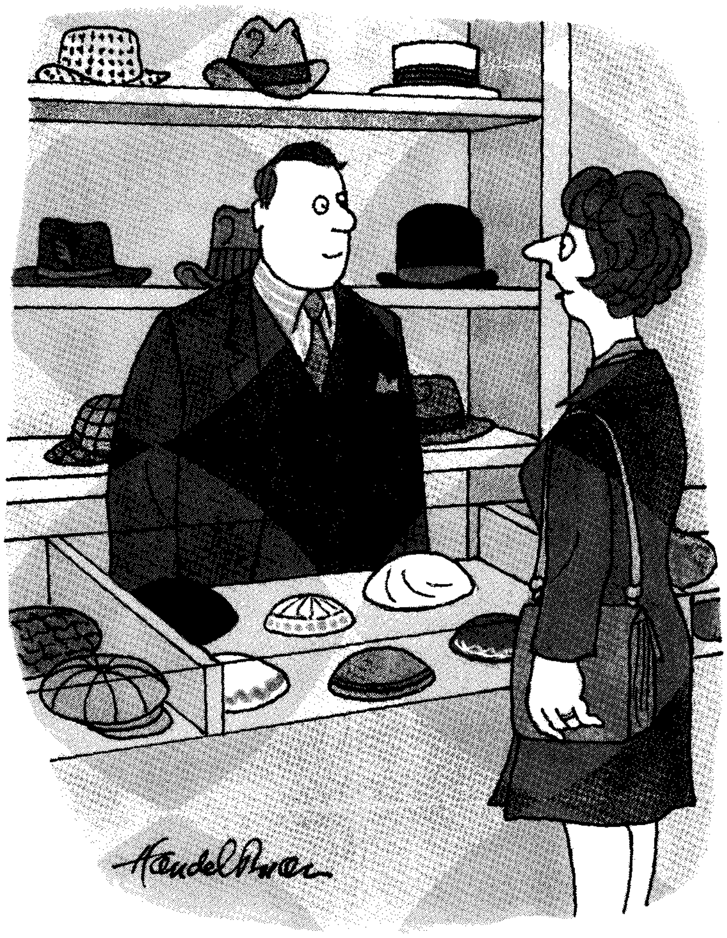

"I'd like to buy my husband a yarmulke of the type worn by Rudy Giuliani."

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Powell fretted privately every time President Bush signalled his intention of launching forces against Saddam Hussein. The General strongly favored continuing sanctions indefinitely. After Bush publicly declared his strategy of offense, Powell presented the alternative option, as if disinterestedly, to the President and his senior advisers, according to Bob Woodward in "The Commanders." The outcome was a foregone conclusion: because Bush's position was already announced, none of the advisers would take a futile stand against it. "No one, including the President, embraced containment," Woodward wrote. "If only one of them had, Powell was prepared to say that he favored it. But no one tried to pin him down. No one asked him for his over-all opinion. Not faced with the question, Powell was not sure what his answer would have been if he had to give it without support from one of the others."

Powell emerged from the Gulf War a national hero. His televised briefings had been electrifying, and his presence commanding; his personal success story confirmed the beleaguered American Dream. The prestige of the reluctant General appeared unassailable. After George Bush lost, Powell alone among the men who had risen to power through the nineteen-eighties wore the laurels of victory untainted by political defeat.

Somalia was Bush's decision and Powell's war. Far more than the Gulf War, intervention in Somalia conformed to the Powell doctrine. In accordance with its strictures, intimidating means justified the morality play. Military capability was equated with policy. With the intent of avoiding another Vietnam, troops and armor substituted for strategy. On the eve of the landing of the troops, the General remarked, "It's sort of like the cavalry coming to the rescue, straightening things out for a while and then letting the marshals come back to

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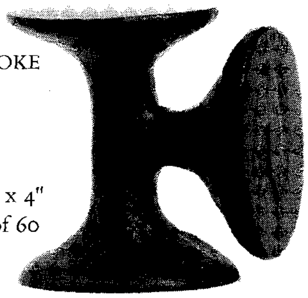

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keep things under control.” Somalia was a John Ford—not an Oliver Stone—movie.

With the new President, Powell had a political advantage. Bill Clinton, having protested against the Vietnam War and famously not served, had set the brass against him from the outset by his espousal of the right of gays to serve in the military. He was therefore dependent on good relations with the chairman of the Joint Chiefs to help him assume the aura of Commander-in-Chief. On Bosnia, the General undercut the President by conspicuously failing to make the Administration's case for action at a commanders' NATO meeting and in briefings on the Hill. The General was also “very slick” in crafting options tilted toward his position, according to a top Pentagon official who worked with him. On Somalia, though, Powell urged fortitude. “We're not in a hurry to get out of here,” Powell declared on April 5th.

Clinton was the unsuspecting inheritor of the situation in Somalia. On May 5th, the President held a Rose Garden ceremony honoring some fifty soldiers just returned from Somalia and still dressed in their desert fatigues. They were representative of the twenty-four thousand troops just withdrawn; only four thousand were left behind to serve under United Nations command. “You have proved again that our involvement in multilateral operations need not be open-ended or ill-defined, that we can go abroad and accomplish some distinct objectives and then come home again when the mission is accomplished,” the President told them. Lieutenant General Robert B. Johnston, the United States commander in Somalia, proclaimed it a “complete success.” Back in March, Robert Oakley, the United States special envoy to Somalia, had declared that the mission “has largely been accomplished,” adding, “The problem of clan warfare, which has taken so many lives, is virtually gone.”

Clinton inherited not only Bush's commitment and Powell's doctrine but also the ambitions of U.N. Secretary-General Boutros-Ghali. From the start, Boutros-Ghali saw far more clearly than the Americans that the intervention in Somalia must inevitably be an exercise in nation building. “There was no government. There was no law. There was no order. There was death. . . . We, the United Nations, are rebuilding Somalia,” he said in a speech at the U.N. early this month. His focus centered on Mohamed Farah Aidid, who had been an antagonist since Boutros-Ghali was an Egyptian Foreign Ministry official. (Ironically, one of Aidid's sons, Corporal Hussen Farah, a U.S. Marine reservist, served a two-week stint in Somalia.)

In March, with the easing of the famine, the United Nations began to send in teams to rebuild Somalia's “national and regional institutions and civil administration,” as a Security Council resolution, supported by the United States, pledged. Aidid's power was immediately threatened. On June 5th, twenty-four Pakistani soldiers were killed in an ambush. United Nations officials blamed Aidid. The Security Council quickly passed a resolution ordering “the arrest and detention for prosecution” of “those responsible.”

On June 10th, less than a week after the attack on the Pakistanis, Colin Powell spoke at Harvard's commencement, explaining the Powell doctrine by reference to Somalia: “Before committing our armed forces, we have to be clear about what we want them to achieve. We must always first define our political goals. We must be sure that military force is the appropriate way to achieve those goals. Sometimes the issue is straightforward, such as in Kuwait and Somalia. At other times it is far, far more difficult, as in Bosnia.”

In Somalia, Aidid had become a white whale: an arrest warrant was issued, with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward attached, posted by Boutros-Ghali's special representative, Jonathan Howe, a retired United States admiral. Others in the United Nations command, including the American commander, Major General Thomas Montgomery, strenuously opposed turning the United Nations mission into a bounty hunt.

The action shifted to Washington. Howe, using the contacts of a long career, lobbied the government to send four hundred Rangers and Delta-force commandos to get Aidid. His request presented the Clinton Administration with an opportunity to reëvaluate the mission. By now, events had unfolded to reveal the Somalian political morass which, though present from the outset, had been all but invisible to the top decision-makers. Those decision-makers, including the President, were wary of Howe's pressure. Powell, too, believed that Aidid should not be demonized. Unlike Powell, however, those above him in the chain of command—the U.N. Ambassador, the National Security Adviser, the Secretaries of State and Defense, and the President—had not been present at this particular creation. Because they had no personal stake in vindicating the original commitment, it was their responsibility, far more than Powell's, to subject it to a fresh eye. Even so, although they were skeptical of Boutros-Ghali's obsession with the pursuit of Aidid, they agreed to the U.N. resolution authorizing that pursuit and deployed the Rangers. In retrospect, high officials bitterly regret that they allowed the pursuit to become, as one said, "the be-all and end-all," turning the American commitment into a deadly game of chase.

At that moment, Somalia became Clinton's war. His Administration had assumed the burden of the New World Order. Somalia would provide the substance behind the façade that Bush had proposed. The Vietnam-era abstraction of resolve was recast in post-Cold War terms: instead of firmness in the face of Communist expansionism, what would be demonstrated was firmness in support of multilateral peacekeeping. Dealing with the messy realities of a particular situation was delegated to the U.N. On August 10th, two days after four American soldiers were killed in Somalia, the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., Madeleine Albright, published an Op-Ed piece in the *Times* defending the approach: "Today, some criticize the U.N. mission in Somalia for supposedly departing from its humanitarian purpose by conducting military operations against the renegade warlord Mohammed Farah Aidid. . . . The decision we must make is whether to pull up stakes and allow Somalia to fall back into the abyss or to stay the course and help lift the country and its people from the category of a failed state into that of an emerging democracy. For Somalia's sake, and ours, we must persevere."

And in lightning raids staged from helicopters, from August until the October 3rd battle near the Olympic Hotel, the Rangers, acting on hot tips, sought to capture Aidid. Members of his entourage were indeed caught—including some of his closest advisers—but there were also mistaken assaults on the local chief of police and a United Nations aid mission. Through it all, the Administration failed to develop a political strategy. The mission, which had begun as humanitarian, was now being defined by force: the means had begun to dictate the ends.

Powell, in his valedictory speeches around Washington, pleaded for forbearance. On September 23rd, before the Defense Writers Group, he said, "I believe that you should always try to use decisive force to achieve the results intended. Otherwise, why go about it? So we used decisive force, 'decisive' meaning we went in with enough strength that nobody would think seriously of

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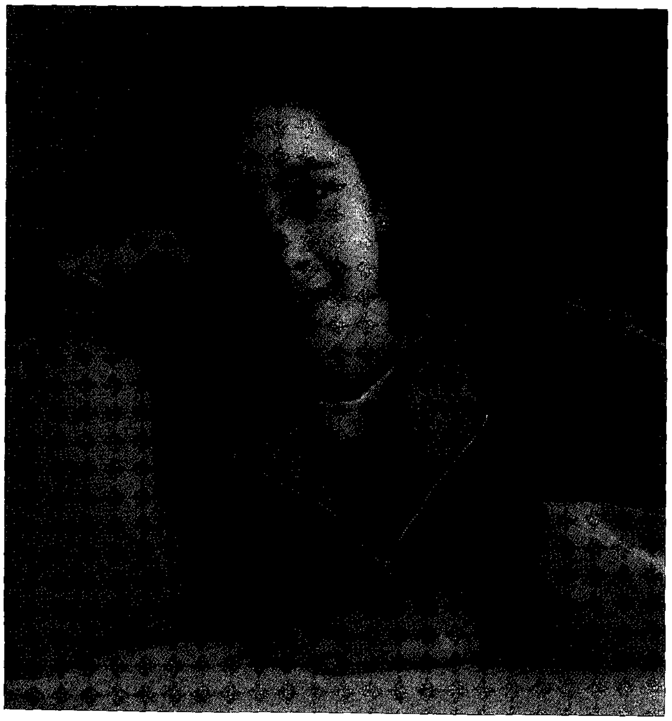

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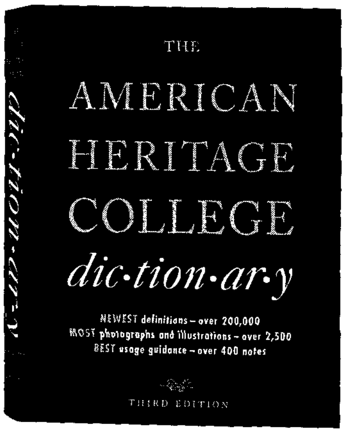
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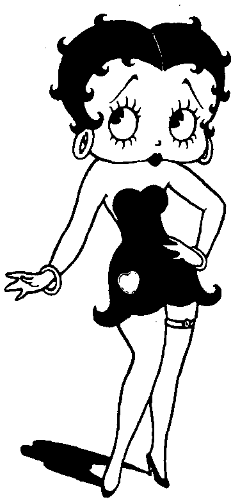

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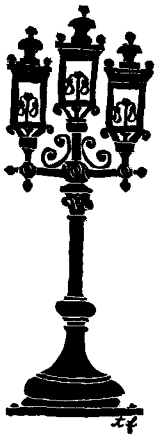
challenging us. I think we were incredibly successful. . . . We have to stay the course. We can't simply walk away when it does become murky or a little unsettled."

Before the National Press Club, on September 28th, he stressed the point again: "We will have to continue our calculus of political objectives, means applied to that objective, and sort them out. But because things get difficult, you don't cut and run." Powell had come full circle. The Powell doctrine had been formulated as the antidote to a murky and unsettled Vietnam policy. Now the General was pleading for patience in the name of resolve, though he could no longer define the objective.



Two days later, at Fort Myer, with cannons firing and jets roaring overhead, Powell's retirement was celebrated. Beforehand, the General confided in a Pentagon official about his future. "He said that Don Regan"—a former Merrill Lynch executive and Reagan's chief of staff—"was right, you need 'fuck-you money.' He said he'd take a couple of years building up money. I asked him about running for President. He said, 'Never say never.' "

By the time of Powell's retirement, the Clinton Administration, prodded by Jimmy Carter, was moving policy in Somalia away from the military option.

Carter, who had been bad luck for himself, was proving to be good luck for Clinton. He rode to the rescue of the hostage President. The policy changed. But, reluctant to skewer the U.N. openly and anxious to avoid further damage to the idea of multilateral peacekeeping, the U.S. began quietly to negotiate arrangements with Boutros-Ghali. Then, as this diplomacy was proceeding, the Rangers struck and were ambushed.

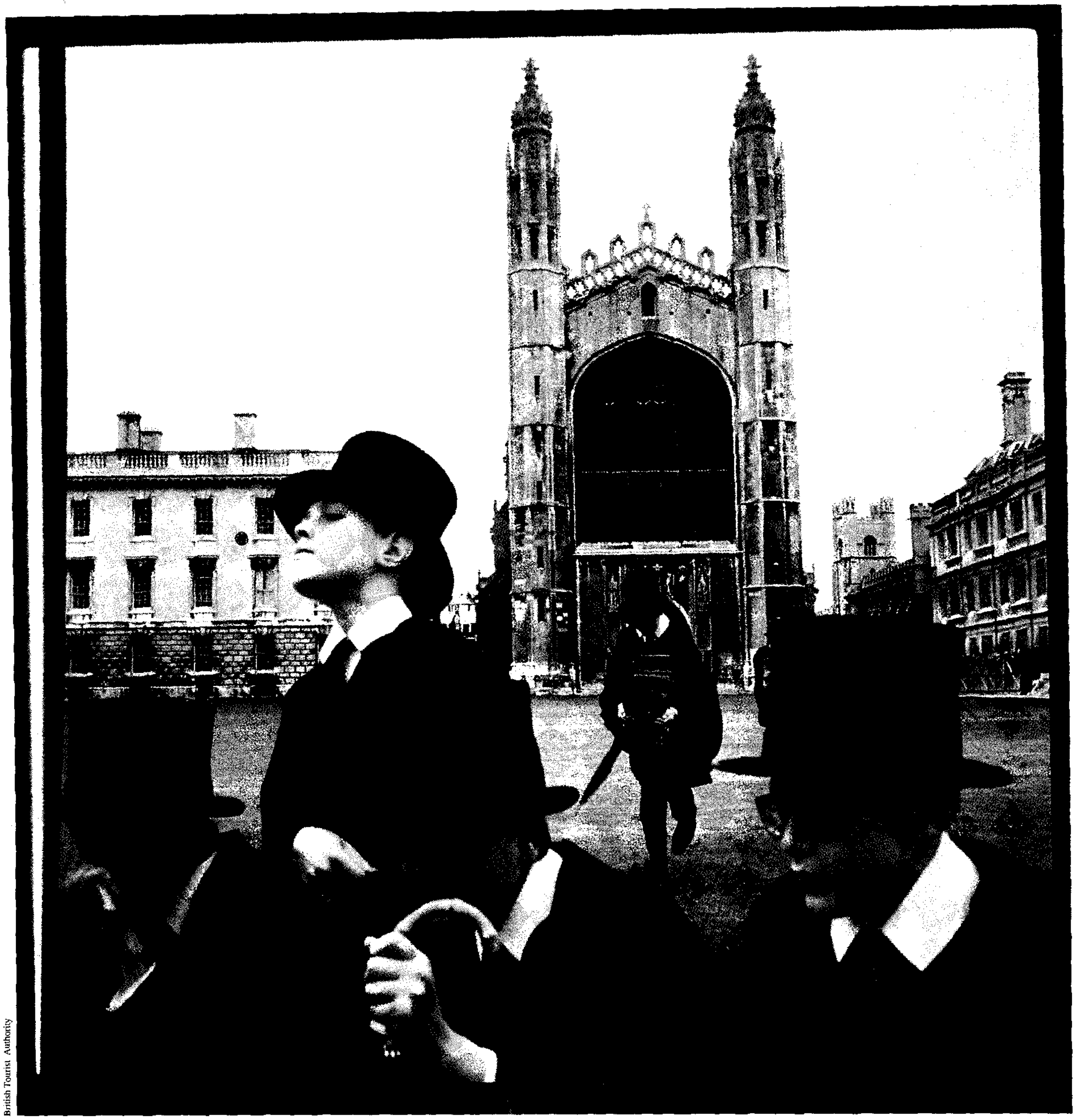
George Bush, who was in Reno to speak to the California Grocers Association, felt moved to dissociate himself from responsibility. "Our mission was to go into Somalia, open the supply lines," and "then to withdraw and have the United Nations handle the peacekeeping function. For reasons I'm not sure of, the mission has been redefined." A call to Colin Powell's new Washington office, soliciting his views on recent developments in Somalia, brought a reply from his spokesman that he would have no response.

AIDID'S release, last Thursday, of an American helicopter pilot and another U.N. soldier as a conciliatory gesture toward the U.N. mission "demonstrates that we are moving in the right direction and that we are making progress," Clinton told reporters. But the ordeal in Somalia has exposed the dangerous problems of foreign policy to the President. In the Cold War, a President could gain authority almost automatically by referring to the totalitarian menace. Now a President must be more of a pragmatic realist than ever before. With global dualism removed, defining the national interest becomes a case-by-case endeavor. Ideologies and doctrines will not hold. And as a result of the Somalia affair involvement in multilateral missions with the United Nations has become less of an assured solution.

Foreign policy, in a newly shifting world, cannot be fixed as the negative proposition "Not Vietnam." Nor can an idolatry of military means supplant strategy. In the case of Somalia, there is no convenient, antiseptic exit, just as there was none from the Gulf War, or any other war we have ever fought. The argument that the mission changed only reveals the miscalculation at the beginning. In assuming Bush's and Powell's commitment, Clinton inherited more than a humanitarian act: he was burdened with the absence of realism that lay behind it.

The near-hysteria of Congress at the sight of trouble is not unrepresentative of the people: public opinion desires international order but is unwilling to bear any significant burden. A new foreign policy is inevitable, though the public is resistant: after the Cold War, the old pull of isolationism can be felt again. Insecurity abroad may excite insecurity at home. All these difficulties confront Clinton.

Luckily for the President, the fiasco in Somalia occurred in the most favorable week he could hope to experience—a week in which Boris Yeltsin crushed the only forces capable of creating a world in which Bill Clinton's stance in foreign policy might become a fatal political flaw. ♦



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The Best of Britain

In every heart, there lies a bit of Britain. Every traveller to Shakespeare's "sceptered isle" has his or her own particular vision of these lands. Perhaps this mental picture is royal — Henry VIII, massive and small-eyed in a Holbein portrait, or his daughter, "Good Queen Bess," magnificent in golden brocades and starry ruff; or today's familiar images of Britain's Royalty as chronicled in the world's popular press — Queen Elizabeth II waving to cheering crowds from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, or riding in her carriage on parade at "The Trooping of the Colour," the official celebration of her birthday that takes place each June.

Wartime images may have fixed your vision of Britain: Vera Lynn singing "The White Cliffs of Dover" or Winston Churchill gesturing "V for Victory" through billowing clouds of cigar smoke. Perhaps you envision the hard-won victory of D-Day that was captured on newsreels fifty years ago.

Mike Caldwell/Tony Stone Worldwide

Snowdonia, Wales

Top: King's College Chapel, Cambridge

Or your musings might center on the simple charms of country life captured so perfectly in Agatha Christie's mysteries — a cricket game played by men dressed in white on a lazy, sunny, summer afternoon on the village green, accompanied by refreshing pitchers of Pimm's, pints of bitter from a nearby pub, tea and cucumber sandwiches. Or fresh strawberries and cream enjoyed *al fresco* after a

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THE PRIME MINISTER

My pleasure at being asked to contribute to this supplement to *The New Yorker,* focusing on culture in Britain, is exceeded by my curiosity. How do you identify "The Best of Britain" without including something which readers of *The New Yorker* may see as quintessentially American? And the same is true in reverse.

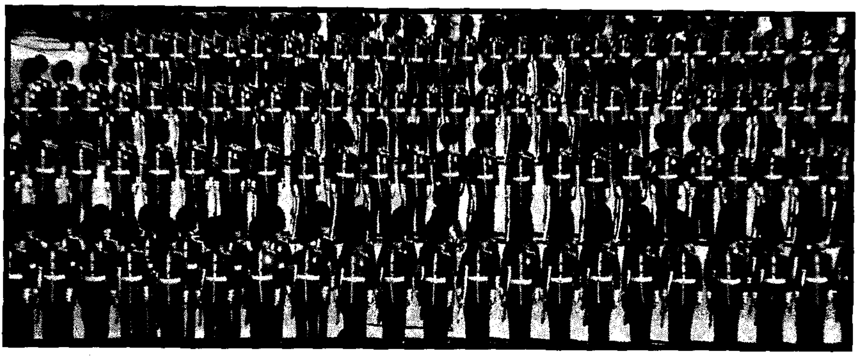
Of course this has always been true. Schools in each of our countries claim T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden, emigrants across the Atlantic in opposite directions, as our "own." In popular culture, who could have been more American – or more British – than Charlie Chaplin, Stan Laurel, or their host of their British successors in Hollywood? "The Best in Britain" will always include Americans. "The Best of Britain" will as often be found in New York or Hollywood. (The editor of *The New Yorker*, for one.)

This year the best of British culture has included, at the National Theatre, that entirely English melodrama of Sweeney Todd, courtesy of Stephen Sondheim. Alan Bennett's "The Madness of George III" is a play with a character not unknown to Americans. Ken Branagh's "Much Ado About Nothing" is Shakespeare, courtesy of Hollywood. And the exhibition of Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings on the South Bank ... not far from where a replica of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre is rising, comes courtesy of the vision and tenacity of that American Londoner, Sam Wanamaker.

It is this continually surprising mixture of the distinctively new and the entirely familiar that provides the perpetual pleasure and fascination we British find in America – and, we hope, you in Britain. It is precisely that mixture which we find in all cultural pursuits, whether in the arts or the sciences. So, perhaps, Anglo-American interaction is a cultural pursuit, even an art form, in itself.

I hope that this supplement, like the arts themselves, offers you not only a glimpse of us as the object but an insight into yourselves. And I hope it is only an hors d'oeuvre and will draw you here to experience the main course for yourselves. But if you visit us, and practice other arts also, *do not be surprised if* we keep you and claim you for our own.

John Major



Trooping of The Colour, London

Janet Gill/Tony Stone Worldwide

game of tennis on a grass court.

For the literary-minded, of course, Britain is defined first and foremost through the luminous visions of its writers, from Donne, Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, and Wordsworth, to Scott, Hardy, Wilde, Lawrence, and Shaw. Indeed, "cultural" Britain is as bright a beacon today as it has been for centuries, drawing more than seven million visitors each year to its many theatres, concert halls, opera and ballet performances, festivals, gardens, museums, and galleries.

LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS

London's theatre life is without equal. *Here you will enjoy the finest produc*tions from seats in popular theatres; long-running favorites include "Les Miserables," "Phantom of the Opera," "The Mousetrap," "Miss Saigon," and "Sweeney Todd" — and then there's Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest, "Sunset Boulevard," based on the memorable Billy Wilder movie of the same name.

Balletomanes will enjoy attending a performance at the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden — home to the Royal Opera Company as well as the Royal Ballet. The central market area of Covent Garden is a lively, elegant shopping arcade surrounded by restaurants, flea market stalls, and small museums such as the Theatre Museum. It is also the site of St. Paul's Church (not to be confused with St. Paul's Cathedral!), known as "the actor's church," since it is filled with tributes and memorials to actors.

Don't miss the celebrated "Changing of the Guard" at Buckingham Palace, which takes place in front of the Palace at 11:30 A.M. daily, April through July, and on alternate days during the rest of the year. This year the Palace was opened to the public for the very first time during the eight weeks of the Queen's annual summer holiday.

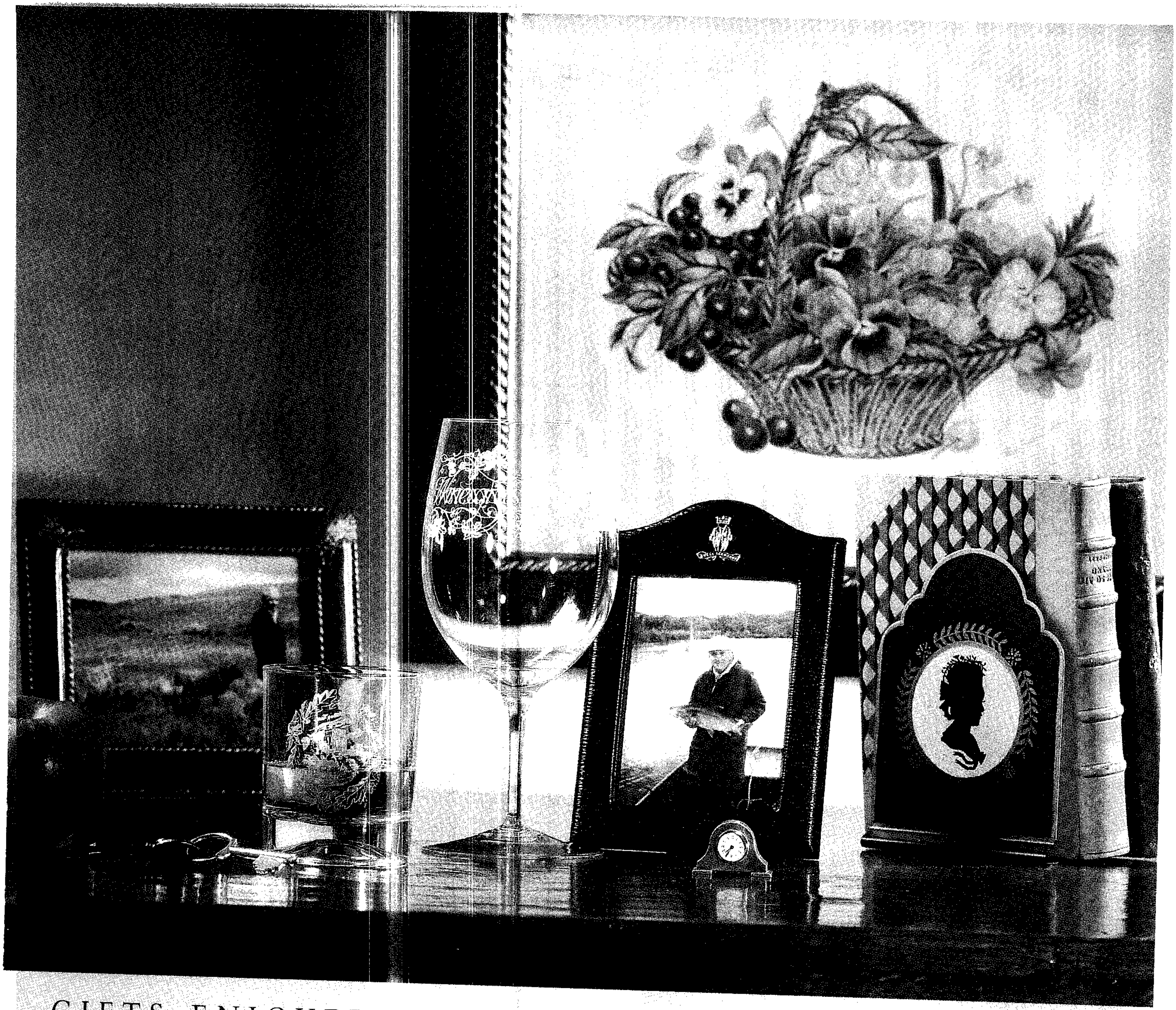
Other historic sites not to be missed include St. Paul's Cathedral in "The City," London's financial center. Rebuilt after the Great Fire of 1666 by Sir Christopher Wren, St. Paul's contains many tombs and memorials, including Wren's own. Historic Westminster Abbey, the most ancient of London's churches, casts its imposing shadow towards nearby Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament; just a short distance away from these is the Tower of London, home to the Crown Jewels, Beefeaters and yeomen, ravens, and, some say, the ghost of Anne Boleyn.

London is a particular delight for museum-goers, who may view mummies, the Rosetta Stone, or the famed Elgin Marbles at the British Museum. For its extensive collection of decorative and ornamental arts, visit the cavernous Victoria and Albert Museum (known as the "V & A") as well as the Natural History Museum and the Science Museum next door. Other museums include The National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, housing one of the world's greatest collections of European art, and the National Portrait Gallery just around the corner, which features the portraits of monarchs, statesmen, and writers. And, of course, there's the Tate Gallery, Britain's most important museum of British and modern art.

Buckingham Palace, London

Doug Armand/Tony Stone Worldwide

Music-lovers will find it difficult to choose from London's rich variety of musical events. Enjoy a night of



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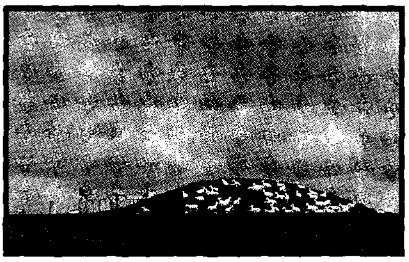
Easy day trips from London along the River Thames include visits to the famous Maze and red bricks of Hampton Court Palace (taken from Cardinal Wolsey by Henry VIII and later expanded by Wren for William and Mary). The Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, the country's leading botanical institute, make for a refreshing excursion as well, as do the picturesque Claremont Gardens, on the grounds of the girlhood home of Queen Victoria.

THE WEST COUNTRY

Sixty-four miles southwest of London, Winchester is among the most historic of English cities. The capital of England for more than four centuries, Winchester is home to the Cathedral and to Winchester College, England's oldest "public" school. After leaving Winchester, visit Portsmouth, England's naval capital, where the city's D-Day Museum will be the focal point of next year's observation of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the historic invasion of the Normandy beaches on June 6, 1944.


Richard Todd/Tony Stone Worldwide

Stonehenge and burial ground, Wiltshire

Salisbury, like Winchester, is a medieval cathedral city. Located in the very heart of a countryside imbued with landscape and legend, Salisbury is the true-life "Melchester" of Thomas Hardy's tragic novels. After visiting the Cathedral, cloister, and Chapter House, containing one of the four original copies of the Magna Carta, continue southward to the isolated splendor of the Salisbury Plain where stands the mysterious Stonehenge, thought to have been built

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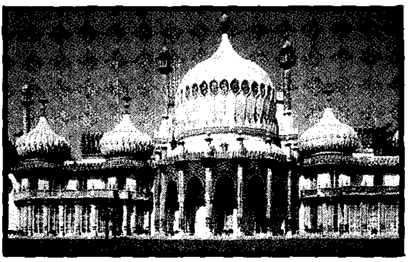
circa 2800 B.C. by worshippers of the sun — not by the Druids, as is popularly believed: they appeared some two thousand years later.

Travelling westward, visitors find Glastonbury, the Avalon of Arthurian legend, Wales Cathedral, which some consider to be the finest cathedral in Britain, and, further into Devon, the medieval city of Exeter and its Gothic Cathedral of St. Peter. On to Cornwall, where you will find "pasties" to enjoy with cheese and beer while picnicking on the cliffs overlooking the sea. The seaside villages are quaintly named — Mousehole, Penzance, and Land's End. You will also encounter the ruins of the castle of Tintagel, legendary birthplace of King Arthur.

THE SOUTH

The city of Canterbury lies in the heart of the rolling Kent countryside, just fifty-six miles from London. Immortalized by Chaucer six hundred years ago, the city today hosts the annual Canterbury Festival, with each day's performances highlighted by spectacular fireworks displays at nightfall.



British Tourist Authority

Royal Pavilion, Brighton

Set upon two small islands on a lake near Maidstone, you will find Leeds Castle. The castle, restored to its original splendor by an American heiress, houses fine paintings and furniture — and even a very interesting dog collar museum. On the grounds are herb gardens, a tricky maze, and a truly spooky coral grotto.

Travelling eastward, visit Hever Castle, the family home of the Boleyns, and Chartwell, Churchill's country home. Next the lovely old spa town of Tunbridge Wells, and then southward to the East Sussex village of Glyndebourne near Lewes, home of the world-renowned Glyndebourne Opera House.

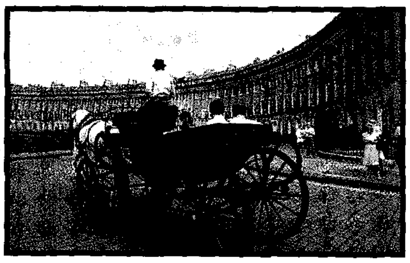
Further on towards the sea is the resort of Brighton and the extravagant Royal Pavilion, built by the Prince Regent (later George I) as a summer palace. For three weeks each year, the resort hosts the Brighton International Festival with a program of more than 450 performances; the villages of Arundel and Petworth in the local countryside make their own contribution to the area's high culture with arts festivals, exhibits, and landscaped gardens.

Continuing on to the "green belt" of Surrey, two National Trust properties are of special interest to a visitor: Clandon Park, an eighteenth-century Palladian-style manor with magnificent interiors and a large park designed by Capability Brown, and Polesden Lacey, the Regency house later filled to the brim with artwork installed by the famous Edwardian society figure Mrs. Ronald Greville. The grounds of Polesden Lacey, encompassing a lovely iris garden as well as a small dog graveyard marked with sentimentally inscribed headstones, are also the site of open-air performances during the summer. Nearby are the Royal Horticultural Gardens at Wisley, where a pleasant and informative walk may be enjoyed on the spacious grounds.

CENTRAL ENGLAND

No visit to England would be complete without a tour of the "dreaming spires" of Oxford. Highlights of the University campus include the Radcliffe Camera, a large domed building housing part of the centuries-old Bodleian Library (containing over two million volumes); the Sheldonian Theatre, designed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1663 and still in use; and the Ashmolean, Britain's oldest public museum.

For intimations of Jane Austen, travel southwest to the two-thousand-year-old spa city of Bath. Highlights include the elegant Royal Crescent, considered to be one of the finest examples of Georgian architecture; the Pump Room, where the sharply bitter — but healthy — mineral waters may still be sampled; the Theatre Royal, where performances are still held; and the Assembly Rooms, which now house the excellent Museum of Costume.



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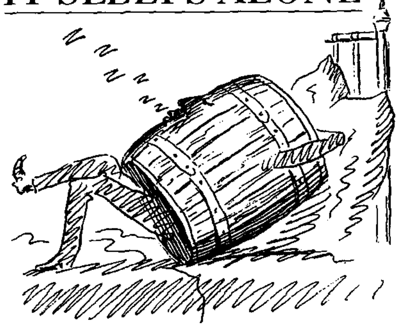
Royal Crescent, Bath

For many visitors to Britain, there is



IT SLEEPS ALONE

A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken casks which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to *mature malt whisky*.

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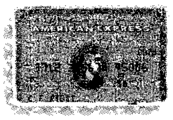

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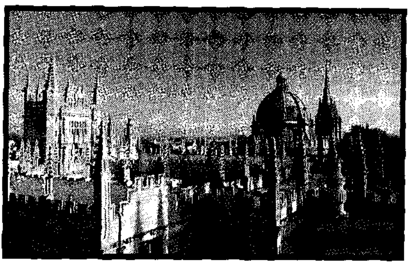

Geoff Johnson/Tony Stone Worldwide

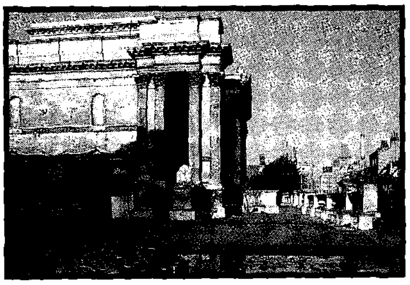
"City of Dreaming Spires," Oxford

only one destination: their Mecca, the charming half-timbered town of Stratford-upon-Avon — otherwise known as Shakespeare's birthplace, home, and final resting place. The famed Royal Shakespeare Company ("RSC") performs here March through January, and superb Shakespearean productions are to be found at the new Swan Theatre (built in the 1930's to replace the original Victorian structure), which follows the lines of Shakespeare's original Globe theatre in London.

In Birmingham, just twenty-five miles north of Stratford, cultural events abound. Here in England's second largest city, you will find the acoustically acclaimed Symphony Hall, home to the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra; the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, one of England's oldest and most highly regarded companies; and the Birmingham Royal Ballet. Near Birmingham are the scenic Cotswold Hills and the picture-perfect native stone houses of villages such as Stow-on-the-World, Chipping Campden, and Broadway.

EAST ANGLIA AND THE FENS

Gainsborough and Constable, those most English of landscape artists, found inspiration in the spectacular landscapes of this region. Four counties bordered by "fens" or marshes occupy the area known as East Anglia: Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire. In the lovely city of Cambridge, visit the campus of the centuries-old University. For many, the high point of a visit to Cambridge is the opportunity to view the magnificent King's College Chapel and perhaps be lucky enough to hear the famed Choir, whose carol service on Christmas Eve is broadcast around the world.


British Tourist Authority

Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

With Cambridge as base, worthwhile day trips from the city include the small town of Ely, in the heart of the fens; Lavenham and Dedham, which remain virtually unchanged since the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and Bury St. Edmunds, the site of interesting gardens, ruins, and the church where, in 1214, nobles swore to force King John to sign the *Magna Carta*. To the north, travellers can view the spires of towering Norwich Cathedral, and visit Norfolk's Sandringham House, the country residence of Edward VII, used also by the present Royal Family for holidays and shooting parties. Further north lies the old Roman settlement of Lincoln, site of the great Cathedral of St. Mary and of Lincoln Castle, built in 1068 by William the Conqueror.

THE NORTH

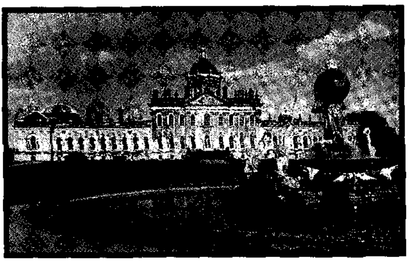
Chatsworth House, ancestral home of the dukes of Devonshire, is set in the heart of the Peak District of Derbyshire. Filled with collections of tapestries, sculpture, furniture, paintings, and porcelain, Chatsworth is set on a great expanse of parkland with elaborately landscaped, waterfall-dotted gardens.

To the north is the village of Haworth, once home to the Brontë sisters. Haworth lies in the bleak yet beautiful sweep of the Yorkshire Dales, the setting for the romantic novels *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*. Brontë aficionados won't want to miss the opportunity of hiking along a moorland path to the Brontë Waterfall, described in detail in the sisters' poems and letters, and then onward to the remains of Top Withins, the hilltop farm believed to have been the inspiration for *Wuthering Heights*.

In York, once the military command of Roman Britain, Roman buildings and embankments are evident nearly everywhere one turns. It's no surprise that Britain's largest festival of early music is celebrated here. Pause to take in the brooding garden and ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, founded in 1089, and visit Castle Howard, widely regarded as the most magnificent house in the North (now familiar as the setting of the popular PBS television series "Brideshead Revisited"), before travelling on to the famous

Hadrian's Wall. Built circa 121 A.D. by Romans as a response to invasions by Scottish barbarians to the north, the wall spans a distance of seventy-three miles around Hexam, near Newcastle.

To the northwest, visit Durham, where a replica of a twelfth-century brass knocker is on display in imposing Durham Cathedral (according to decree, medieval criminals could claim amnesty for their crimes by grasping the ring in the animal's mouth).


British Tourist Authority

Castle Howard, North Yorkshire

Take the opportunity to appreciate the great British arts of china and crystal manufacturing first-hand, in Worcester and Stoke-on-Trent, Longton, and Barlaston, and of course, in Stourbridge. Near the Welsh border, Manchester and Liverpool are major industrial cities; Liverpool, however, is better known for its cultural contribution as the birthplace of The Beatles (former Beatle Paul McCartney retains ties to his home city, recently debuting his latest composition at Liverpool Cathedral).

The Lake District, best known for its ties to the Romantic poets, lies to the northwest in Cumbria. Wordsworth's poetry has been effective "advertising" for this district in both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, bringing readers in droves to enjoy the tall pines, deep lakes, and rolling countryside of this area first-hand. Travellers today can visit two of Wordsworth's restored homes: the tiny Dove Cottage and the grander Rydal Mount, where members of the Wordsworth family still live today.

SCOTLAND

Scotland is the haunting land of bagpipes, whisky, and tweed; golf, tartans, and kilts; highlanders and clans. Edinburgh's stormy history is reflected in the city's two famous landmarks along the Royal Mile: the popular Edinburgh Castle, set atop a forbidding hill of black volcanic rock, and the Palace of Holyroodhouse, originally built as an Augustinian abbey (and now the official

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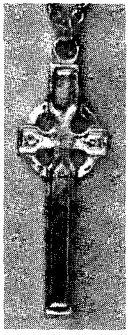

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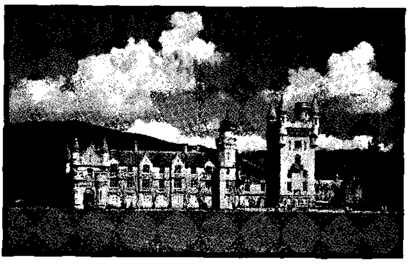


Manfred Mehlig/Tony Stone worldwide

Balmoral Castle, Scotland

residence of the Queen when she is in Scotland; Holyroodhouse has witnessed dramatic historical events, including the murder of Mary Queen of Scots' favorite courtier by her husband, Lord Darnley).

The handsome National Gallery of Scotland houses a wide selection of European paintings as well as a collection of Scottish art; the cultural highlight of the city is, of course, the world-famous annual Edinburgh Festival with its wide range of traditional and new music, theatre, and dance. To the south is Glasgow, Scotland's largest city and one of Britain's most cultured. Here the arts thrive at the lively Citizens Theatre, King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal, home to the Scottish Opera and the National Orchestra.

Interesting day trips from Glasgow include Loch Lomond, the most famous of the Scottish lochs. Near the village of Ayr one can find the imposing Stirling Castle of the Stuart kings, as well as the quaint thatched Burns Cottage, birthplace in 1759 of Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet.

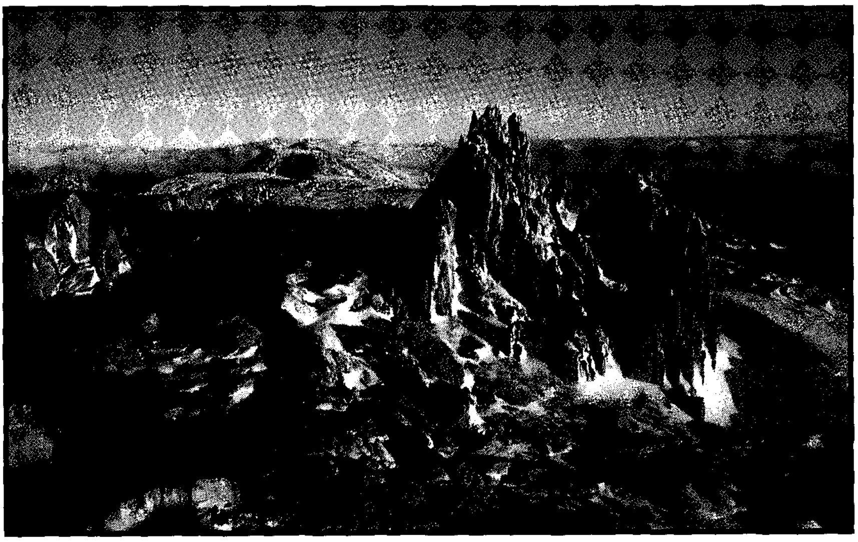
No visit to Scotland would be complete without a trip to the Highlands — highlights include the famous Mull of Kintyre and the Isle of Skye; Inveraray Castle, ancestral home of the duke of Argylls, chieftains of the fierce clan Campbell; and Culloden Moor near Inverness, site of the bloody, decisive battle that decimated "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" army. Travel the short distance from here to Loch Ness, where locals and visitors alike claim to see the legendary Monster from time to time in the deep waters of the loch.

WALES

A visit to Wales is one of Britain's greatest scenic experiences. Craggy, mountainous country gives over to a breathtaking coastline of unspoiled beauty. Wales, part of Great Britain since the reign of Henry VIII, nevertheless retains its independent spirit — as well as its intimidating, apparently vowel-less language (road signs are bilingual).

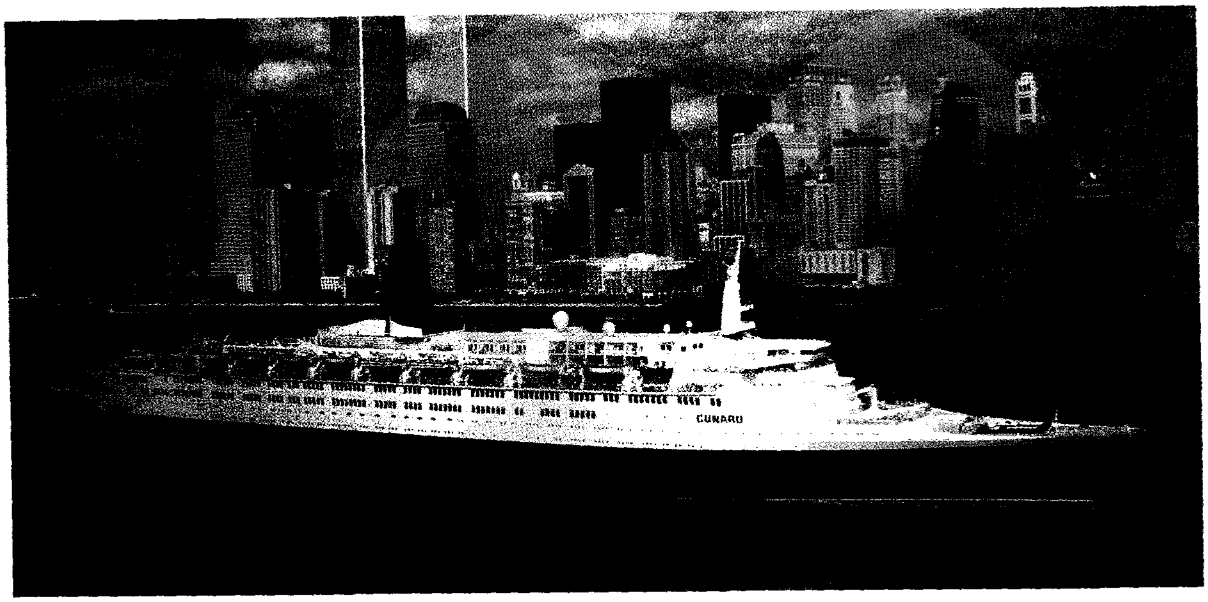
Sights not to be missed in Wales include Caernarfon Castle, where, in a tradition begun in 1301, the Prince of Wales is presented to the Welsh in a colorful medieval pageant; make a stop at the dramatic ruins of Harlech Castle, visible for miles — the former fortress itself withstood several long sieges, most notably one lasting eight years during the Wars of the Roses. In Cardiff, the country's capital, visit Cardiff Castle, now the National Museum; to the west explore the wild rugged coastline of the Pembrokeshire Coast National Park, where you will find magnificent Pembroke Castle, built in 1190. To the north are the mountains of Snowdonia and Snowdonia National Park — best travelled on a narrow gauge steam railway. These old-fashioned, able trains cut through mountain passes to heart-stopping views.

Kara Tobin and Lynn Weddington Tucker are freelance writers who enjoy travelling to Great Britain.



David Woodfall/Tony Stone worldwide

Snowdonia National Park, Wales



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

EXIT EL PATRÓN

Last year, Pablo Escobar walked out of jail as Colombia's most powerful drug lord. But rivals usurped his business, betrayed associates wanted vengeance, and the government was determined not to be humiliated again. Yet his influence remains so pervasive that no one dares to imagine Colombia after Escobar.

BY ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO

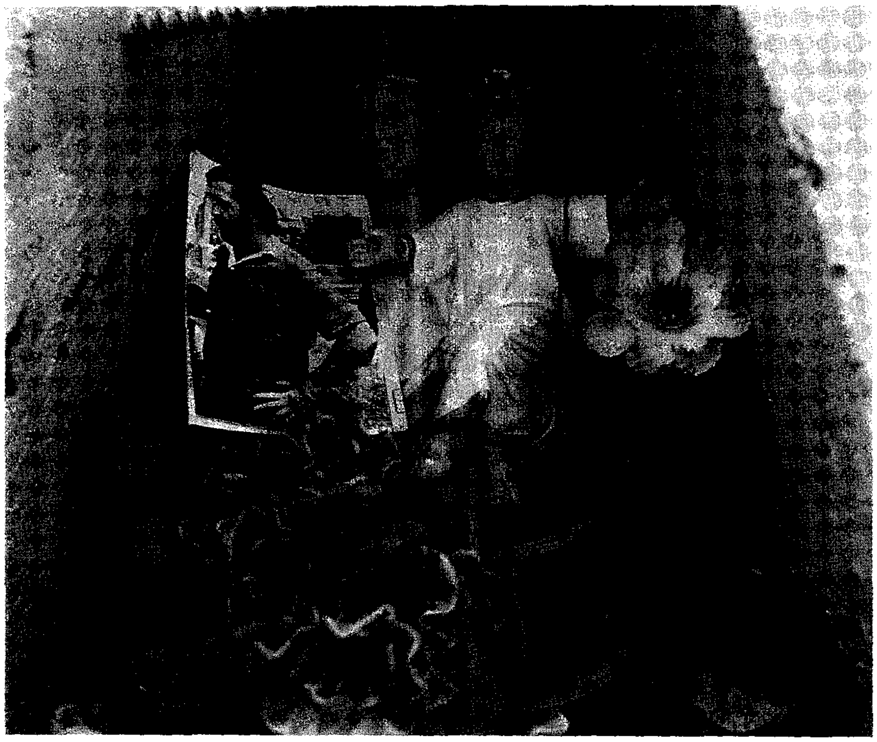
OCTOBER 15

IT'S been fourteen months now since Pablo Escobar, the world's most notorious drug exporter, fled a prison near Medellín in which he had voluntarily confined himself in June of 1991. The Drug Enforcement Administration estimates that the group of cocaine exporters based in Medellín and headed by Escobar, which used to control nearly eighty per cent of the cocaine shipped to the United States, now accounts for less than twenty per cent. In its July 5th issue this year, *Forbes* kicked Escobar down a notch on its list of foreign billionaires—dropping his estimated worth from two to one billion dollars—largely because most of the drug-export business has been taken over by his bitter rivals in the tropical city of Cali, who appear to be better and, above all, far more prudent businessmen. If present trends continue, *Forbes* warned, Escobar might be dropped from its famous list altogether next year—if he's still around. So many of his closest associates aren't. Since December, one after another of his front men and confidants have turned up in photographs on the front pages of the local papers, their bodies laced with bullet holes, their corpses surrogates for his. Of the key associates who went to prison with him and fled with him thirteen months later, seven are in jail again and two are dead, including a sweet-natured man known as Angelito who served as Escobar's factotum and official food taster, and who was probably the last man in Colombia Escobar could trust unconditionally. His death, in a shootout on October 6th, was followed by the discovery of Escobar's best-hidden urban refuges: hideouts worthy of a wildly ambitious B movie, fitted with sliding doors that opened at the turn of a bathroom faucet, and furnished with beds complete with flowered coverlets and shams. On October 11th, the Colombian security forces announced that Escobar had managed to escape yet again, this time from a makeshift cabin that lacked all the comforts of home, and authorities figured he had not run far. An era is ending, but who could have foretold it? Certainly not Don Pablo.

In truth, even Escobar's voluntary incarceration was hardly a defeat; the fact that the government had been unable to arrest him after years of trying was not lost on anyone. When he opted for jail, he called the shots, as he had throughout his career. The bold assurance with which he conducted his battles made him a folk hero for many—in a country where very few people feel any affection for their rulers, the government of President César Gaviria was not the first Escobar humbled—and he could hardly be blamed for the overweening pride with which he took on the Colombian state and as many other enemies as cared to confront him. This time, though, pride appears to have narrowed his options. Caught between the government and an organization called Los Pepes, whose leadership is made up largely of those he betrayed on his climb to power, Escobar may be about to hand his eternally fumbling, ham-fisted adversaries their greatest triumph.

THE nature of the government's limitations in tackling the man who was once Colombia's most gleefully wealthy drug lord were made evident in painful detail in the course of his prison interlude. Following an arduous negotiation process with the government—during which Escobar repeatedly kidnapped members of the Colombian élite and used them as bargaining chips, murdering at least two along the way to strengthen his position—he and fourteen of his closest companions walked into the sylvan prison compound of La Catedral, confessed to a few lesser crimes, and settled down to await trial. Despite enormous controversy, the government had finally agreed to Escobar's terms: he got to choose the prison site, in the hills above his suburban fiefdom of Envigado, and he supervised its security measures. Neither Army troops nor police officers were allowed on the prison grounds, and Escobar personally approved the hiring of half of some fifty guards—the other half to be recruited by the mayor of Envigado—who were to stand watch over him and his associates.

Given those extravagant concessions, it was only natural that from the moment of Escobar's surrender La Catedral became a constant source of speculation and fantasy in Medellín. It was said that the beautiful wooded hillside on which it stood was in fact the former property of Escobar, who had sold it to the municipality of Envigado precisely so that the government could rent the land and build the custom-designed prison on it. It was said that prostitutes and Escobar's employees routinely visited the prison, and that the cells of Escobar, his brother, and his second-in-command were equipped with giant video screens and Jacuzzis, not to mention state-of-the-art radio-communication devices and machine guns. It was said that the constant traffic of goods and visitors was made possible by a series of paper slips—tinted according to their value—that were handed to the Army personnel patrolling the compound's perimeter, and were then cashed in by the bearer at an Envigado bank branch. These were delicious rumors, good for enlivening a conversation and honing the sharp contempt that the *paisas*—the natives of the mountainous, isolated department of Antioquia, of which Medellín is the capital—have always felt for the central government. The story that flew around Medellín a year after Escobar's surrender, however—and which turned out to be as true as all the preceding ones—was grimmer: it concerned the unusually large number of tortured and mutilated corpses that had been turning up on the outskirts of town. The rumor was that the dead men were among Escobar's own lieutenants and most trusted business partners, that they had been kidnapped and taken to La Catedral, and that there, under the boss's supervision, at least a dozen of them had been accused of betrayal and then tortured and killed.



Escobar is still a hero to some people, particularly young men, in the poor barrios that surround Medellín. At a shrine in Comuna Nororiental, in a neighborhood that Escobar built on the site of a garbage dump, loyalists pray for him.

PATRICIA RINCON MAUTNER

This version of events first circulated early in July of 1992, in the form of flyers dropped from a small plane, and made the Bogotá press days later. Most prominent among the dead men were four members of the Galeano and Moncada families, reputable and powerful drug traffickers whose corpses were found on the roadside not far from the Envigado prison. The fateful murders of Fernando and Mario Galeano and Gerardo and William Julio Moncada were to a large degree a result of the sharp downturn in the Medellín trade's fortunes, which had led to niggling. Escobar, who used to run his business through franchises, commanded huge percentages from associates like the Moncada and Galeano families: he not only billed them on the basis of his logistical support for their shipments but assessed taxes for what he used to call "my struggle": As the head of an interest group called Los Extraditables, and under the slogan "Better a grave in Colombia than a jail in the United States," Escobar waged a campaign—through murder, intimidation, and skillful public relations—to have the government repeal laws allowing extradition for criminals. He claimed success when, in 1991, the Constituent Assembly created a new charter which forbade extradition. In the days when a million dollars or three represented a paltry sum for the cocaine exporters in Medellín, the assessed fees were paid eagerly. By 1992, though, times were tough, and the Galeano and Moncada brothers died as a result of a dispute over a few million dollars they did not feel like turning over to El Patrón.

On July 21st, a week after the story first appeared in the press, an internal investigation of the situation at La Catedral alerted the government to the prison killings of the Galeanos and the Moncadas. In a flustered session, President Gaviria and the members of his security council decided to take control of the compound immediately and move Escobar to higher-security confinement, in Bogotá. Having learned of this plan on the evening news, Escobar judged that it was time to find safer quarters, and although some five hundred troops had already encircled the prison in preparation for the emergency transfer, he walked out, with nine of his fellow-prisoners.

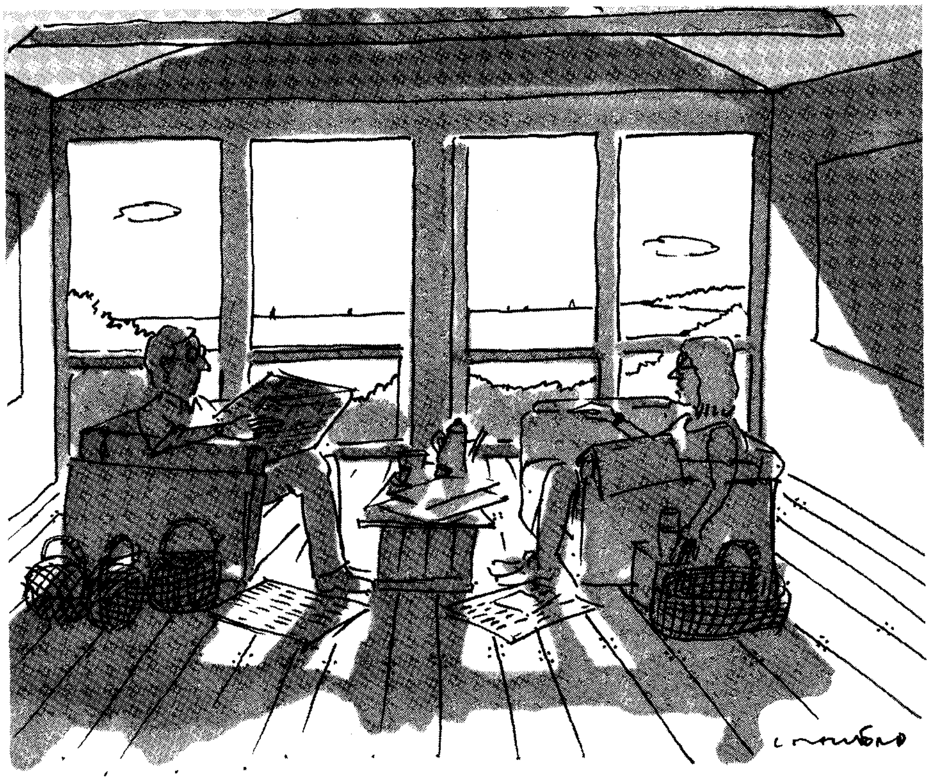
THE exact details of Escobar's leap to freedom remain unknown. Whether he stepped out the back door dressed in women's clothing, as some soldiers involved in the transfer operation claim, or actually took the trouble to hike uphill to a waiting van, as was reported in most press versions, is a matter that could not add much to or subtract much from the shame that engulfed the Gaviria Administration once the escape became known. Months after the flight, a member of Gaviria's kitchen cabinet still clutched his head between his hands and shuddered as he remembered its various boggled episodes: the helpless troops; the Vice-Minister of Justice—who was in charge of supervising the prison transfer—held hostage; the many hours that elapsed before Escobar's disappearance was made known by the local Army command. This man claimed, with justice, that the Gaviria Administration's achievements had been significant in the fields of economic, political, and judicial reform, but he felt that none of them were likely to be remembered in the wake of La Catedral. Unless Gaviria managed to recapture Escobar, what people would remember of his Administration was that he was the President who let the world's most vicious drug trafficker build himself a rest home where he could continue his operations in greater safety than he would have enjoyed at large.

"Escobar did not want to escape," President Gaviria's Secretary General, Miguel Silva, acknowledged ruefully when I talked to him earlier this year. "Clearly, if he was able to walk out of La Catedral while it was surrounded by five hundred troops he could have done so before, and he knew that. The reason he didn't want to escape was that, as we found out, things were going magnificently for him in prison. He escaped because he made a stupid miscalculation: he thought that he was going to be killed." Like most members of Gaviria's inner circle, including the Ministers of Defense and Justice—who shared the job of surveillance over Escobar—Silva forms part of a group known as the Kindergarten. He is in his very early thirties, bright-eyed and eager, in love with technology and modernity and his own informal, efficient way of doing things. The effect of so much youthfulness at Nariño Palace (Gaviria himself is a boyish-looking forty-six) is both refreshing and alarming—rather as if the country were being run by a platoon of little George Stephanopouloses. An afternoon in the Kindergarten's company makes it easier to understand how two years ago they would have scoffed at the notion that any top Army colonel in Medellín might be pulling a fast one on them, sending brisk "*misión cumplida*" memos back to Bogotá while gratefully extending a hand for the latest check from El Patrón. Such rumors were not worth even a fact-finding trip: the situation was under control, because no one would dare cheat on the President. Leaked transcripts of the government's investigation into the escape reveal how misguided the kids' trust was.

There is, for example, the section referring to the prison's director, Colonel Homero Rodríguez, who is now in jail himself. His querulous correspondence with Bogotá in the months preceding the escape, full of complaints that he was being unfairly accused of laxity, makes entertaining reading. During the period in which computers, prostitutes, and workout machines were finding their way into the prison, Rodríguez proudly points out in his defense that one of the people in charge of improving the prison's fence structure, who had come to photograph the existing fences, was denied access, because he did not have a pass for his camera. Shortly before the escape, there was also a telephone conversation that Colonel Rodríguez had with his superior, duly taped, in which Bogotá asked whether various individuals, including Mario and Fernando Galeano and Gerardo and William Julio Moncada, had been seen to enter La Catedral. "*Negativo*" was the Colonel's unfortunate reply. These were, of course, among the men who are now known to have been assassinated on his watch. They are also the men whose relatives banded together sometime this past winter, under the name Los Pepes (short for Persecuted by Pablo Escobar), and vowed to exact Biblical revenge on the murderers.

"I am not leaving Thomas, I am fleeing Thomas."

ON January 31st, the Pepes made their début by blowing up the country home of Escobar's mother. Days later, they set fire to his wife's country home and also to his prized collection of antique cars (including a Pontiac that he bought apparently under the false assumption that it had once belonged to Al Capone). In March, they killed Escobar's most respectable front man, and also kidnapped and shot—but did not actually kill—one of Escobar's lawyers: an autopsy revealed that he had died of fright—a heart attack—moments before being shot. In April, they killed Escobar's cleverest lawyer. In June, they kidnapped and shot one of his brothers-in-law. The Pepes' determination and modus operandi inspire great respect—so much that I feel moved to conceal even the name of the city in which I met with a gracious, amusing antique dealer who has an intimate knowledge of the drug trade and close friends among the Pepes. I had asked to meet Zé, as I shall call him, because, although I could see how difficult it was for the government to sustain its hunt of Escobar, given the fear factor and the infinite opportunities for corruption along the way, I couldn't understand why even Escobar's most powerfully motivated pursuers had been unable to find their quarry. Zé said he'd heard that Escobar had managed to shake his enemies by turning in or murdering his remaining long-term associates and then recruiting new operatives, mostly very young, who were unknown both to the Pepes and to the security forces. There was nothing new in this pattern of betrayal, Zé explained. Over and over, throughout his career, Escobar sponsored subordinates who would painstakingly build up their *rutas* for shipping cocaine abroad; once the contacts and the landing sites were established and had proved to be safe, he would eliminate the subordinate and take over the route himself. This had happened most outrageously in the case of a brother-in-law of the trafficking Ochoa brothers, who are beloved in drug circles and are considered the peaceable and wise elder statesmen of the trade. (Jorge Luis and Fabio Ochoa, having turned themselves in months before Escobar, are currently serving eight-and-a-half-year sentences. A third brother, Juan David, is also in jail, awaiting sentencing.)



"That's enough. I refuse to compete with Anna Quindlen!"

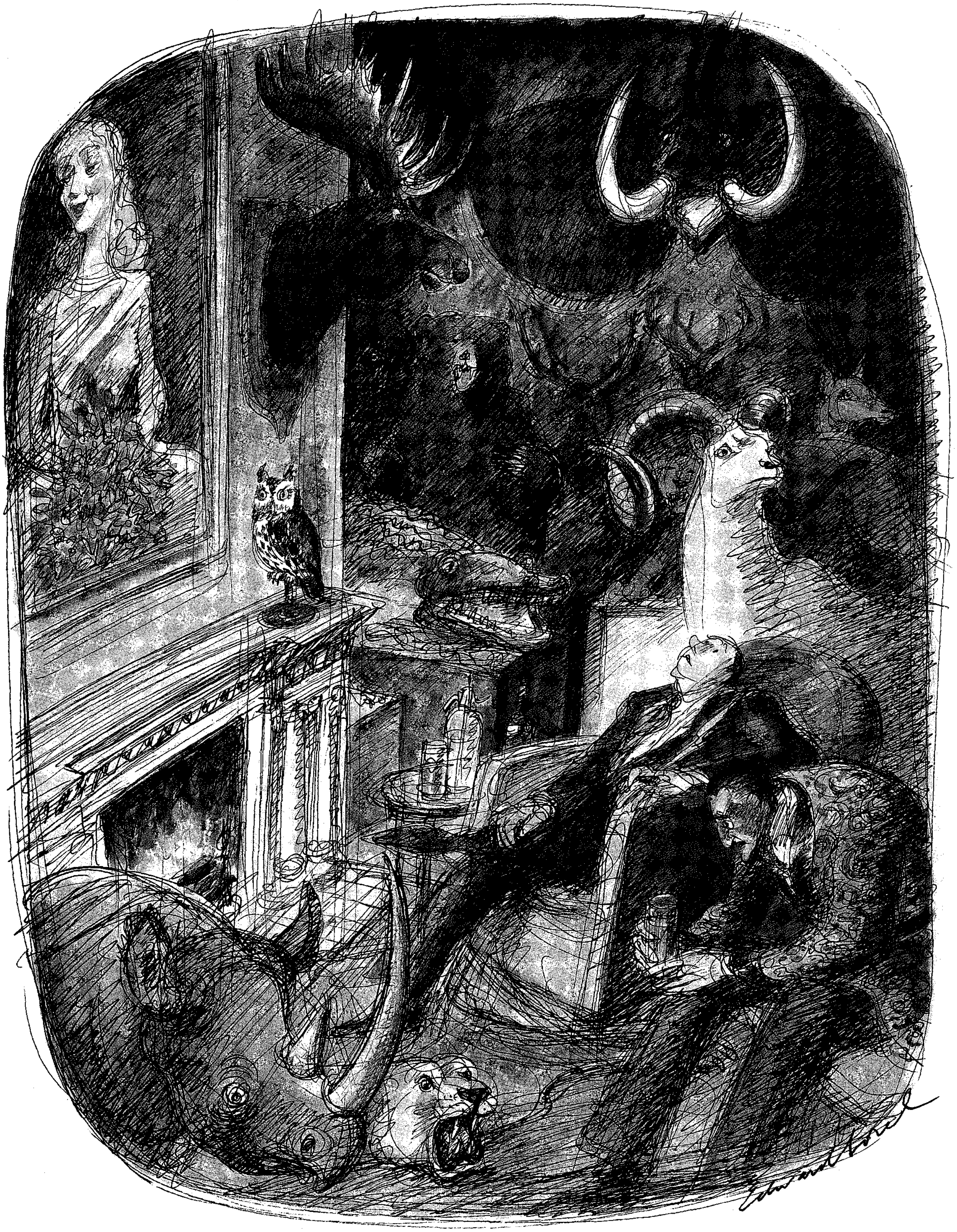
ESCOBAR was now in deep hiding somewhere in the Antioquia countryside, Zé speculated, and was operating for the first time in real clandestinity, of which the logistics and controls—so Zé had heard—were being managed by a man who once provided security for the top leadership of the leftist guerrilla group M-19. Zé also spoke, admiringly, of a woman, the sister of the murdered Galeano brothers, who is widely held to be the real Pepa. She is a Medellín-based lawyer called Victoria, and it was she who first broke the underworld's law of silence—by hiring the plane, back in July of 1992, to fly over Envigado and drop leaflets denouncing the killing of her brothers and the Moncadas. Zé felt that it was this unprecedented outing that forced the government to investigate what was really going on in La Catedral, and turned the tide against Escobar.

If it weren't for Los Pepes, it is unlikely that the government could have Escobar so cornered today. Not that the government itself hasn't been active. Having survived the nightmare of his escape, the Gaviria Administration reacted swiftly: the Fiscalía General de la Nación, or Prosecutor General's Office, which was created just before the escape, in an attempt to modernize the paralyzed justice system, took up the task of filing charges against the fugitive that might stick. The government began using new legislation that allows reduced sentencing for the confession of crimes, offered millions of dollars in exchange for information leading to Escobar's capture, and set up a special witness-protection program. The Fiscalía, beefed up by fourteen hundred "prosecuting judges," or investigative attorneys, and a computer system obtained with United Nations assistance, has filed charges against Escobar on major cases, including the 1986 assassination of Guillermo Cano, the pro-extradition editor of *El Espectador*, and the murder of Luis Carlos Galán, the leading candidate in the 1990 Presidential elections and a firm opponent of the drug trade. And, despite fretting by columnists of every stripe (but of the same, moneyed class) that the reward—"betrayal money," they call it—will corrupt the moral fibre of the lower orders, enough legal evidence has been obtained through the informant program to make an ongoing series of arrests and raids.

The most resources have gone to the formation of an ad-hoc combined military-and-police force known officially as the Search Bloc for Pablo Escobar, which, after a long lull, once again appears to be dogging the heels of its namesake. In July, approaching the first anniversary of its creation, the Bloc's spokesman could assert, more or less accurately, that "the Medellín cartel has been taken apart," thanks to thousands of searches and hundreds of arrests. But it was also around that time that doubts about the security forces' continued effectiveness, and their possible infiltration by both the Pepes and Escobar, began to surface in the press. There was a scandal involving some classified information that was leaked by the police to the Cali drug people. Then, on October 5th, following a rocket-grenade attack on the building where Escobar's family was being guarded by the government, under what was supposedly the strictest secrecy, officials recognized that the only people in a position to know how to find Escobar's wife and children were the security forces. Whether it was fortunate coincidence or the result of a swift campaign to counteract the negative public-relations effects of these allegations, the Bloc sprang into action that very day. Its latest triumphs are the killing of Angelito, Escobar's faithful food taster and scout, and the discovery of Escobar's secret hideouts in his safe houses.

ZÉ has a friend whom he describes as a very recently lapsed member of Los Pepes, and when I met him this friend told me that the Search Bloc had indeed been stymied by precisely the same obstacle that has beset the Pepes in their effort to catch their prey: infiltration by Escobar's people. This coincidence, he said, could be explained by the fact that the Pepes' troops, for the most part, are also drawn from the police and the military.

I met Zé's friend—Cándido, I shall call him—one morning after Zé picked me up and drove in circles for what



"And then she met this animal-rights weirdo."

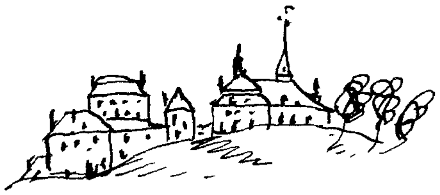
seemed like a very long time. Finally, another car screeched up in front of ours, and a personable, muscular young man got out. He looked me over while he bargained with Zé about some item he had seen in Zé's shop, and, apparently having concluded that I did not look like the enemy, agreed to a conversation. After all this hocus-pocus, I found it unnerving that everyone in the posh restaurant where we talked seemed to know him. I took no notes, as agreed, and I have no way of ascertaining whether his claims are true or whether they might constitute part of an elaborate disinformation setup, but at least they make for a coherent and logical account of how the war on Escobar has evolved.

Cándido said that at the time the Pepes began their operations, Medellín was so crisscrossed with Search Bloc patrols and checkpoints that it would have been impossible for any group of Escobar's former associates—most of whom are also wanted by the government, of course—to operate against him undetected. The logical solution was to ask for police and Army volunteers to moonlight against their common enemy. The line separating the security forces from the criminal world of Medellín has often been crossed—most notably by the former head of Escobar's family security, who was a member of the police intelligence services until he switched jobs three years ago. (He was arrested in New York in March on charges of entering the United States illegally.) At this stage, though, the Medellín police are, as a body, firmly aligned against Escobar, largely because between July of 1992, when he escaped, and February of this year he had a hundred of them killed. Cándido, who seemed as boyishly enthusiastic about Los Pepes as if he were still in their ranks, explained that both the Search Bloc and the regular police were frustrated by the legal and logistical restrictions on their operations against Escobar and were eager to join an effective organization like the Pepes, who operate in small patrols, with sure targets and with trial-and-paperwork-free executions to show for their efforts. The police were particularly happy to work under the leadership of Fidel Castaño, a minor drug exporter and onetime diamond smuggler, whom Cándido identified as "a real *verraco*"—a macho—and "a true leader."

I told Cándido that, as it happened, I was familiar with the name. In the gold-mining town of Segovia, in northeastern Antioquia, where forty-five people were murdered at random in the central plaza five years ago, I once talked to a number of persons who had known Castaño well. Like most towns in that part of Antioquia, Segovia is a raffish, gold-rush sort of place, and at one time Castaño had been very well liked there: people spoke with respect and affection of his talent for acquiring money, his martial-arts skills, and his compulsive—but shrewd—gambling. His relations with the town changed in the mid-seventies, however, after one of the various leftist guerrilla groups that plague Colombia kidnapped his father and failed to let on that the old man had died of a heart attack in captivity until after it had received the ransom money. Castaño organized a hunting expedition that butchered every man, woman, and child living along the riverbank where he suspected that his father had been held captive. Thereafter, all leftists were his targets. When, in November of 1988, masked men shot up Segovia's central plaza as punishment for the town's election of a leftist mayor, Castaño's participation was suspected but never confirmed.

"I remember that," said Cándido, who is an experienced veteran of the war against the left, which was fought jointly by the drug traffickers, government security forces, and cattle ranchers whom the guerrillas subjected to extortion. "I was friendly with the commander of the Segovia garrison."

Castaño used to be friendly with Escobar—in fact, the two are both being investigated for the bombing of an Avianca plane in 1989, which killed all one hundred and seven people on board. Having also cultivated a following among cops, Castaño must not have been happy with the war Escobar waged on the Medellín police, beginning in 1990. Then, when Escobar ordered the killing of Castaño's good buddies the Galeanos and the Moncadas, it was the last straw—particularly since Castaño had also been on the guest list at La Catedral for that evening. (To his good fortune, he failed to make the appointment.) According to Cándido, Castaño personally commanded the first and most successful of the Pepes' operations against Escobar in Medellín. But Castaño was too well known, and too badly wanted by the government, to keep that up for long. He withdrew behind the lines, making it easier for the same infiltrators who in the past have ruined the Search Bloc's closest strikes against Escobar to sabotage the Pepes.



The Pepes had announced last June that they were disbanding. I asked if that was why.

Cándido, who was friendly but not relaxed, was still toying with his food. He smiled disparagingly at my question. That announcement, he said, was merely public relations, because the closeness between the security forces and the Pepes was becoming embarrassingly obvious. The Pepes were still active, but they no longer left signs on the corpses of their victims taking credit for their actions and warning others to stay away from Escobar. Indeed, the murder of one of Escobar's most prominent lawyers this July was a fair example of the Pepes' new tack: recognizing that Escobar would be impossible to get at as long as he remained in deep hiding, they were concentrating on exterminating his aboveground network; one result was that there were no longer any lawyers willing to represent Escobar. Following the murder of Escobar's brother-in-law, in June, his family is desperately seeking asylum abroad. (His son and daughter were stopped by the Colombian secret police at the Medellín airport in February as they were about to board a flight taking them to the United States, which they hoped to enter on the multiple-entry visas they have had since the early eighties.)

For his part, Escobar, while very much in hiding, was hardly inactive. Until recently, Cándido said, laughing at the drug lord's effrontery, Escobar's men were making the rounds of the widows and other relatives of his dead associates, demanding contributions from what El Patrón still considered his turf. (The only relative he didn't dare touch, Cándido added with some relish, was the Galeanos' sister, the Pepa.)

Escobar keeps offering to turn himself in; he did so most recently this week in a message to the mayor of Medellín, requesting that the mayor put him in touch with the Fiscalía. But that may no longer be a choice. Asked whether he would prefer to have Escobar dead or alive, the head of the Bloc, Colonel Hugo Martínez, publicly stated that he preferred the first option. Then he raided the Medellín city hall, looking for his enemy. There is, nationwide, an impression that life will be easier for everyone if the Bloc or the Pepes finally come up with a corpse.

"FROM a practical point of view, it might seem that way," Colombia's Fiscal de la Nación, or Prosecutor General, Gustavo de Greiff, told me recently. "But if Colombia wants to be a civilized society, it has to be able to judge a criminal with due process of law—with a judge, and a trial, and also with an opportunity for the accused to defend himself. The government can't stand by and let a situation be resolved by de-facto means." De Greiff, a pipe-smoking man of sixty-four with a face out of "The Potato Eaters," presides over his small army of prosecuting attorneys from a spacious office with a view of Bogotá's Parque Nacional, and the office is protected by security measures that are certainly not exceptional—at least, by the standards of this terrorized country. Hardworking, dignified, and canny in legal matters, de Greiff has a cheerful habit of speaking his mind—a habit that has often got him into trouble. His first year in office was rough: it was he who carried out the investigation for President Gaviria confirming the killings in La Catedral and recommended that Escobar be transferred to another prison. A few months later, just as he was beginning to earn recognition for his agency's success in bringing drug cases to justice, he tangled with the establishment over a decision to investigate corruption among the élite. He did not appear concerned when I asked him about the spate of negative articles that the decision produced. "The leading class here thinks that it's fine to prosecute *narcos* and criminals, because no one wants to think of himself as part of that world, but the moment you go after the upper echelons they start talking about prudence," he said. Last March, he managed to raise the hackles of the Search Bloc, and the military in general, by his willingness to

THE POMEGRANATE

The only legend I have ever loved is
The story of a daughter lost in Hell.
And found and rescued there.
Love and blackmail are the gist of it.
Ceres and Persephone the names.
And the best thing about the legend is
I can enter it anywhere. And have.
As a child in exile in
A city of fogs and strange consonants,
I read it first and at first I was
An exiled child in the crackling dusk of
The underworld, the stars blighted. Later
I walked out in a summer twilight
Searching for my daughter at bedtime.
When she came running I was ready
To make any bargain to keep her.
I carried her back past whitebeams.
And wasps and honey-scented buddleias.
But I was Ceres then and I knew
Winter was in store for every leaf
On every tree on that road.
Was inescapable for each one we passed.
And for me.
                    It is winter
And the stars are hidden.
I climb the stairs and stand where I can see
My child asleep beside her teen magazines,
Her can of Coke, her plate of uncut fruit.
The pomegranate! How did I forget it?
She could have come home and been safe
And ended the story and all
Our heartbroken searching, but she reached
Out a hand and plucked a pomegranate.
She put out her hand and pulled down
The French sound for apple and
The noise of stone and the proof
That even in the place of death,
At the heart of legend, in the midst
Of rocks full of unshed tears
Ready to be diamonds by the time
The story was told, a child can be
Hungry. I could warn her. There is still a chance.
The rain is cold. The road is flint-colored.
The suburb has cars and cable television.
The veiled stars are aboveground.
It is another world. But what else
Can a mother give her daughter but such
Beautiful rifts in time?
If I defer the grief I will diminish the gift.
The legend will be hers as well as mine.
She will enter it. As I have.
She will wake up. She will hold
The papery, flushed skin in her hand.
And to her lips. I will say nothing.

—EAVAN BOLAND

contemplate the possibility that the armed forces might have been tempted by drug money. If that were the case, the Bloc would merely have fallen victim to "the same inefficiency, cowardice, and corruption that plague the rest of our society," de Greiff observed coolly. When Bloc commander Martínez stated his preference for an Escobar corpse, the Fiscal quickly called the statement "monstrous."

In our conversation, de Greiff was equally blunt about the effects of drugs on the United States. Having acknowledged that the greatest damage the cocaine trade has done to Colombian society has been "to corrupt every level of it," he pointed out that the trade has also had a corrosive effect on the country that provides the principal market for Colombia's drugs. "One has to assume that many customs officials, antidrug forces, public officials, and airport authorities there have been corrupted," he said, "because, you know, the wholesale and retail distribution of drugs in the United States also requires the coöperation of venal officials."

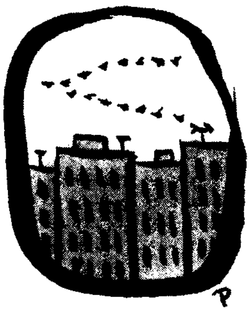
De Greiff's interlocutors ultimately have no choice but to swallow these hard truths, because he gets results, and because by now there can hardly be a Colombian alive who does not know the price that someone like de Greiff might have to pay for such honesty. In 1984, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, the Minister of Justice, was killed on Escobar's orders. In 1986, the editor of *El Espectador*, two Supreme Court judges, and the former director of the anti-narcotics police were murdered. In 1987, Enrique Parejo González, a former Minister of Justice, had his jaw shot off in a failed assassination attempt in Budapest. In 1988, the Attorney General, Carlos Mauro Hoyos, was killed on his way to the Medellín airport. In 1989, it was the turn of Luis Carlos Galán, the leading Presidential candidate. In 1991, another former Minister of Justice, Enrique Low Murtra, was murdered. In 1989, when de Greiff's oldest daughter, Mónica, became the Minister of Justice, she received anonymous calls in which would-be kidnappers tracking her bodyguard-surrounded son relayed his progress from school to home: "The car's just left. . . . It's just crossed the Séptima. . . . It's heading for the garage." She quit after six weeks. People have stopped asking the Prosecutor General how he deals with the danger, but when they did ask him he used to reply that he was getting on in years, he'd had a good life, and it was time to do something for his country.

THE one large stain on the record of de Greiff's Fiscalía, according to some people, has been its decision to use emergency counterterrorism legislation to prosecute thirteen technicians employed by the national telephone company. The technicians were among the leaders of a strike last year, in the course of which all telephone service in the country was suspended for two days. By charging that this was an act of terrorism, the Fiscalía has been able to assign the technicians' case to "faceless judges" and severely limit the possibilities for the defense, to the consternation of everyone from the technicians' families to the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights in New York. The technicians are currently facing a twenty-five-year prison

"Elsie is still waiting for postmenopausal zest to kick in."

sentence. Because the telephone employees are being tried as terrorists, they were held for a time in the same high-security prison in Bogotá as several cocaine traffickers, which is how, when I went to visit the phone workers on a recent Sunday, I found myself face to face with Colombia's most famous soccer star, René Higuita, who was sharing a cell with them.

Even today, after he has been accused of aiding and abetting a kidnapping negotiation involving Pablo Escobar, it is not clear whether Higuita is better known among his countrymen as an Escobar protégé or as an unpredictable but brilliant goalkeeper. Colombians loved his laid-back way of confounding the enemy by emerging into the middle of a play twenty or thirty yards from his goalposts, and they despaired of him when this daredevil approach cost the national team a crucial goal by Cameroon in the last World Cup. But, because he looks as irresistibly cuddly as he is talented, it is always hard to stay angry with him. A young man of medium height, with a graceful build, he has large, liquid brown eyes and a fleshy mouth that broadens easily into a slow, innocent grin. His trademark is a thick, shoulder-length mop of black ringlets, and when we met I asked if he had a permanent. He smiled and shook his head, and offered me handfuls of hair so I could feel for myself that it was naturally springy and soft. The fact that I was a journalist did not alarm him; indeed, he appeared as incapable of mistrust or guile as a puppy. No doubt this quality helped get him off the hook when, a week after Escobar turned himself in for the Envigado rest cure, Higuita was photographed paying him a courtesy visit at La Catedral. There was a halfhearted attempt in the media to make a scandal out of this, but the truth is that no one was shocked. A candy company that used him in its television ads did not suspend his contract. After all, as my friends commented at the time, everyone knows how much Colombian soccer owes Escobar, and at least Higuita knew how to be loyal.



Colombians had a painful love affair with soccer, unmarked by world triumphs, or even regional respect, until, it is said, drugs got into the game. Traffickers funded the development of enough talent to insure such marvels as a recent 5–0 victory against Argentina in the qualifying round for the 1994 World Cup. Escobar has defined himself as a patriot throughout his career, which included a famously brief stint as a substitute congressman for his district, and has proclaimed soccer his great passion. When Fiscal de Greiff refers to the corrupting influence of cocaine on Colombian society, he is referring partly to the pride his fellow-citizens feel when they see Colombia taken seriously on the international *fútbol* circuit, and their consequent inability to deny the traffickers their due for this happy state of affairs. Until recently, there was no proof of a *narco-fútbol* connection, but, even so, rumors were everywhere. The Cali team was said to operate on funds provided by Escobar's archenemy, Gilberto Rodríguez Orejuela. (Gilberto's brother, Miguel, was officially listed as the team's president.) The links to Escobar of the Medellín team that Higuita played with, the Atlético Nacional, were so close that, rumor has it, he even had a secret dugout, reached by a tunnel, from which he could watch the games. At the height of the Cali-Medellín drug war, team executives turned up dead on the roadsides. After Escobar's escape, the government found snapshots at La Catedral not only of Higuita but of midfielder Leonel Álvarez hanging out there with Escobar's chums. But when Higuita was arrested, in June, and de Greiff let it be known that he was conducting an investigation into the serious links between the drug trade and the soccer world, even a friend of mine who is normally sensible about drug issues expressed anger at the meddling Fiscal. "A witch-hunt is what it is," he fumed. "Publicity-mongering." He hadn't seen the papers that morning: they carried a leaked transcript of a monitored phone call, before Higuita's arrest, between Higuita and Escobar's brother, Roberto, who turned himself in last October after fleeing with Pablo from La Catedral and is now in prison near Medellín, along with most of the surviving members of Pablo's high command.

In the first part of the monitored conversation, Higuita, who in November of 1992 was expelled from the team for outrageous behavior, pleads for help in getting back on the team, and Roberto Escobar gives him an avuncular lecture on his poor discipline. "Look at Pambelé," Roberto says, referring to a former boxing champion now in ruin. "Nobody even glances in his direction anymore, except to spit on him and chase him away. . . . You know I'm a serious person, and I feel much esteem and affection for you and for your family. . . . Don't make me look bad, René. I ask you that great favor." Roberto's rather more ruthless jailmate, Gustavo González, then gets on the phone and berates Higuita. "It's not a question anymore of what you said and what they said. It's a question of knuckling under and getting back to work, dickhead. If we see the team without you, where do we stand?" After René offers assurances that he intends to get down to work, a slightly mollified González reminds him, "Half of this cause is that team. Did you hear me, dickhead? So on your toes, yeah? Don't let me down." René promises that he won't. "You sure?" González insists. "All right, son. *Ciao*."

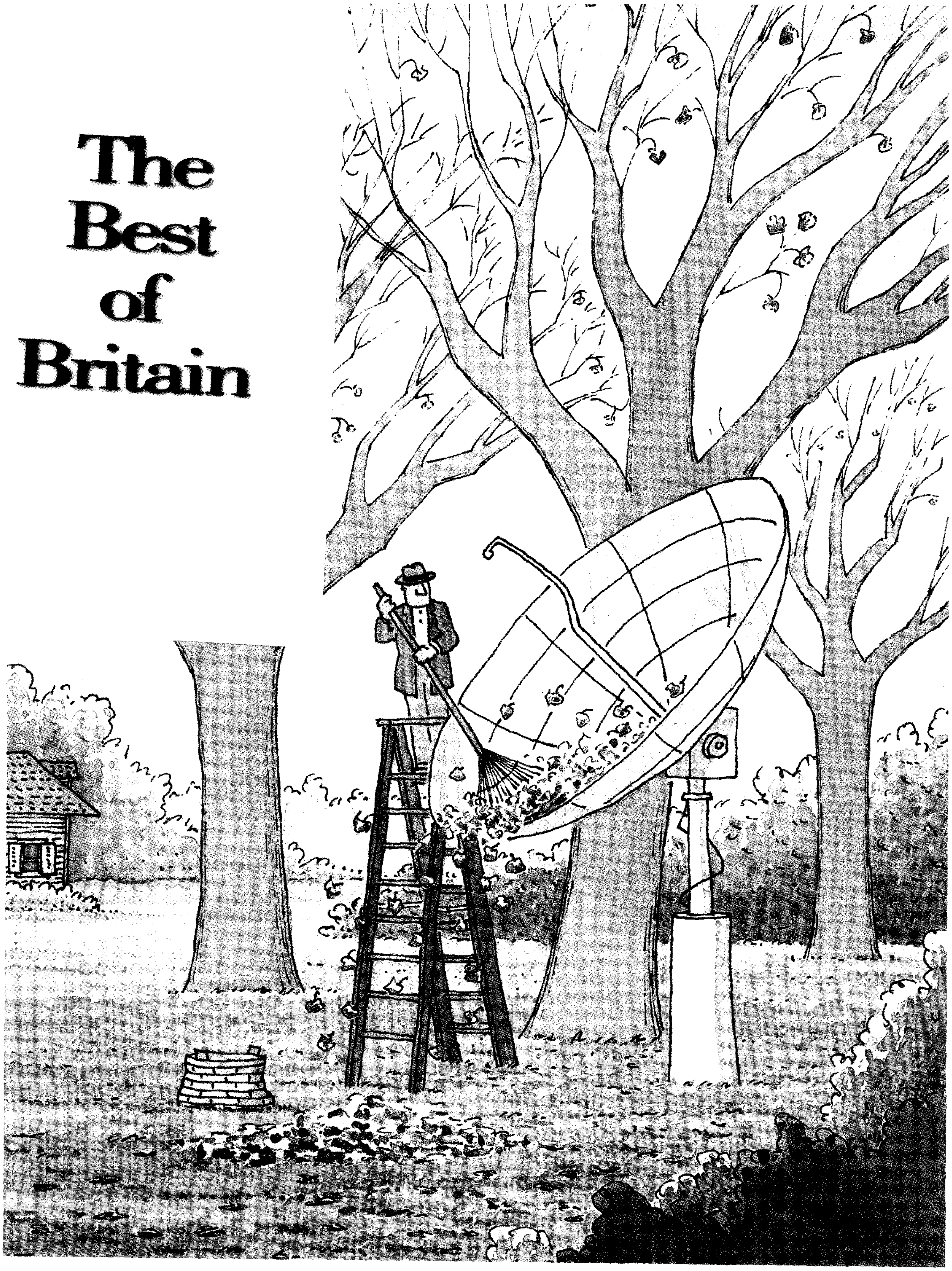
A second transcribed conversation follows immediately—this one between the jailed Roberto Escobar and an unidentified director of the Medellín soccer team, who explains that he isn't the only one who doesn't want Higuita back; neither do the players. "I'm going to send him over to you," Roberto Escobar insists smoothly. "And you just tell him one thing—that he can't let the Man down—because if he lets him down, what can I say? . . . It's a mess. We have to try to help him even if he isn't allowed to play a match. I really don't care whether he plays or not, because Higuita's replacement is doing a good job, but we can't leave him out on the street, either, because we'll lose him." The team director promises to comply with Roberto's wish, and Roberto signs off. "All right, son. Say hello to the boys."

When I asked Higuita about the conversation, he didn't deny that it took place. He said, "But what did we talk about? Soccer. What's wrong with that?" Nor did he deny that he had played the go-between in a kidnapping case that involved the teen-age daughter of an acquaintance of his, who was on the outs with Pablo Escobar, and the kidnappers (who were presumably known

SKETCHPAD BY JACK ZIEGLER

FALL SWEEPS

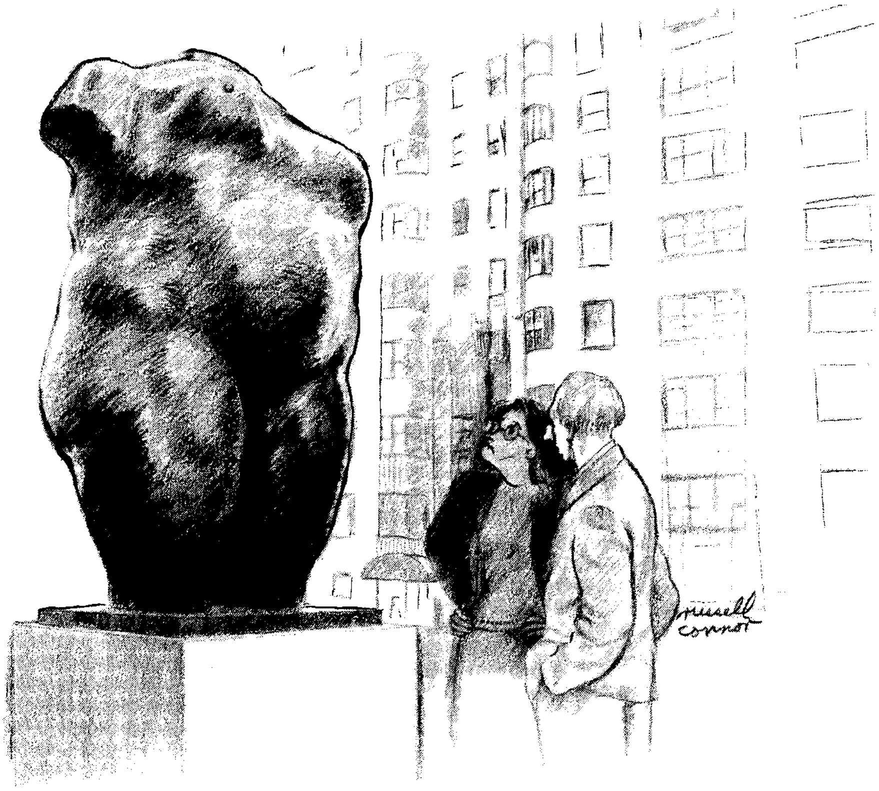
The Best of Britain



to Higuita and were operating on orders from Escobar). Higuita said he hadn't known that a recent anti-kidnapping law prohibited private negotiations with kidnappers, and he had felt that it was his human duty to help rescue a child who most likely would never have been found alive by the state. “I handed the kidnappers the money and they turned over the girl. I'm in jail for acting according to my conscience,” he said. I asked him if it was true that he had also accepted fifty thousand dollars from the girl's father (who is known as a former money launderer for Escobar and, after his brother died at the hands of the police, as one of the main promoters of the 1990 wave of cop killings). Higuita looked surprised at this question. “But what other way does a rich man have of expressing gratitude?” he said. “The father wrote me a letter afterward saying he would never have given me those *centavitos* if he'd known it was going to cause me so much trouble.”

Before his legal troubles began, Higuita was never reluctant to speak openly of Pablo Escobar. He called him a “good man,” and praised him as someone who “has managed to put the country's natural resources to good use.” Few young men growing up poor in the hillside *comunas* of Medellín, as Higuita did, and given the opportunity for stardom—or, at the very least, for thrills and a decent income—by a man famous for selling something everyone wants have ever felt differently. There was Higuita, in jail at age twenty-seven, thanks to Escobar, but what was clearly more important to him was that thanks to Escobar he was somebody.

The day I saw Higuita was a Sunday, family-visit day in the cell where he and the phone workers were being kept. It was sun-filled, clean, and spacious—more like a schoolroom, really. The guards did not seem to be convinced that the phone workers were guilty, or to care if Higuita was. The phone workers were privileged prisoners, and Higuita even more so. The middle-class, middle-aged technicians were surrounded by clucking aunts with genteel hairdos, and chubby wives carrying baskets of food. Higuita had a flash girl at his side, his wife: prison-visit regulations forbidding stockings, miniskirts, and spike heels had not been applied to her. She seemed surly, and while the other wives gathered in groups to organize the cooking she worked on her manicure, but she got up and wrapped herself around her husband whenever he beckoned. Later, during a special Mass offered by a missionary priest and a nun, Higuita, still reclining in his relaxed way on his cot with his wife while the others knelt and prayed, spoke up to offer his own interpretation of his legal troubles, as an event sent by God to unmask a clownish government before its too credulous citizens. Early that morning, the prison warden, an Army lieutenant who was retiring, had come to say goodbye to the phone workers and Higuita. Now, after the Mass, his replacement arrived to pay his respects and sheepishly asked the soccer star for an autograph. When Higuita told me—with no visible sign of either rancor or vanity—that the government was persecuting him not as an individual but “in my condition as an idol,” he was describing himself accurately, and he owed that description to Escobar. I asked him why, if he had no connections to the drug world, he had gone to visit Escobar at La Catedral. “Everyone knows that Pablo Escobar likes soccer,” he said. “I went, first of all, to thank him for having turned himself in, contributing to the pacification of the country, and, second, to talk about soccer.”



“They say that in each one there's a Giacometti trying to get out.”

Cándido, the ex-Pepe, had a rather less sporting version of Higuita's *narco* connections. Perhaps Cándido was merely taking advantage of an opportunity to slander Escobar's most beloved protégés, but he claimed that at the height of the drug king's war against the state, when he was murdering Presidential candidates and setting off car bombs that killed as many as sixty-seven people at a time, Escobar managed to foil the myriad Search Bloc checkpoints in Medellín by using soccer players, whose cars would never be searched by their doting fans, to transport weapons and explosives.

ABOUT three years ago, in an outburst of self-confidence, the government announced that its latest manhunt against Escobar was about to be crowned with success. I had a high-spirited, celebratory dinner in Medellín that night with some friends, but, like long-term prisoners about to be released from jail, we had difficulty imagining the new circumstances in which we would be living once Colombia was rid of its leading perpetrator of nightmares. “I can't imagine a future without Pablo Escobar!” one of our party exclaimed, even as the man was slipping through the dragnet yet again.

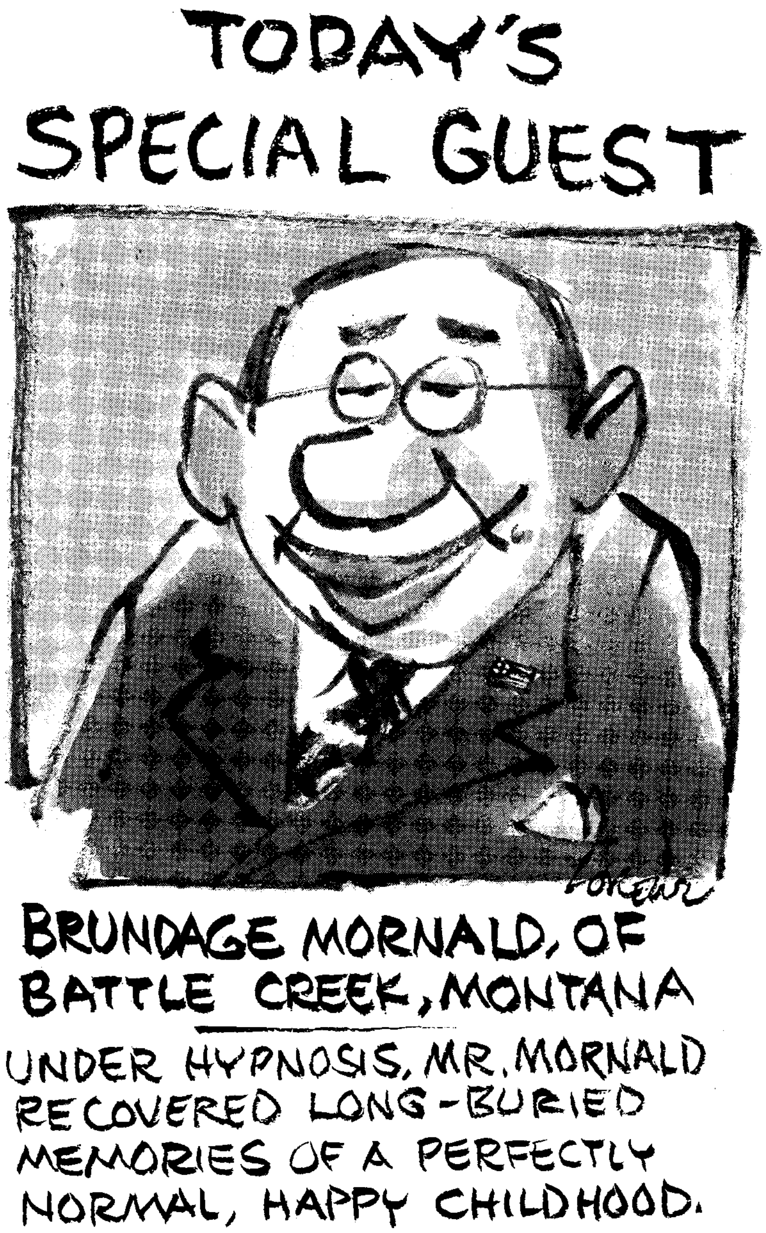
There is a real possibility that at this stage one of the people who are currently giving Escobar shelter might decide that seven million dollars—the price on his head—is a safer bet than the likelihood of his beyond-the-grave revenge. Or the Search Bloc could get close to him again. The Pepes could get lucky. The Fiscal might finally even get his prisoner. But, even when his enemies are finally dancing on his grave, there may never be a future without Escobar, so pervasive is his influence, and not just in Medellín. Hounded by successive Administrations in the United States, but ever loyal to his loyal market there, he repeatedly closed down many of his operations in his home base and set up business wherever conditions were more favorable. So successfully did he blaze the trail that his disciples—and his rivals—are now reaping skyrocketing profits from heroin as well as cocaine, and doing business through their connections in Brazil and Argentina, Jamaica and Guatemala, and, quite probably, Poland and Russia, too.

"You're late, Myers!"

His transforming impact has also been spiritual and aesthetic. Along with the rest of the drug trade, he has reshaped the art world, inflating prices for those painters he favors to levels that would be eye-opening even in Paris or New York. (His omnivorous collecting is fuelled by one-upmanship and a quest for social acceptance, which led him to acquire what may be one of the van Gogh "Sunflowers" paintings and then spirit it out of the country when things got dangerous.) In Colombia, he has made his arriviste tastes respectable even in Bogotá, a formerly straitlaced city that observed turn-of-the-century manners and looked down on conspicuous consumption. Now even old-money notables who loathe Escobar's vulgarity return from shopping sprees in New York with matching sets of designer bedwear.

As the head of the drug trade, Escobar also, of course, transformed business, and even the monetary system, in Colombia. The central bank, Banco de la República, estimates that between two and a half and three billion dollars is repatriated by the trade each year, giving the country one of the most stable currencies in Latin America and subsidizing a boom in money-laundering businesses—ranging from art galleries to imported-cigarette stands. Drug money propelled the Colombian economy even in the absence of a majority middle class and long before boom-size oil deposits were found last year. Between them, Escobar, the Ochoa brothers, and Fidel Castaño probably own the best farmland in the country, and lesser traffickers own much of the rest. Drug money dominates the real-estate market so overwhelmingly that even a bishop's niece I know prayed for a trafficker to be among those interested in buying her bachelor pad and to make an offer too good to refuse. It is perhaps mostly in the course of doing business with Escobar and his fellows that so many Colombians have become practiced in the art of looking the other way, and have come to feel that any amount of terror, pain, and loss is tolerable—that one can survive a drug war, and even prosper in it.

There may not actually be a drug war anymore. That war was promoted by successive United States Administrations and fought by Colombians at a cost that is impossible to quantify. Washington failed to see that the best weapon against the drug lords was to freeze their bank accounts, and instead opted for a military strategy to combat a plague whose origins could be found in an alienated and ravenous consumer population back home. It imposed this strategy on Colombia against a majority perception that drugs were a gringo invention and a gringo problem, and against the better judgment of many of the country's best-informed and most concerned analysts, who could not see where the shoot-'em-up approach was intended to lead in a country with a history of chronic violence. More than a decade after the war began, dozens of the country's bravest, most principled leaders—judges, governors, ministers, politicians—are dead, and thousands of others know the silencing effects of fear. On all sides, thousands of Colombians have died—nearly seven hundred cops in Medellín since 1990. Having been con-


TODAY'S SPECIAL GUEST
LORENZ
BRUNDAGE MORNALD, OF BATTLE CREEK, MONTANA
UNDER HYPNOSIS, MR. MORNALD RECOVERED LONG-BURIED MEMORIES OF A PERFECTLY NORMAL, HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

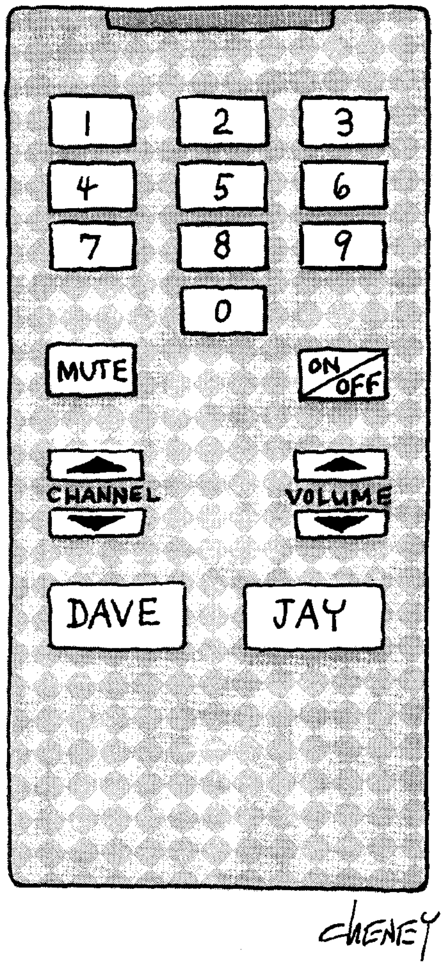
vinced that Escobar was their enemy, they paid the price. But now the war is very much Colombia's to fight, because in Washington the Clinton Administration has come around to the view that a military war is futile against a criminal phenomenon whose primary effects are social and economic. When the new head of the White House Office of Drug Control Policy, Lee Brown, visited Bogotá in August, I asked him if he was avoiding the term "drug war" on purpose, and he equivocated, but his press secretary later approached me to clarify his response: yes, Brown has indeed dropped the term from his agency's vocabulary, because it seems to him that when the word "war" is used in reference to a native population—whether of Colombians or of black inhabitants of the Bronx—*it is dangerous*. There is much sense in this view, but a problem that it does not resolve is that, in the middle of what was turned into a conflagration, it leaves Colombians holding a very small fire extinguisher.

Shortly after Brown's visit, I had a talk with a longtime foreign observer of the Colombian drug scene who has been a defender of the war approach if ever there was one, and found him in a brooding, pessimistic mood. The D.E.A.'s budget and personnel will likely be cut back dramatically, he noted, but he did not see that the Clinton Administration had really come up with an alternative strategy. In view of the fact that worldwide cocaine production is believed to be almost forty per cent higher today than it was in 1989, when the most severe antidrug offensive began, I asked him what was so good about the previous approach. He listed achievements that could hardly be attributed to the D.E.A.'s fire-and-brimstone campaign in what its agents have often referred to as "the jungles of Latin America." One was that in the United States habitual drug abuse is down in many sectors of the population, and that there is a marked decline in the casual use of drugs. "Drug-enforcement officials can pat themselves on the back for that," this man maintained. He added that these downward figures were the direct result of education campaigns. In Colombia, too, the achievements he listed, which were paltrier, could hardly be attributed to the dramatics of drug fighters leaping out of helicopters. The joint United States–Colombia antidrug effort, he said, "has been able to make substantial inroads into money laundering," and he also praised the accomplishments of a 1993 financial raid against the Cali cartel called Green Ice, which identified and froze money-laundering accounts. "But my concern," he said, "is that, while law enforcement may be good, or better, Colombia as a country is in worse shape today than it was last year, and it was in worse shape last year than the year before that. The power of the traffickers has not been contained." He went on to list the areas of the country that now have their own independent clusters of traffickers, hard even to track down and keep count of, and he dwelt on the fact that in Cali the Rodríguez Orejuela brothers and a man called José Santacruz Londoño are prospering more than ever—"concentrating on fortifying their economic control of the country and on influencing the upcoming general election."

On another occasion, I asked him what he thought of legalization, and he gasped, then paused a long time before answering, as if even to discuss the topic were sinful. In that sector of the Colombian élite which does not look forward to the prospect of an increasingly assimilated and powerful drug class, the idea of universal legalization of all narcotics is gaining currency, as a way of depriving drug traffickers of their income and reducing the violence and corruption—if not the health problems—associated with drugs. This man disagreed; he felt strongly that legal drugs would lead to vastly more widespread drug use in the United States. But the alternatives that he and Washington have traditionally favored (public education, interdiction, drug raids) have not increased their rate of return over the years, and while they can occasionally lead to the elimination of individual criminals they do nothing to break the power of the drug traffickers as a group.

In Medellín, which is currently enjoying something of a comeback now that Escobar is offstage, I met with the journalist-sociologist Alonso Salazar. The last time we talked, two years ago, he had just come out with a chilling oral history of the *pistolocos*—the teen-age killers who are Escobar's most memorable contribution to the culture of Antioquia. Now he was in a between-books phase, having recently published a companion volume on the brutal and fierce lives of the outlaw girls. Salazar was in good spirits, because he had spent the last three years as an adviser on the staff of a government project to make contact with alienated young people in the marginalized hillside *comunas*, and he felt that, over all, the project had been a success. Together with the project's director, he had served as host of a weekly television program, called "Arriba Mi Barrio!," that became an unexpected hit. Along with old movies and self-help advice, the program's hosts offered *comuna* teen-agers—students, killers, unemployed workers—a chance to come on the show and vent their feelings freely. Salazar also went up regularly to the *comunas* and filmed there, and he thought that, what with the vocational workshops offered by the project, and the outreach programs, and the family-counselling services, a good number of kids had felt themselves helped. Most important, he thought that, for once, a contact had been made between a notoriously weak and small central government and its most resentful citizens which had not been mediated by bullets. And he was intrigued by the unpredictable effects on his native city of the murderous battle between the Pepes and Escobar. "It has changed things for the commanding generals of this war, because it has spread its effects everywhere," he said. "Before, there were always limits—there were always untouchables—and the commanders operated from a control tower. Now they're bombing the control tower. Perhaps that explains the great fatigue I feel spreading in Medellín—that the war has gone on to the point where everyone is being defeated."

One of the unstated conditions of Pablo Escobar's surrender two years ago appears to have been a strict injunction against photographs of him of any kind. On the evening following his helicopter flight into La Catedral, the director of the Medellín prosecutor's office was persistently asked on the evening news what the famous gangster looked like nearly ten years after his last public appearance—whether rumors of repeated plastic surgery were true, and whether he had a beard. The young prosecutor's discomfiture as he refused to provide a description was embarrassing to watch. Following last year's prison escape, however, Colombians were at last able to contemplate Escobar's likeness: it appeared in photographs of himself that he had kept in his room. In one, he was dressed as an Al Capone-type gangster, and in another, wearing bandoliers crossed on his chest and a wide-brimmed hat, he affected the pose of a Mexican revolutionary. Despite these outfits, he looked much as he had before: a paunchy, plump-cheeked middle-aged man with an unsuccessful haircut whom it was difficult to imagine as a youth, and who had something at once slobbish and guarded about his glance. He had looked better in idealized images of him that had surfaced here and there in his years on the lam, like one I saw painted on the back of a bus in the Caribbean resort city of Santa Marta: in it, he appeared next to an image of a helicopter about to crash-land in a jungle. He was holding a cordless phone and was in control of the situation, as the title, "El Comandante," proclaimed. That was Escobar as he wished to be seen and as poor kids from the *comunas*, like René Higuita, have seen him: the Man, the hero for whom prayers are offered in the slums he helped rebuild, the one to beat, the poor bastard destined for failure who refused to fail and made the system kneel before him.



Over the years, it must have amounted to a kind of loneliness for him to know that in the whole of Colombia there was no one he couldn't buy, terrify, or eliminate. He ruled unseen over a vast portion of the Colombian hinterland, and at the height of his power he could travel unhindered throughout his native Antioquia and then down through the Magdalena River valley all the way to the cities on the Caribbean coast. Wherever he and his business associates didn't own the splendid farmland along that corridor, they were certain to own the farmers' absolute allegiance. And then, in Medellín, there were the loyalties Escobar treasured most: those of his wife and his two children, whom he adores, and of the sixteen-year-old girls from the convent schools for the daughters of the rich, whom, on occasion, he has also favored; those of the hundreds of teen-age hoodlums who went out and killed on his command; those of the businessmen and judges who rendered fealty to him; those of the police chiefs and the soccer players, and even the odd mayor or two. Richer than his closest allies, more daring than his fiercest enemies, he justifiably considered himself peerless. But he was wrong to think himself indispensable. His power was created by the need to satisfy an enormous appetite; whatever the means of his final departure, his successors are already trying on his crown. ♦

A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE OUTSIDER

Woody Allen's fans trusted him because he was at ease in the comic limbo between high art and Manhattan reality. But a reappraisal of his work suggests that the clash between the later Allen and our humorless and voyeuristic current culture was an artistic inevitability.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

By now, the ordeal of Woody Allen has become for the nineties something like what the trials of Oscar Wilde were a century ago: a public spectacle, combining family tragedy, courtroom melodrama, and sex, that ends with the most admired comic writer of his time getting thrown to the wolves of that time's few remaining respectabilities. In most ways, of course, Woody's fate has been immeasurably kinder than Oscar's; for all the rage that prosecutors and judges have directed at him, he has hardly been left to stand and be jeered at alone on a train platform in the rain, as Oscar was. On the other hand, though Oscar faced the cruelty of moral vindictiveness sanctimoniously offered as such, he also received human sympathy courageously offered as such. Woody has had to endure the special ugliness of our time, in which vindictiveness is disguised as concern, and cruelty wears a bland and therapeutic face.

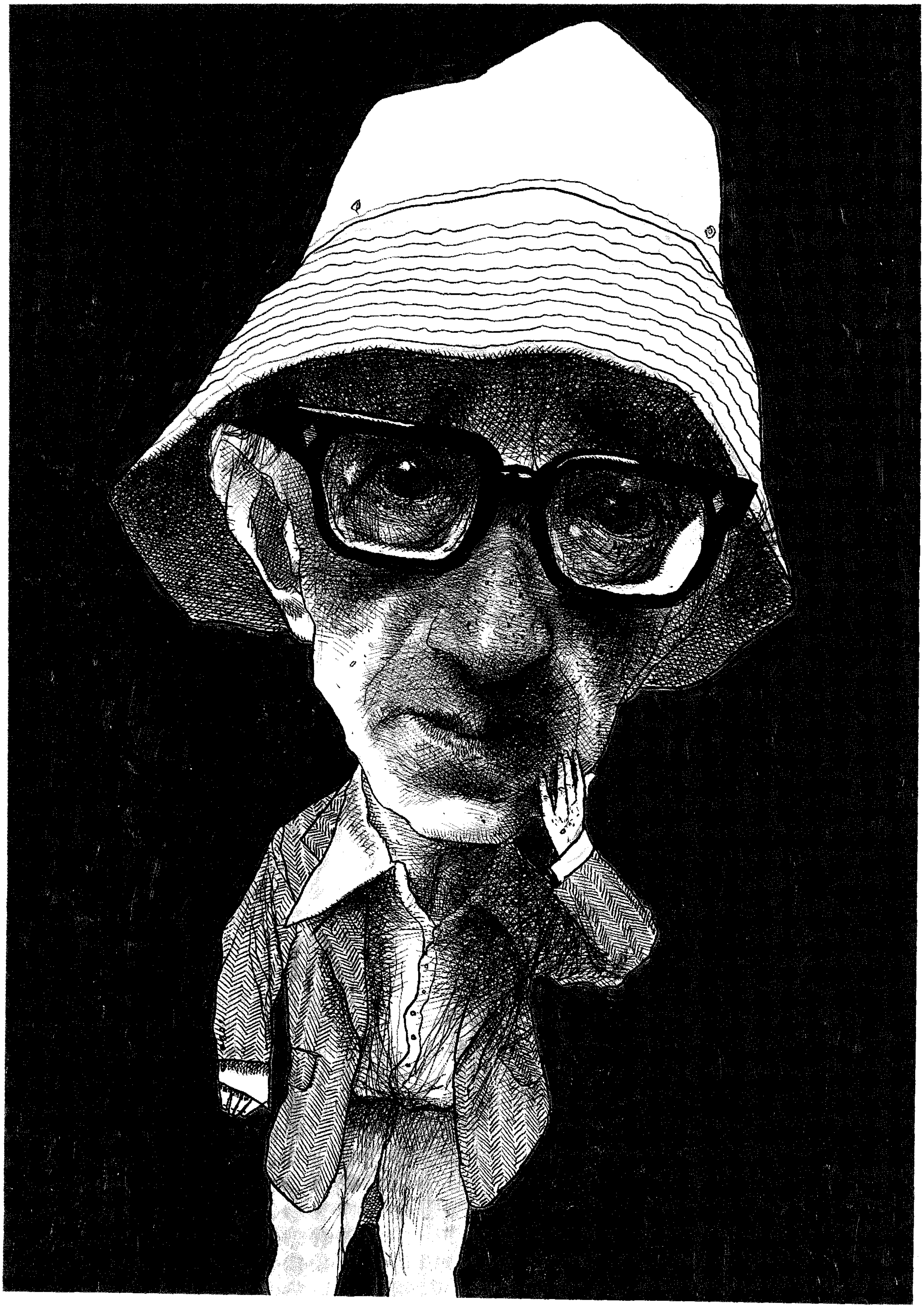
With Oscar and Woody alike, it wasn't their role as funnymen that was diminished by their troubles. It was their more improbable and hard-won role as tastemakers. What has really been put in doubt by Woody Allen's tribulations is his *judgment*, and, with it, his place as an arbiter of manners—his ability to tell cool from uncool, and make that distinction stick. Part of the pleasure of being a fan of Woody's in his best period was that although his jokes depended at least a little on an assumed awkwardness, he had also become a peerless stylist—a discriminator. The classic Woody Allen movies, from their stern, art-house black-and-white credits and titles, with everybody announced in democratic alphabetical order, to their discreet, decrescendo endings, seemed a reproach to a declining standard of modernist rectitude. Even "Another Woman" had, in its wan, autumnal colors, a visual authority as real as Bergman's.

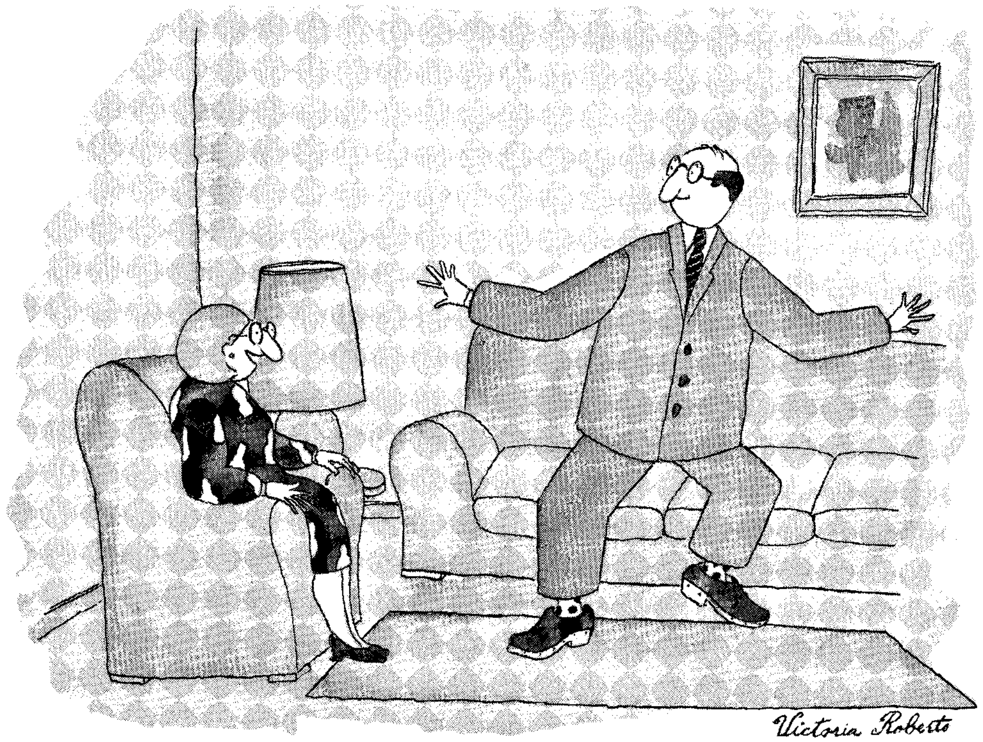
Woody's style was notoriously eclectic. "Another Woman" had Bergman's authority because it also had his cameraman. But that was a strength. An eclectic style implies choices, firmly made and held. And for many years Woody had the ability to make his choices seem like principles. He offered an idiosyncratic canon of tastes as though it were a permanent system of values. That was the point of the climax of "Manhattan" and the famous list of things that make life worth living: Cézanne's apples, Louis Armstrong's recording of "Potato Head Blues," Sinatra, Brando, Groucho, the crabs at Sam Wo's, Flaubert's "Sentimental Education." If you were susceptible, the discriminations were so inspiring that the resulting confusion between life and art wasn't just between Allen's life and his art. It was between *your* life and his art.

The joy with which a generation of Americans greeted Woody Allen's writing and moviemaking when his work first matured has been parodied in that funny "Saturday Night Live" sketch of all the Woody clones crowding in to see his new movie. But the joke was not exactly on the money. We idolized Woody but did not really imitate him. He didn't attract replicas, any more than Fred Astaire attracted long lines of men in white tie and tails. Instead, he attracted an audience in some respects more sophisticated than he was—a university audience, mostly, which knew more than the comedian did about some of his material but was nonetheless in love with the confidence of his exclusions. In a time when the war between popular culture and high art was still going on, Woody Allen alone seemed to have made a peace without a compromise. His playing clarinet in a New York saloon on the night when "Annie Hall" swept the Academy Awards seemed like a unique act of integrity, albeit a very public one. Who could have been sure that, given the chance, Irving Howe would not have been on the plane to L.A.?

All that has been eclipsed—at least, for the moment. Now Woody has been recast as the protagonist in a cartoon story of hubris and temptation. He thought himself (the new story runs) freed of the normal bonds of humanity, flew too near the sun of license, and melted the wax right out of his wings—the Icarus of the Arts & Leisure section. (Closeted, aristocratic cultures order these things differently from the way bourgeois ones do. Molière took up with and later married the nineteen-year-old sister of *his* discarded mistress. Louis XIV didn't mind.) Apparently with the intention of reminding us of the virtues he once stood for, Woody has now approved an odd survey of his career—a new book, called "The Illustrated Woody Allen Reader" (to be published by Knopf in November), which has been produced by a writer with the improbable name of Linda Sunshine. It is a sadly unstylish production. It excerpts sometimes mindlessly telegraphic bits from his monologues, stories, and movies, and then illustrates them; for example, a bit of Woody's Hemingstein parody, "The Lost Generation," is paired with a color repro of Picasso's "Portrait of Gertrude Stein" and a photograph of Hemingway and Antonio Ordoñez. Some of these matchups are painless enough: it's fun to see the famous list from "Manhattan" realized as a set of pinups—Marlon and Groucho and Cézanne's apples all on one spread. Others are really bad news. To have Woody's parody of the van Gogh letters,

JOHN SPRINGS





"Honestly, you make clog dancing look so easy, Howard."

"If the Impressionists Had Been Dentists," illustrated by a laboriously composed photomontage of a van Gogh café with a dentist's chair pasted in doesn't just kill the joke. It kills the joke, cuts off its head, and leaves it on a pike to molder.

Still, as a kind of scrapbook of the Woody era, the "Reader" does generate some emotion—it's a reminder of a better time both for him and for us. Leafing through the book, you see there is a connection between the artist and the public figure, but it's a subtler and more complicated one than the past year's speculation and gossip have suggested. His work turns out to sit between two fault lines in American culture: he was the first to identify one of them, and the last to notice the other. He made his best comedy by recognizing that the sexual revolution had opened a vast space between abstract belief and real life—between what the fifties had taught you to say and what the sixties and seventies allowed you to do. But when a new abyss began to open in the past decade—one in which sex was separated from the realm of comedy and taken over almost exclusively by that of confession—he couldn't plumb it, or perhaps even see that it existed. When the new gap widened, he fell right in.

WOODY ALLEN was a born writer. In high school, according to his biographer, Eric Lax, he was sent to the dean for including this gag in a composition: "She has an hourglass figure, and I'd like to play in the sand." By the age of sixteen, he was working as a professional joke writer, and he once estimated that before he was twenty he had written twenty thousand gags for the New York tabloids. Woody was famous among his contemporaries for possessing a pure and almost abstract gift for one-liners—a Mozartean genius for funny sentences that could be applied to any situation, or passed on to any comic, almost impersonally. At seventeen, he wrote, on spec, a routine for Bob Hope that so deftly captured Hope's rhythms ("I don't have to do this for a living—I could always get rich running guided tours through Kirk Douglas's chin") that Hope wanted to meet him.

The standard thing to say about Woody's one-liners is that they are what he had to grow out of. He had to lose his jokes in order to write about the human comedy. But what's striking in "The Illustrated Woody Allen Reader" is how good the jokes still are, and how human. It's hard to believe that anybody ever had to make them up. They seem to have always been around: "The last time I was inside a woman was when I visited the Statue of Liberty," "Those who can't do, teach, and those who can't teach, teach gym," "My grandfather, on his deathbed, sold me this pocket watch"—American haiku brought to perfection. Woody did his best writing when he took this simple form and enlarged its emotional range: "I don't want to achieve immortality through my work, I want to achieve it by not dying" (with its equally good pendant, "It's not that I'm afraid of dying. I just don't want to be there when it happens"), "I cheated on my metaphysics final in college. I looked within the soul of the boy sitting next to me," "I am two with nature," "What a wonderful thing, to be conscious! I wonder what the people in New Jersey do."

The most interesting things in the "Reader" are excerpts from the monologues that Woody delivered when he was working as a standup comedian, in the nineteen-sixties. Many of the monologues were recorded, but the records have been out of print for more than a decade. That's a shame, because they include some of his best prose. A psychoanalyst who went to watch Woody back then remembers that "he was in a state of acute anxiety as he recited examples of his writings." It was true: he *was* anxious, and he *was* reciting; for all the carefully stepped-on lines—the "uh"s and "you know"s—his pieces leave no room for improvisation. Where the comedians of the previous generation—Lenny Bruce, say—had improvised constantly, using the jazz model, Woody's work was scored.

This method made the leap to literature easy. Eventually, he started to recite complete, publishable pieces. One of his first real essays in "literary" writing was a parody of Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast," which he delivered as a monologue in the nineteen-sixties. As Hemingway parodies go, it does the job. What is a little weird is that no one else in the sixties would have thought that it was a job that needed doing. Wolcott

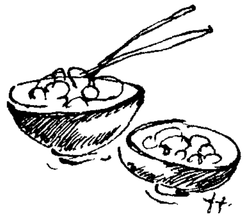
Gibbs and E. B. White had both, after all, got Hemingway dead to rights decades before. The Hemingway parody was, in "sophisticated" circles, a defunct form.

No one had told Woody, though. That was our good fortune. He was still capable of being stirred by seriousness into parody, without knowing that it was by now supposed to work the other way—that, in Pop-art fashion, you were supposed to begin with parody and hope that seriousness somehow rose up on the other side. He also gave parody the tight structure of sketch comedy. Most parody, by its nature, tends toward formlessness. You do a few turns and variations to show you have mastered the manner, and then get off the page. Parody endings tend to be nose-thumbings or shrugs. (What makes Max Beerbohm's parodies still peerless is that they work as stories.) But comic construction was second nature to Woody. The Hemingway parody, built as a night-club routine, has teasers and toppers and a climax. It gets bigger laughs as it goes on.

For the next ten years, that's how Woody worked: he gave himself an education, making a monumental effort to get caught up. The outward sign of the education was all the jokes he made about it. One after another of the classics of modernism came up for inspection, got passed through the prism of his special gift, and came out transformed. He parodied Kafka, Camus, Bellow, Kierkegaard, van Gogh's letters, Ibsen biography, Joyce criticism. Perelman was his model. But Perelman's parodies worked by dissecting Hollywood and Broadway clichés with Perelman's own, Joycean style. Perelman made Joycean jokes. Woody made jokes about Joyce. Sometimes he was in such a hurry to get it all done that he conflated two parodies—stuck a parody of Kafka's parables into a piece on philosophy, for example.

It was a good list. It was also a dated one. By the nineteen-seventies, Camus and Kafka had been absorbed into the undergraduate curriculum. Nobody else thought they were worth parodying, because nobody else thought they were news. But the oddly anachronistic subjects of his pieces are inseparable from their comic vitality. The excitement of discovery goes hand in hand with the challenge of ridicule. At a time when, led by Donald Barthelme, American humor was taking a turn toward almost pure abstract form, Woody Allen was still doing the old Benchley work of setting up gags, transposing sensibilities, and turning conventions inside out. He was still making *jokes.* This was horse-and-buggy stuff compared with what the most radically original comic writers began doing in the late seventies—in part, in reaction to Allen. His voice was so strong that eventually all parody began to sound like Woody. The only thing left was to cut all the jokes out of humor and make a new kind of writing from what was left behind—to use the surreal juxtapositions and non sequiturs and other devices of conventional comedy but to avoid the obvious and comforting payoffs. What began to be parodied most often was the whole idea of parody—the notion that there was a kind of foolishness or lapse of taste or judgment that could be "cured," or even "diagnosed," by mockery.

Woody's objects and attack, by comparison, look a little naïve, but his openness always saved him from the vice of the new humor, which was its tendency to become self-enclosed and merely formal. He was not afraid of the obvious joke, since for him the obvious joke was still a compliment to the stature of his material: "Homer was blind and that/Accounted for why he dated those/Particular women," Woody's archetypal Irish poet writes; his Ibsen plays include "A Mother's Gums," "Those Who Squirm," and "I Prefer to Yodel"; his Bellow hero, called before HUAC, "refused to name names but said if the committee insisted he would give the heights of the people he had met at meetings."



Under inspection, the jokes reveal a surprisingly simple formula: the mundane details of New York Upper West Side Jewish life juxtaposed with the sombre morality and unyielding high seriousness of the modernist classics—the laundry lists of Metterling. But the mundane details are so right that the jokes remain fresh even after you are habituated to the pattern. A good joke is always a kind of recognition—a way of pointing to a concrete reality overlooked by abstract thought—and the concrete realities in Woody's writing are so concrete that they are not just funny; they evoke a world. They have the vitality of actual things. Lovborg hears his mother's voice asking him directions to Staten Island. Allen's Biblical patriarch who sells shirts "is smitten by hard times" and demands of God, "I got button-downs, flare collars, nothing sells. Yet I have kept thy commandments. Why can I not earn a living when mine younger brother cleans up in children's ready-to-wear?" (God tells him to put an alligator over the pocket.) The whole Zabar's and Sunday *Times* world of cultural aspiration and frustration is as exquisitely detailed in Woody's humor as it is in any of the novels of the period. You only have to reread his parody of ballet programs ("The overture begins with the brass in a joyous mood, while underneath, the double basses seem to be warning us, 'Don't listen to the brass. What the hell does brass know?' ") to feel again the closeness and excitement of a Sunday matinée at the State Theatre. The best and best integrated of these pieces is the famous "The Kugelmass Episode"—first published, like so many of his pieces, in this magazine—where a minor academic finds a magician who can actually send him, body and all, into literature; the academic ends up sleeping with Emma Bovary and brings her to New York and puts her up at the Plaza. The yearning for the high tradition, played off against the dailiness of Manhattan life, achieves a pathos as real as anything in Bellow, and more immediate. Like "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" or the best Twain, it was sophisticated writing that quickly became as timeless as a folk tale.

In Woody's writing, the conflict between what the books said about life and what life said about life could only be dramatized as criticism, a play of ideas. In the movies he was able to dramatize it more vividly, as a play of people and passions. Lechery, sexual desire, is background noise throughout his writing. In his movies, it could become the main event. The tension between what highbrow culture demands and what middlebrow experience offers could be replayed as the tension between what you were supposed to say to girls and what you really wanted from them. The high-mindedness of modern "relationships" played off against the instinctive necessities of sex—it's essentially the old subject, life against art, but in a more available form.

Woody was the last Jewish intellectual at a time when intellect somehow had to be remade to encompass both Che Guevara and Howard Cosell. Woody's reëducation became our education. In "Bananas," the little intellectual has to fight in a guerrilla war. In "Sleeper," he enters a hedonistic future that looks a lot like the health-club, narcissistic present. But the form of the comedies is so fundamentally surreal that the social observation comes only in jerks and out-of-focus images. Woody's "breakthrough" of the mid-seventies was, in one sense, a backward step, toward a more sentimental comedy than he had made before. "Annie Hall" was much more conservative than his first movies—closer to Herbert Ross's movie version of the Broadway comedy "Play It Again, Sam" than to "Bananas." Woody's breakthrough, in a sense, was to realign himself with the naturalistic, middlebrow manner of the well-made Broadway play of his youth. There is a lot more Neil Simon than Groucho in "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan."

The return to more traditional comedy released Woody, though, to say something new about contemporary life. Woody was working at a time when the sexual revolution still meant just sex. Its goal was not, or could be taken not to be, the expansion of rights but the fulfillment of old desires. In "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan" Woody defined a new world, where cultural aspiration met sexual appetite—where, for a brief and happy time, sexual appetite seemed to be *part of* cultural aspiration. Sleeping with Mariel Hemingway was a kind of highbrow activity, like listening to Bartók. By the time of the movie version of "Play It Again, Sam," in 1972, the comic premise that a witty and successful man would have an impossibly difficult time finding women to sleep with was obviously absurd. What made "Annie Hall" so startling to Woody's fans was his sudden brazen confidence with women. No longer having to play dumb, he was free to show that the sexual revolution had produced a whole range of feeling that would not easily fit into the conventional occasions of comedy. Sleeping together was easy and living together was hard, and this fact produced a kind of permanent suspension of the resolutions on which comedy had once depended. It replaced them with a perpetual back-and-forth of desire, exasperation, neediness—a procession of arrivals and departures.

LAME DUCKS, 1945

Late Friday afternoon in the final year
of the Second World War, Stanley and I
gazed from the men's head on the fourth floor,

when downriver they came, a flotilla of ducks
breasting the waters of our river
headed toward the magic isles of Hamtramck.

We had shaved and patted our cheeks with cologne
stolen from "Sundries." We had washed
as heroes in movies do, standing before

an open window so that women might mark
the line from armpit to crotch scrubbed clean
to the roots of the sparse thatch going dark.

Redressed in our pressed white T-shirts we smoked
and sipped from a bottle of paregoric
stolen from "Addictive Medicines," and talked

of the whole weekend that spread out before us.
Down below, patched with light, the river rode on
toward the waiting darkness. And then the ducks

appeared, a little gliding V of seven,
perhaps a family, perhaps not. "Canadian
teals," said I. "No," said Stanley. "Birds of heaven."

Their plumage caught the colors of the world,
their bills were gleaming and pliant, their black rumps
calm above the shadowy undercurrents as past

the Bob-Lo boat where it discharged its cargo
of daytime revellers they swept and past the moored
and serious boats to Buffalo and out

of sight to find a shore that they might waddle up
to settle down to nesting. But first the war
had to end in Asia, the river had to burn,

Stanley had to brush his teeth and comb his hair
seven times and fluff it up and grease it down.
I had to fall off a ladder to the stars

and break my right forearm and flunk calculus
so as predicted at my initial birth
I'd be good for nothing but to tell you this.

—PHILIP LEVINE

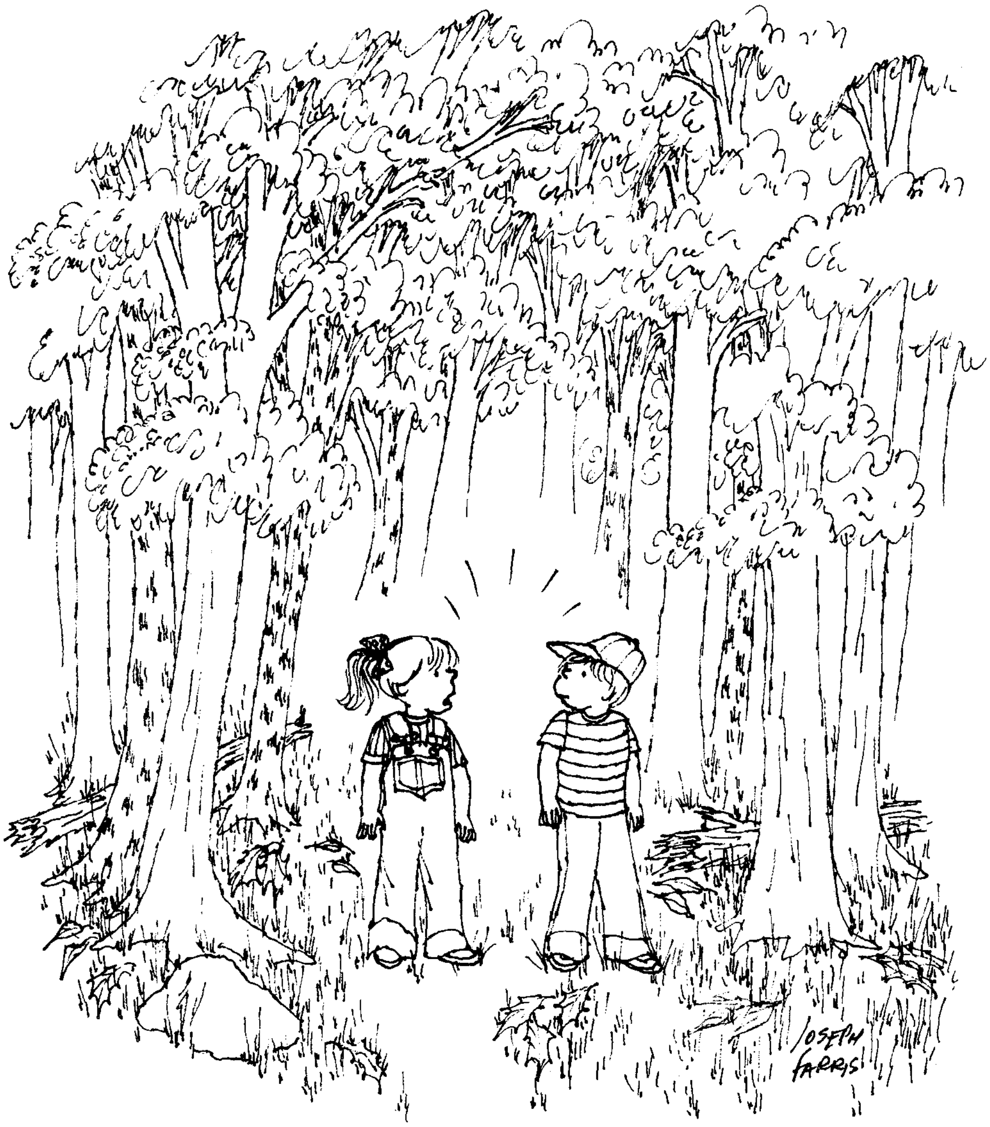
The formlessness of modern romance became one of his subjects, and it was reflected in his purposefully formless movies. "Annie Hall" is beautifully episodic. What one recalls is its sequences, which have by now become almost parables to a generation: the Second Lobster Scene, where Woody is sadly unable to reëngender, with another woman, the wild good humor he had shared with Annie; the Cocaine Sneeze; Marshall McLuhan seized from behind the sign in the theatre lobby; the his-and-hers psychoanalytic sessions. These episodes shine the brighter for not being hostage to a conventional notion of plot and "forward movement."

The realism of "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan" unleashed Woody Allen's honesty. He was saying what he thought. That meant that it also released his ill will. Any tastemaker has to be a hater, too. Seeing Woody's films now, one is struck by the cold breeze of misanthropy that blows through them: "I always thought my schoolmates were idiots," "Is he kidding with that crap?" "Jesus, this guy's pathetic," "I'm so tired of spending evenings making fake insights."

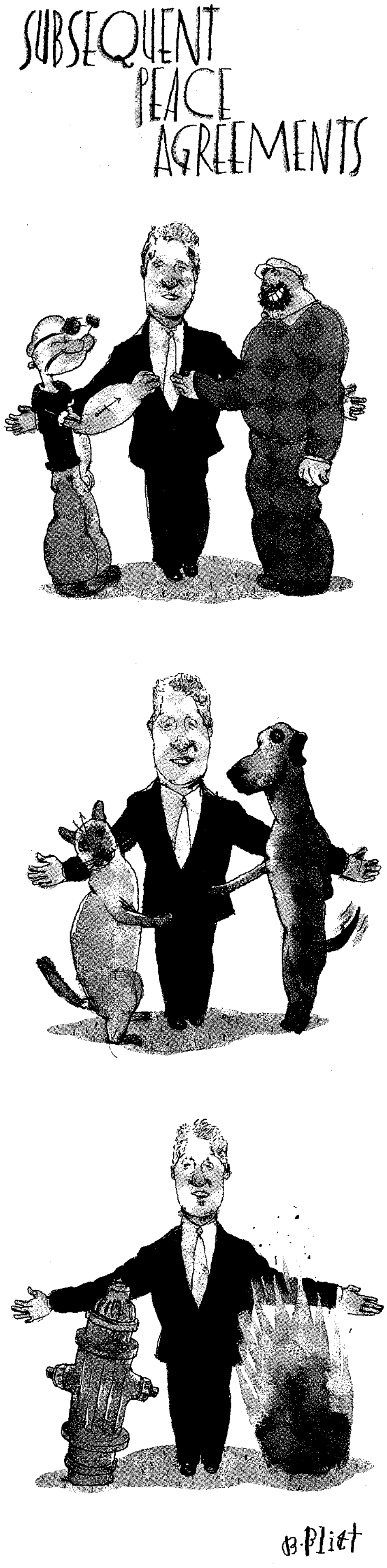
It was a complicated dance. On the one hand, he was reaching toward the audience and its experience. On the other, he was working hard to set his values off from theirs. An extended sequence is inserted in "Annie Hall" merely to make fun of the lyrics of Bob Dylan's "Just Like a Woman." Woody was right; they *are* ridiculous lyrics, and only a "moron," as Woody might say, would mistake them for poetry. The odd thing was that there were a lot of those morons in his audience.

He saw how tricky the fate might be of a comedian trying to instruct his audience not to love him. In "Zelig" this knowledge allowed him to create a parable of his own fame and what would happen to it. Leonard Zelig is the type of the comedian—the human chameleon, who becomes whatever people want him to be. Then he is cured (by psychotherapy, of course) and persuaded to become his own man. He gets the courage to say what he thinks, to claim his own views and his own appetites. But he gets this courage at the price of his judgment. He begins to say and do whatever he wants, without worrying about being liked or accepted. Soon, as suppressed details of his chameleon life emerge, he becomes a national villain. The scenes in which the emancipated Zelig becomes a moral pariah are eerily prophetic: "In keeping with a pure society," a D.A.R. type intones gently in a newsreel, "I say lynch the little Hebe." (Margaret Carlson, of *Time*, appeared a few weeks ago on "The Capital Gang" and said, "What Woody Allen has wrought over the last year is incomprehensibly evil.") Eventually, Zelig can win back his audience only by retreating into his craziness: he pretends to be an airplane pilot, and makes a Lucky Lindbergh crossing of the Atlantic. "I've never flown before in my life," Zelig announces blandly to a cheering throng, "and it shows exactly what you can do if you're a total psychotic."

By the early eighties, the distance between the comedian and his audience was becoming more noticeable, and the tension between high-modern fastidiousness and Upper West Side middlebrow life was becoming more and more attenuated. That was because both the intellectual culture Woody loved and the way of life he knew were vanishing. Just when the *Partisan Review* hierarchy of values, which placed high modernism above all other modes and traditions, was disappearing for good, Woody chose to become its last apostle. He went serious. The trouble was less with the ambition than with the details. By the time of "Interiors," in 1978, it



"Is that your beeper or my beeper?"



had become plain that Woody knew only a very small slice of New York life. He had no sense of how most people lived and spoke. Wasps were completely alien; he kept mistaking their silences for thoughts. When he says that his parents' values were God and carpeting, a whole world comes alive. When he tries to describe the life of highbrows, he does it by coming up with an abstraction, and then having other people refer to the abstraction as though it were an actual character trait. If someone needs to be presented as brilliant but cold, someone else says, "My God, you're brilliant but cold." If someone worries about mortality and the Holocaust, a friend says, "You worry too much about mortality and the Holocaust." Woody persistently made a fundamental error, which was to think that intellectuals talked about ideas. What was also absent—touchingly absent—from Woody's descriptions of intellectuals was any knowledge of the revolution in taste that his own work had helped to bring about. In 1978, Woody's people would not have been discussing the delicacy of Matisse drawings. They would have been talking about Woody Allen movies.

Even when he returned to his home territory, the details seemed wrong. In the much praised "Hannah and her Sisters," in 1986, the painters and actresses and producers live in twelve-room apartments with walk-in kitchens and in lofts of a size known by then only to arbitrageurs. The life of the very rich was being presented as that of the upper middle class, and this, I think, set off a certain amount of subliminal resentment in his audience. *Nobody* in New York lived that way. At the other end of the formula, modernist style now belonged in museums, and Woody was no longer able to parody it. He could just pastiche it. In "Shadows and Fog" the viewer keeps waiting for the parody to begin, and then realizes that Woody has retreated into a kind of nostalgic theme park of modernism, in which a Grosz-like brothel sits in a Kafkaesque city with a Felliniesque circus on the outskirts, while the soundtrack plays Kurt Weill music.

It was said that the problem was that the comedian had been cut off from real life. Woody himself had lived in a penthouse for a long time, and that's not a place from which to make shrewdly gauged social observations. All you see is pigeons and doormen. But, if he was slipping away from his audience, his audience was also slipping away from him. Long before the scandal broke, the ground was being cut out from under him. You could no longer make jokes by comparing mundane reality to serious aspiration, since serious aspirations were passé and the particular mundane Upper West Side reality that he knew was fading.

Woody's material had always seemed eternal: Jews and sex. What could be more permanent? But getting a laugh from the name Needleman, say, depends on having an audience for whom the name Needleman conjures up an image, implies a world. That's very hard now. There is still a Jewish culture in New York, of course, but it is a culture that has by now been entirely cut off from its moorings in *Yiddishkeit.* The disappearance of that New York Jewish culture, with its working-class anchorage and its deeply, if hazily, felt background in the wry and skeptical culture of Eastern Europe, has been the most profound and least discussed change in New York life in the past decade. It is left to the Chinese now to slice the Nova at Zabar's, and to the Brazilians to wait on tables at the Carnegie Deli—and it is tourists who eat there. The blintz eaters are gone, and it was their existence, as a kind of chorus of skeptical realists, that made the aspirations of their sons so inexorably funny. Now Needleman is at home in the world, or, at least, his daughter is. New York Jewish culture has either hardened or been homogenized, or has just passed away. These days, jokes about matzo balls and Jewish mothers seem as archival as Falstaff's jokes about sack and cuckolds' horns.

The other social current that pulled against Woody's work was the growth of feminism, and the subsequent removal of even mildly predatory desire as an acceptable subject for humor. The simple outlines of Woody's early comedy look dated, because the ideal to which he aspires, however wistfully—the *Playboy* life style—now seems obnoxious rather than hedonistic. Lechery has become a forbidden subject for comedy. (The horniness of Wayne and Garth is inherently funny not because it is unfulfilled but because it is so unreal; it's a form of innocence.) The notion that sexual transgression is amusing in itself is no longer acceptable among educated people.

At the same time that sex ceased to be funny, though, it also ceased to be dirty. The removal of lechery has not led, as is sometimes said, simply to a new puritanism. What has also happened is that a solemn, pervasive voyeurism has replaced jokes about sex as an acceptable form of public sexual discourse. As the decorum of desire has narrowed, the circle of voyeurism has widened. You can get away with anything as long as you maintain the illusion that you, the viewer, are not desiring somebody but just looking on while somebody else does the desiring for you. Jeans are now sold not with a pretty girl and an innuendo but with a nearly naked couple and no innuendo at all.

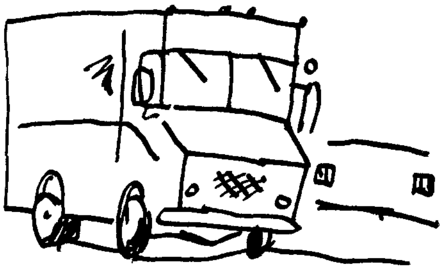
One thing that can be said for certain about a culture that is at once puritanical and voyeuristic is that it is almost certain to be humorless. Shakespeare created Malvolio just to demonstrate this point. Our present situation is bad for everyone, but it is cruelly bad for Woody Allen. The loss of lechery as an acceptable emotion robbed him of his comic subject. At the same time, the legitimization of voyeurism as a highbrow activity robbed him of his professional dignity. The same social process that took away his subject also began to take away his private life. Now, when he seems to want to return, Zelig-like, to his original likableness, as he does in "Manhattan Murder Mystery," he no longer seems quite himself. He appears sexless and deracinated—a nervous man in his fifties, isolated in his apartment.

THIS quality of isolation is probably the oddest element of Woody's public ordeal, too. The most sordid or disquieting details that emerged during the trial weren't sexual. They were that the out-of-touchness that had been hinted at in the movies turned out to be even more far-reaching in the life. The man we had thought of as the master of our disorder turned out to be as distant from our experience as a member of the Royal Family. He hired a professional to shop for toys for his children at F.A.O. Schwarz, and was unable to remember their birthdays, or the names of their pets and teachers—a comedian who had had unsurpassed insight into the mundane details of a whole way of life turned out not to have any satiric, or even apologetic, insight into his own unawareness of those details now. Even those of us who took it for granted that the charges of child abuse were as fantastic as they sounded felt saddened by these lesser but telling revelations.

Perhaps we were bound to be disappointed, because we had asked so much of Woody. What was unexpected, though, was the public's rage. Rational opinion about the case runs a broad spectrum—from those who believe that Allen did something profoundly wrong simply by seducing his mistress's daughter to those who feel that the tangles of family politics can never be usefully dissected by outsiders. What seems indisputable, though, is that a degree of cruelty has entered the public discourse: "incomprehensibly evil," "a man of no feeling," "a man unfit to be a father"—the language of the judge and commentators and prosecutors was inquisitorial.

In the end, the ordeal of Woody Allen may be remembered for symbolizing the evolution of the American culture of celebrity into a culture of cruelty. The commercialization of empathy has reduced the public's supply of sympathy. Stardom, after all, began as a kind of money-making trick played on the Zelig in us all. *He's like me*, we believe, looking at Bogart or, for that matter, at Woody Allen. He's not, of course, and as more and more people focus on fewer and fewer stars, everyone eventually figures this out. No credible connection is left. All that remains is a kind of empathy tango, in which we suspend disbelief long enough to "identify" with someone, and then, through our "belief," absolve him from any responsibility for whatever he happens to have done—the way that people go on television to announce that they still "believe" in Michael Jackson.

You do not, or should not, have to identify with Woody Allen in order to feel compassion for his plight. (A hundred years ago, Max Beerbohm thought, Oscar had behaved foolishly and had brought at least some of his troubles on himself. But that was where his feeling for Oscar began, not where it ended.) Of course, you can argue that our sympathy ought to be reserved in this instance for Woody Allen's victims—for Mia or for Soon-Yi or the other children. But compassion is not, or ought not to be, a preliminary to choosing up sides. It is probably the case that Woody Allen has, at the very least, been guilty of appallingly bad judgment. But life is almost always a series of appallingly poor judgments. Most of us get to make them in private.



The irony is that Woody earned everybody's wrath by mastering his own lesson. What seemed to stir the judge in his custody case to such harsh criticism—and, later, the prosecutor in the child-abuse suit to excessive personal assaults—may not have been his transgressions, which are at least debatable, but his *detachment*. In the new dispensation, his hard-won distance looked very much like contempt. The stoical dignity of Bogart on the tarmac or, for that matter, of Meursault in the courtroom was exactly the ideal that Woody had always sought to reach, but he finally attained it at a time when it had lost all its public value. What we want now from public figures is elaborate displays of emotion: penitence, remorse, self-pity. Those who fail to show it—Gary Hart, for instance—are banished; those who do show it are forgiven anything. Had Woody broken down on the stand, spoken of his madness of the heart and the dysfunctional needs of his family, I suspect that the judge's report, and the public reaction, would have been tinctured with sympathy. Stoicism is now as defunct a virtue as the Victorian manliness that Oscar, in a parallel irony, displayed during his ordeal. What Woody Allen had struggled for as an artist he achieved, at last, as another celebrity dad in court.

Loss is as good a subject for an artist as familiarity. Woody's best work, and even serenity, may very well lie ahead. Who wouldn't hope so? That Woody is no longer so easy to love may be to his advantage. He stands before us now as it sometimes seems he wanted to all along, a stranger to his time at last. ♦

POSTSCRIPT

NINA BERBEROVA

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

NINA BERBEROVA'S essence was endurance: her life had two bursts of glory, separated by more than sixty-five years. The first was when she was a young poet in revolutionary Russia, with "emotions fed by protest," and the lover of Vladislav Khodasevich, with whom she soon left the country, for an increasingly constricted life of exile. The second began after her retirement from an academic career that she had taken up when "my life as a woman was over": in 1985, her novellas about the half-life of Russian émigrés in Paris were discovered by a French publisher named Hubert Nyssen. Berberova had waited out history—her emergence as a literary celebrity coincided with Gorbachev's first advances toward the West. She had written in 1960, "All my life I was preoccupied with time, which can neither be bought, nor stolen, nor faked."

When I visited Berberova, two years ago, she was living in a bright apartment in a lonely skyscraper in Philadelphia. There were more filing cabinets than there was furniture. Over her bed hung three different reproductions of Tobias and the Angel. She disdained icons as she disdained religion but proudly said, "I am Tobias." At ninety, walking with a cane for a broken hip on the slow mend, she radiated an intensity and a controlling will that were both fiercely touching and draining; she had the titanic strength of a pure, pitiless survivor and a hunger to talk. She had told Nyssen, "I do not like, and do not traffic in, emotion."

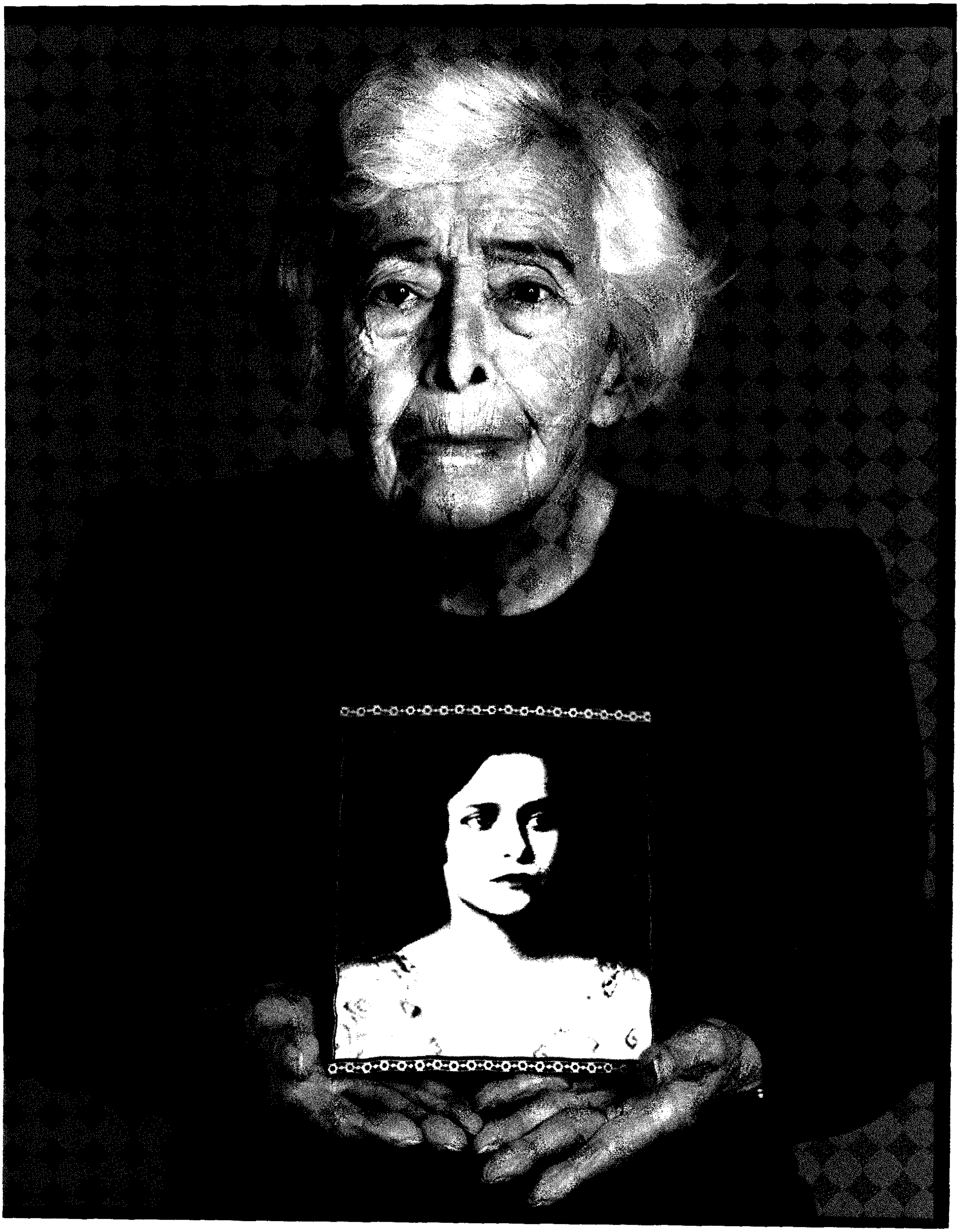
In her memoir, "The Italics Are Mine" (first published by Harcourt Brace, in 1969; then by Nyssen's Actes Sud, in 1989; and by Knopf last year), she wrote, "The charge of electric energy that lives in me, that I feel like a wave of heat passing through me when I say the word 'I,' cannot be dissociated from the sum total of cosmic energy. I too am part of the universe, and sometimes it is that part that I feel more intensely than the whole. I realize that I received an electrical charge at birth, and given my longevity, my health, my personality and the faculty of transforming myself that I have kept to this day, that it was an astoundingly powerful one. But I know that at the very moment it runs out, it will all be over."

Nina Berberova was born in St. Petersburg in 1901, to a Russian mother and an Armenian father. Her mother's grandfather had been the model for Goncharov's "Oblomov." In 1917, her father was one of the specialists preparing income-tax legislation for the czar. He loved women of the world and at night donned a fez and smoked a cigar while fingering his amber worry beads. After the revolution, he played small parts in movies. One afternoon in Paris, fifteen years after Berberova left Russia, she joined the Communist Party, so that she could watch her father play a banker in a propaganda film. She later wrote that as his character was marched away to prison "his eyes fell on me, sitting there in the Paris audience. Our eyes met. He was escorted away and I never saw him again."

She had decided at the age of nine to be a poet; she admired Mikhail Lermontov, Aleksandr Blok, and Anna Akhmatova. Later, she met Nikolai Gumilev, who read her work and said, fondling her knee, "I made Akhmatova and Mandelstam . . . and I can do the same for you." She rejected his advances; he wrote poems to her. Then she met the great poet Khodasevich, who was fifteen years older than she. In 1922, they took a freight train to Berlin, where they lived among fellow-exiles. In Europe, they were close to Maxim Gorky, Marina Tsvetaeva, Vladimir Nabokov. A photograph from this period, in which Berberova sits with Andrey Bely, Khodasevich, Pavel Muratov, and Boris Zaitsev, became an underground icon for poets who had stayed behind and those who were born later. Joseph Brodsky recalls, "A whole generation fell for her, in that picture."

In 1925, Berberova and Khodasevich moved to Paris, and there they lived on loans, handouts, and what little money the Russian-language magazines paid for articles. Berberova did piecework embroidery for sixty centimes an hour. No French literary publication would touch them; they were perceived as mourners for the czar. No one, Berberova concluded, believed that Russian writers were being persecuted by the Communist Party. She left Khodasevich in 1932, and supported herself with reports on current events and on trials, and with biographies of Borodin and Tchaikovsky. She wrote fiction to read to her friends—to communicate, in the Russian style, through an expression that was polished even if it seemed destined to remain limited. In her work she mapped out pockets of dignity and self-will in situations of despair, where identity, hope, possessions, looks, talent, and confidence have all been lost. In a story entitled "Le Roseau Révolté," for example, a woman is attracted to a married man but rebels when it becomes clear that his wife is trying to steer them into having an affair: "I couldn't let her decide my destiny; it wasn't up to her to give me the admission ticket to a part of my universe."

Berberova spent the Second World War in the French countryside, with a companion whom she dignifies in the text of her memoir only by initials. In 1950, with seventy-five dollars to her name, she moved to New York, where she became a file clerk and went to night school to learn English. By 1958, she was teaching Russian literature at Yale. The dignity and the will had prevailed. She was eighty-four years old when she returned to Paris, in 1985, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Khodasevich's birth and to meet Nyssen; in 1991, Knopf published the novellas, under the title "The Tattered Cloak." She was ninety-two when she died, in Philadelphia, on September 26th. "As a young girl," she had written, "I had a rather pretty face, though it lacked expression . . . Now I cannot judge what it is. . . . I only know that time has worked with its axe over my features." ♦



Nina Berberova, photographed by Richard Avedon in New York City, December 9, 1992.

FICTION

IN PLAIN SIGHT

BY MAVIS GALLANT

On the first Wednesday of every month, sharp at noon, an air-raid siren wails across Paris, startling pigeons and lending an edge to the midday news. Older Parisians say it has the tone and pitch of a newsreel soundtrack. They think, Before the war, and remember things in black-and-white. Some wonder how old Hitler would be today and if he really did escape to South America. Others say an order to test warning equipment was given in 1956, at the time of the Suez crisis, and never taken off the books. The author Henri Grippes believes the siren business has to do with high finance. (High finance, to Grippes, means somebody else's income.) The engineer who installed the alert, or his estate, picks up a dividend whenever it goes off.

At all events, it is punctual and reliable. It keeps Grippes's rare bursts of political optimism in perspective and starts the month off with a mixture of dread and unaccountable nostalgia: the best possible mixture for a writer's psyche. The truth is he seldom hears it, not consciously. When he was still young, Grippes got in the habit of going to bed at dawn and getting up at around three in the afternoon. He still lives that way—reading and writing after dark, listening to the radio, making repetitive little drawings on a pad of paper, watching an American rerun on a late channel, eating salted hard-boiled eggs, drinking Badoit or vodka or champagne (to wash the egg down) or black coffee so thickly sweetened that it can act as a sedative.

He is glad to have reached an age when no one is likely to barge in at all hours announcing that salt is lethal and sugar poison. (Vodka and champagne are considered aids to health.) Never again will he be asked to hand over the key to his apartment, as a safety measure, or receive an offer to sleep in the little room off the kitchen and never get in the way. In fact, offers to cherish him seem to be falling off. The last he remembers was put forward a few years ago, when his upstairs neighbor, Mme. Parfaire (Marthe), suggested her constant presence would add six years to his life. Since then, peace and silence. Put it a different way: Who cares if Grippes slips into the darkest pocket of the universe, still holding a bitten egg? Now when Mme. Parfaire (no longer "Marthe") meets Grippes in an aisle of the Inno supermarket, on Rue du Départ, she stares at his hairline. Grazing his shopping cart with her own, she addresses a cold apology to "Monsieur," never "Henri." Years of admiration, of fretting about his health and, who knows, of love of a kind have been scraped away; yet once she had been ready to give up her smaller but neater flat, her wider view over Boulevard du Montparnasse, the good opinion of her friends (proud widows, like herself), for the sake of moving downstairs and keeping an eye on his diet. She also had a strong desire to choose all his clothes, remembering and frequently bringing up his acquisition of a green plastic jacket many years before.

What went wrong? First, Grippes didn't want the six extra years. Then, she handed him a final statement of terms at the worst point of the day, five past three in the afternoon—a time for breakfast and gradual wakening. He was barely on his feet, had opened the front door to pick up mail and newspapers left on the mat (the concierge knows better than to ring), and came face to face with Marthe. She stood with her back to the stair rail, waiting—he supposed—for Allégra, her small white dog, to catch up. Allégra could be heard snuffling and clawing her way along the varnished steps. There was an elevator now, tucked inside the stairwell, the cost shared by all, but Mme. Parfaire continued to climb. She knew a story about a woman who had been trapped in a lift of the same make and had to be rescued by firemen.

Grippes made his first tactless remark of the day, which was "What do you want?" Not even a civilized, if inappropriate, "I see you're up early" or "It's going to be a fine day." He took in the contents of her nylon-net shopping bag: a carton of milk, six Golden Delicious E.C. standard-size Brussels-approved apples, six eggs, ditto, and a packet of Autumn Splendor tinted shampoo. The tilt of her dark head, her expression—brooding and defiant—brought to mind the great Marie Bell and the way she used to stand here and there on the stage, in the days when "tragedienne" still had meaning. He thought of Racine, of Greek heroines; he hoped he would not be obliged to think about Corneille and the cruel dilemma of making a simple choice. His friend seemed to him elegantly turned out—skirt length unchanged for a decade or so, Chanel-style navy jacket, of the kind favored by wives of politicians in the last but one right-wing government. Only her shoes, chosen for comfort and stair climbing, maintained a comfortable, shambling Socialist appearance, like a form of dissent.

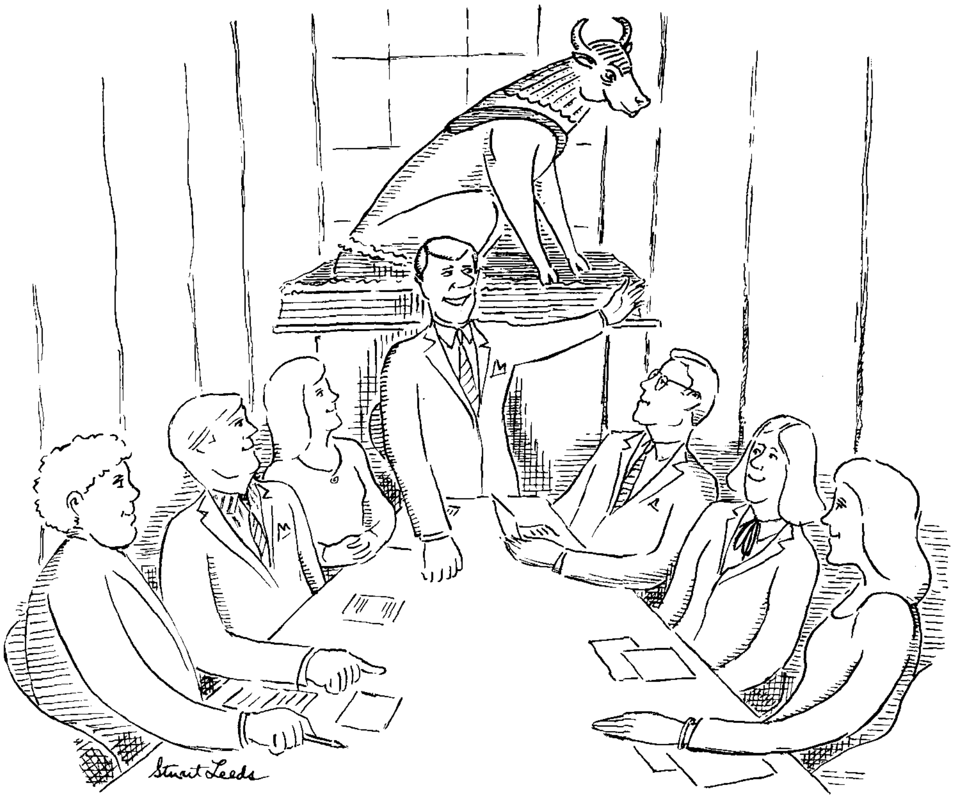
As for Grippes, he had on heavy socks, jogging pants, a T-shirt with tiger-head design (a gift), and a brown cardigan with bone buttons, knitted by Mme. Parfaire two Christmasses before. She examined the tiger head, then asked Grippes if he had given any more thought to their common future. He knew what she was talking about, she said, a bit more sharply. They had been over it many times. (Grippes denies this.) The two-apartment system had not worked out. She and Grippes had not so much grown apart as failed to draw together. She knew he would not quit the junk and rubble of his own dwelling: his creative mind was rooted in layers of cast-off books, clothes, and chipped ashtrays. For that reason, she was willing to move downstairs and share his inadequate closets. (No mention this time of keeping to the little room off the kitchen, he noticed.) Whenever he wanted to be by himself, she would go out and sit on a bench at the Montparnasse-Stanislas bus stop. For company, she would bring along one of his early novels, the kind critics kept begging him to reread and learn from. At home, she would put him on a memory-preserving, mental-stimulation regime, with plenty of vegetable protein; she would get Dr. Planche to tell her the true state of Grippes's hearing (would he be stone deaf very soon?) and to report on the vital irrigation of Grippes's brain (clogged, sluggish, running dry?). Her shy Allégra would live in harmony with his cats—an example for world leaders. Finally, she would sort his mail, tear up the rubbish, answer the telephone and the doorbell, and treat with sensitivity but firmness the floating shreds of his past.

Grippes recalls that he took "floating shreds" to mean Mme. Obier (Charlotte), and felt called on to maintain a small amount of exactitude. It was true that Mme. Obier—dressed in layers of fuzzy black, convinced that any day was the ninth of September, 1980, and that Grippes was expecting her for tea—could make something of a nuisance of herself on the fourth-floor landing. However, think of the sixties, when her flowing auburn hair and purple tights had drawn cheers in the Coupole. In those days, the Coupole was as dim as a night train and served terrible food. Through a haze rising from dozens of orders of fried whiting, the cheapest dish on the menu, out-of-town diners used to search for a glimpse of Sartre or Beckett and try to make out if the forks were clean. Now the renovated lighting, soft but revealing, showed every crease and stain on the faces and clothes of the old crowd. Sociable elderly ladies, such as Mme. Obier, no longer roamed the aisles looking for someone to stand them a drink but were stopped at the entrance by a charming person holding a clipboard and wanting to know if they were expected. There might be grounds for calling her a shred, Grippes concluded, but she was the fragment of a rich cultural past. If she seemed on in years, it was only by comparison with Grippes. Not only did Grippes look younger than his age but from early youth he had always preferred the company of somewhat older women, immovably married to someone else. (His reasons were so loaded with common sense that he did not bother to set them out.) Unfortunately, he had never foreseen the time when his friends, set loose because the husband had died or decamped to Tahiti, would start to scamper around Paris like demented ferrets. Having preceded Grippes in the field of life, they maintained an advance, beating him over the line to a final zone of muddle, mistakes, and confused expectations.

The only sound, once Grippes had stopped speaking to Mme. Parfaire, was the new elevator, squeaking and grinding as if it were very old. Allégra waddled into view and stood with her tongue hanging. Mme. Parfaire turned away and prepared to resume her climb. He thought he heard, "I am not likely to forget this insult." It occurred to him, later, that he ought to have carried her net bag the extra flight or invited her in for coffee; instead, he had stepped back and shut the door. Where she was concerned, perhaps he had shut it forever. What had she offered him, exactly? An unwelcome occupation of his time and space, true, but something else that he might have done well to consider: unpaid, unending, unflagging, serious-minded female service. Unfortunately, his bulwark against doing the sensible thing as seen through a woman's mind had always been to present a masculine case—which means to say densely hedged and full of dead-end trails—and get behind it. Anyone taking up residence in his routine seemed to have got there by mistake or been left behind by a previous tenant. The door to Grippes stood swinging on its hinges, but it led to a waiting room.

The difference between Mme. Parfaire and other applicants, he thinks now, was in her confident grasp on time. She never mislaid a day or a minute. On her deathbed she will recall that on the day when Grippes made it plain he had no use for her it became legal for French citizens to open a bank account abroad. The two events are knotted together in her version of late-twentieth-century history. She will see Grippes as he was, standing in the doorway, no shoes on his feet, unshaven, trying to steal a glance at the headlines while she tries to make him a present of her last good years. But then that dishonoring memory will be overtaken by the image of a long, cream-colored envelope bearing the address of a foreign, solvent bank. On that consoling vision she will close her eyes.

No one dies in Grippes's novels; not anymore. If Mme. Parfaire were to be carried down the winding staircase, every inch of her covered up (the elevator is too small to accommodate a stretcher),



"I say it's golden, I say it's a calf, and I say worship it!"

her presence would remain as a blur and a whisper. Like Grippes, she will be buried from the church of Notre Dame des Champs. Mme. Parfaire as a matter of course, Grippes because he has left instructions. One has to be buried from somewhere. He will attend her funeral, may even be asked to sit with the relatives. Her family was proud of that long literary friendship—that was how they saw it. (She had composed many optimistic poems in her day.) They used to save reviews of his books, ask him courteous questions about sales and inspiration. Leaving the church, narrowing his eyes against the bright street, he will remember other lives and other shadows of existence, some invented, some recalled. The other day he noticed that his father and grandfather had merged into a single strong-minded patriarch. It took a second of strict appraisal to pull them apart.

Grippes needs help with the past now. He wants a competent assistant who can live in his head and sort out the archives. A resident inspiring goddess, a muse of a kind, created by Grippes, used to keep offhand order, but her interest in him is slackening. She has no name, no face, no voice, no visible outline, yet he believes in her as some people do in mermaids or pieces of jade or a benevolent planet or simple luck. Denied substance, she cannot answer the door and stave off bores and meddlers. Mme. Parfaire would have dealt with them smartly, but Grippes made a choice between real and phantom attendance on that lamentable afternoon, when he talked such a lot before shutting the door. The talking was unlike him. He had sounded like any old fool in Montparnasse telling about the fifties and sixties. No wonder she has not encouraged him to speak ever since.

WORLD LIGHT

Do well in the world.

If you do well
we'll throw you away.

We'll put you in the state asylum
like we did your grandfather.

(*He* did well then fell.)
("The drink." "But harmless.")

But if you fall

we'll never say your name.
They'll think you're dead.

You will be one of the
Disappeared.

(We too, although we live
on a certain street, have certain jobs,

we too—we were
the Neverhere.)

—Jean Valentine

BEFORE turning in at dawn he closes the shutters and heavy curtains. The gurgling of pigeons stirred by early light is a sound he finds disgusting. They roost on stone ledges under his windows, even on the sills, drawn by Mme. Parfaire's impulsive scattering of good things to eat. Instead of trying to look after Grippes, she now fosters urban wildlife—her term for this vexation. Some of the scraps of crumbled piecrust and bits of buttered bread she throws from her dining-room windows shower over the heads or umbrellas of people waiting in cinema queues directly below. The rest seem to be meant for Grippes. Actually, the custom of dropping small quantities of rubbish from a height is becoming endemic in his part of Paris. Not everyone has the nerve to splash paint or call a bus driver names or scribble all over a parking ticket before tearing it into strips, but to send flying a paper filter of wet coffee grounds and watch it burst on the roof of someone else's car is a way of saying something.

On the same floor as Mme. Parfaire lives a public prosecutor, lately retired. His windows face the courtyard at the back of the house. He began to show signs of unappeasable distress in the early eighties, when a socialist government, newly elected, abolished the guillotine, making his profession less philosophical and more matter-of-fact. For years now he has been heaving into the courtyard anything he suddenly hates the sight of. He has thrown out a signed photograph of a late president of the Court of Appeal, a biography of Maria Callas and all her early records, an electric coffee grinder, a saucepan containing fish soup, and the lid of the saucepan. Grippes's kitchen window seems to be in the line of fire, depending upon whether the prosecutor makes a good strong pitch or merely lets things drop. Only this morning a great blob of puréed carrots struck the kitchen windowsill, spattering the panes and seriously polluting a pot of thyme.

Every so often Grippes types a protest and posts it downstairs in the lobby: "Residents are again reminded that it is against the law to feed pigeons and to throw foodstuff and household objects out of windows. Further incidents will be reported to the proper authorities. Current legislation allows for heavy fines." Occasionally, an anonymous neighbor will scrawl "Bravo!" but most seem resigned. Crank behavior is a large part of city life. Filling the courtyard with rubbish serves to moderate the prosecutor's fidgety nerves. (Yesterday, Mme. Parfaire dropped two stale croissants, smeared with plum jam, on the stone ledge, street-side. Grippes had to use a long-handled stiff broom to get them off.)

Sometimes a long ribbon of sound unwinds in his sleep. He can see strangers, whole families, hurrying along an unknown street. Everything is gray-on-gray—pavement, windows, doorways, faces, clothes—under an opaque white sky. A child turns toward the camera—toward Grippes, the unmoving witness. Then, from a level still deeper than the source of the scene rises an assurance that lets him go on sleeping: None of this is real. Today is the first Wednesday of a new month. It is sharp noon, the air-raid signal is calling, and he has wrapped up the call in a long dream.

Later, at breakfast, he will remember war movies he saw in his youth. Paris, about to be liberated, shone like polished glass. Nazi holdouts, their collars undone, gave themselves up to actors wearing white bandages and looking reliable. A silvery plane, propeller-driven, droned inland from the Channel. The wisecracking bomber crew was like an element of the dense postwar American mystery, never entirely solved. Films are the best historical evidence his waking mind can muster: he spent much of that indistinct war on his grandfather's farm, where his parents had sent him so he would get enough to eat and stay out of trouble. His father was a schoolmaster in a small town. He believed in General de Gaulle—a heretical faith, severely punished. The young Henri had been warned to keep his mouth shut, never to draw notice to his parents—to behave as if he had none, in fact.

As it happened, his grandfather enjoyed a life of stealth and danger, too. The components were not safe houses and messages from London but eggs, butter, meat, flour, cream, sugar, and cheese. One afternoon Henri left the farm for good, dragging a suitcase with a broken lock, and got on a slow, dirty train to Paris. It was near the end of events. Everyone connected to the recent government was under arrest or in flight, and everything in Germany was on fire. Only the police were the same. It seems to him now that he actually heard the air-raid siren in Paris for the first time a long while later. Nevertheless, it still belongs to black-and-white adventures—in a habitual dream, perhaps to peace of a kind.

TWO days ago, the lift stalled between floors. No one was injured, but since then everyone has had to use the stairs, as repairmen settle in for a long stay: they play radios, eat ham sandwiches, drink red wine out of plastic bottles. Except for Mme. Parfaire, residents have lost the habit of climbing. Grippes and the public prosecutor, meeting by chance on the day of the mishap, took a long time and needed a rest on each landing. The prosecutor wanted to know what Grippes made of the repeated break-ins at Mme. Parfaire's apartment: three in less than two months, the most recent only last night. Two hooded men had entered easily, in spite of the triple-point safety lock and chain, and had departed without taking anything, daunted by the sight of Mme. Parfaire, draped in a bedsheet like a toga and speaking impressively.

Grippes thought it sounded like a dream but did not say so. His attention at the time of the intrusion had been

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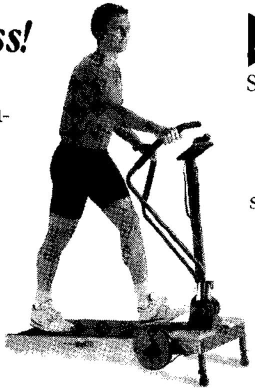

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fixed on a late-night documentary about army ants. He supposed the roar and rattle of ants waging war, amplified a hundred thousand times, must have overtaken the quieter sound of thieves hammering down a door. The prosecutor changed the subject, and mentioned a man who had pried open a CD player with a chisel and some scissors, letting out a laser beam that killed him instantly. "I believe it cut him in two," the prosecutor said. Between the third and fourth floors he brought up the nuclear threat. The nuclear threat lately had slipped Grippes's mind, which seemed to be set on pigeons. According to the prosecutor, luxurious shelters had been got ready for the nation's leaders. The shelters were stocked with frozen food of high quality and the very best wines. There were libraries, screening rooms, and gymnasiums, handsomely equipped. One could live down there for years and never miss a thing. A number of attractive rooms were set aside for valuable civil servants, even those in retirement. It was clear from the prosecutor's tone and manner that no place of safety existed for Grippes.

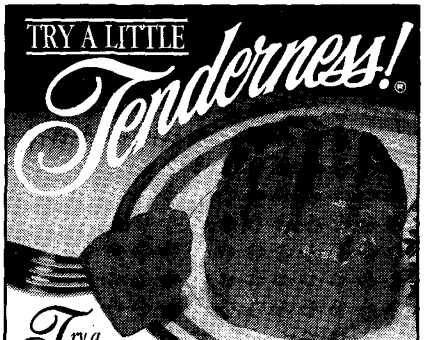
Since that conversation, Grippes had been taking stock of his means of escape and deliverance. The siren may start to wail on the wrong day, at an inconvenient time—signalling an emergency. A silvery plane, propeller-driven, follows its own clear-cut shadow over the heart of Paris. Perhaps they are shooting a film and want the panic in the streets to look authentic. Without waiting to find out, Grippes will crowd his cats into a basket and make for the nearest entrance to the Montparnasse-Bienvenüe Métro station, just after the newsstand and the couscous restaurant. He will buy newspapers to spread on the concrete platform so he can sit down, and a few magazines to provide a harmless fantasy life until the all-clear.

He can imagine the dull lights down there, the transistors barking news bulletins and cheap rock, the children walking on his outstretched legs and dropping cookie crumbs on the cats. He will have just a small amount of cash, enough to appease a mugger. "It's all I have in the world," he hears himself telling the lout holding the blunt side of a knife to his neck. (For the moment, the lout is only playing.) They take banknotes, gold jewelry, credit cards, leather garments: so Grippes has been told. It would be best to dress comfortably but not too well, though it would be worst of all to look down-and-out. Perhaps, then, in worn but quite decent trousers and the apple-green plastic jacket he acquired a whole generation ago. The jacket might seem too decorative for these leaden times—it is the remnant of a more frivolous decade, worth nothing now except to collectors of vintage plastic tailoring, but it is not shabby. Shabbiness arouses contempt in the world outlook of a goon. It brings on the sharp edge of the knife.

LATE last night, Grippes hauled the jacket out of the relief-agency collection bag where it had been stored for years. (Every winter, he forgets to have the bag picked up, then spring comes, and the agency closes down.) He wiped it with a soapy sponge and hung it to dry at the kitchen window. The jacket looked fresh and verdant on its wire hanger. He wondered why he had ever wanted to give it away, except to alleviate the distress that the sight of it caused Mme. Parfaire. There must have been a moment of great haste, as well as generosity, at one time, for he had forgotten to search the pockets for stray coins and had almost parted with a newspaper clipping that looked important, a silver coffee spoon, and an unopened letter addressed to himself. On the back of the envelope, an earlier Grippes had written "Utopia Reconsidered," as well as a few scribbled sentences he could not make out. He found his spectacles, put them on but still needed a magnifying glass. I used to write much smaller, he decided.

The words seemed to be the start of a stern and rueful overview of the early eighties, the first years of a Socialist government trying hard to be socialist. As far as Grippes could recall, he had never completed the piece. He slit the envelope, using the handle of the silver spoon, and discovered a leaflet of the sort circulated by some penniless and ephemeral committee, devoted to the rights of pedestrians or cyclists or rent-paying tenants or put-upon landlords. (Tenants, this time.) Along with the leaflet was a handwritten appeal to Henri Grippes, whose published works and frequent letters to newspapers had always taken the side of the helpless.

"Well, it was a long time ago," said Grippes aloud, as if the sender of the let-



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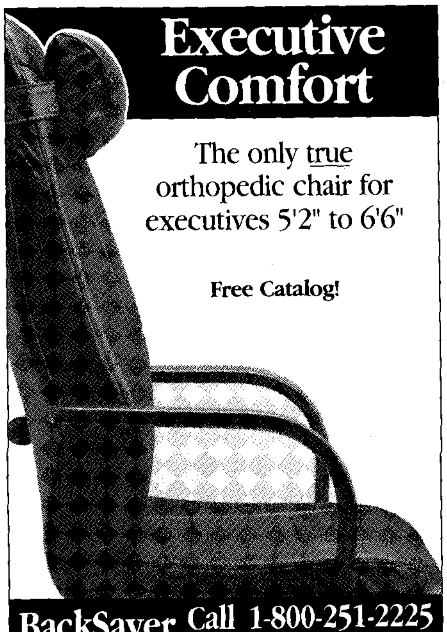

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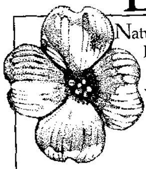

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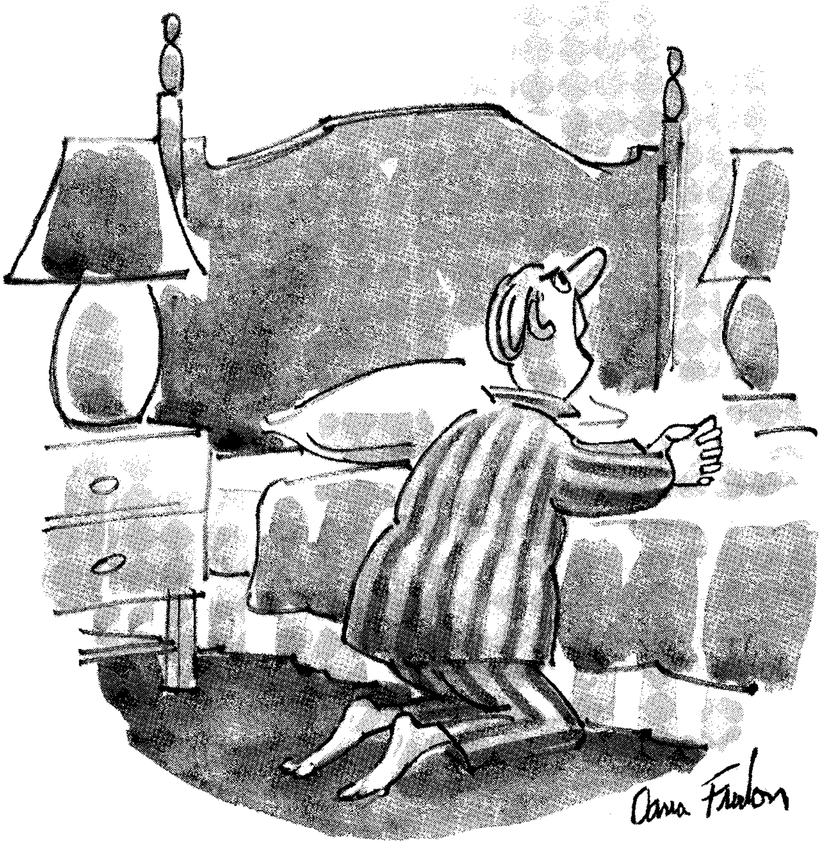

"Under the Freedom of Information Act, I'm requesting that you disclose what you have on me in your files."

• •

ter were sitting on the edge of a kitchen chair, looking pale and seedy, smoking nervously, displaying without shame (it was too late for shame) his broken nails and unwashed hair. He fixed on Grippes nearsighted gray eyes, waiting for Grippes to show him the way out of all his troubles. The truth is, Grippes announced to this phantom, that you have no rights. You have none as a tenant, none in your shaky, ill-paid job, none when it comes to applying to me.

Perhaps by now the man had come into a fortune, owned a string of those run-down but income-producing hotels crammed with illegal immigrants. Or had lost his employment and been forced into early and threadbare retirement. Perhaps he was an old man, sitting down to meals taken in common in some beige-painted institutional dining room with soft-hued curtains at the windows. A woman said to be the oldest living person in France had frequently been shown in such a place, blowing out birthday candles. She smoked one cigarette a day, drank one glass of port, had known van Gogh and Mistral, and remembered both vividly. Perhaps the writer of the letter, in his frustration and desperation, had joined an extremist movement, right or left, and gone to live in exile. Wherever he was, whatever he had become, he had never received a kind or a decent or even a polite reply from Henri Grippes.

Grippes felt humbled suddenly. Political passion and early love had in common the promise of an unspoilt future, within walking distance of any true believer. Once, Grippes had watched Utopia rising out of calm waters, like Atlantis emerging, dripping wet and full of promise. He had admired the spires and gleaming windows, the marble pavements and year-round unchanging sunrise; had wondered if there was room for him there and what he would do with his time after he moved in. The vision had occurred at eight in the evening on Sunday, the tenth of May, 1981, and had vanished immediately—lost, as one might have read at the time, in the doctrinal night. At the same moment,

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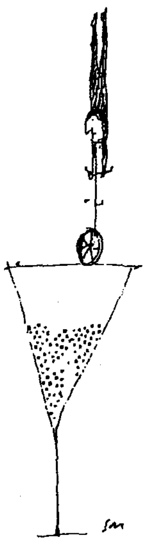
a computerized portrait of François Mitterrand, first Socialist president of the Fifth Republic, had unrolled on the television screen, in the manner of a window blind. Grippes had felt stunned and deceived. Only a few hours before, he had cast his vote for precisely such an outcome. Nevertheless, he had been expecting a window blind bearing the leaner, more pensive features of the Conservative incumbent. He had voted for a short list of principles, not their incarnation. In fact, he resented having to look at any face at all.



Utopia was a forsaken city now, bone-dry, the color of scorched newsprint. Desiccated, relinquished, it announced a plaintive message. Grippes placed the newspaper clipping, the coffee spoon, and the envelope side by side on the kitchen table, like exhibits in a long and inconclusive trial. He turned the spoon over and read the entwined initials of his ex-friend upstairs. Short of calling Mme. Parfaire to ask if she had ever, in any year, slipped a spoon into his pocket, he had no means of ever finding out how it had got there. Had he taken it by mistake? Only the other day, buying a newspaper, he had left it on the counter and started to walk off with another man's change. The vender had called after him. Grippes had heard him telling the stranger, "It's Henri Grippes." Respect for authors, still a factor of Paris life, meant that the other man looked chastened as he accepted his due, as if he were unworthy of contemporary literature. Apologizing, Grippes had said it was the first time he had ever done an absent-minded thing. Now he wondered if he ought to turn out the kitchen drawers and see how much in them really belonged to other people.

The spoon recalled to Grippes abundant, well-cooked meals, the dining room upstairs with the rose velvet portières, the Japanese screen, the brass urn filled with silk chrysanthemums, the Sèvres coffee service on the buffet. It was a room that contained at all hours a rich and comforting smell of leek-and-potato soup. Often, as Grippes sopped up the last of the sauce of a blanquette or daube, his hostess would describe enthusiastic reviews she had just read of books by other people, citing phrases he might appreciate or even want to use, such as "Cyclopean vision" (a compliment, apparently) or "the superstructure of essential insincerity," another sort of flattery. Later, she might even coax him into watching a literary talk show. Grippes, digesting, would stare hard at false witnesses, plagiarists, ciphers, and mountebanks, while Mme. Parfaire praised their frank and open delivery and the way they wore their hair. When, occasionally, there was a woman on hand, prepared to be interviewed and to announce in the same straightforward manner, "Well, you see, in *my* book . . .," Mme. Parfaire would make the comment that the women all looked the same, had terrible legs, and lacked the restraint and distinction of men. Whatever misleading reply Grippes might give when she asked what he was writing—"writing *about*" was the actual phrase—she responded with unflagging loyalty: "At least you always know what you are trying to say."

The night of Utopia had alarmed her, and Grippes had been no help. He remembered now that the tenth of May, 1981, had begun blue and bright and ended under a black cloudburst. It was possible that God, too, had expected a different face on the window blind. Rain had soaked through the hair and shoes of revellers in the Place de la Bastille. Older voters, for whom the victory was the first in a lifetime, wept in the downpour. Their children responded to the presence of television cameras by dancing in puddles. The public prosecutor called Mme. Parfaire to say that Soviet tanks would be rumbling under her windows before next Tuesday. She arrived at Grippes's door, asking for reassurance and an atlas: she thought she might emigrate. Unfortunately, all the foreign maps were unwelcoming and un-French. Grippes offered champagne, so they could toast the death of the middle classes. The suggestion struck her as heartless and she went away.

Left to himself, he had turned his back on the damp, bewildering celebration and stood at the window, imagining tanks, champagne in his hand and disquiet in his mind. He had helped create the intemperate joy at the Place de la Bastille, but why? Out of a melancholy habit of political failure, he supposed. He had never for a moment expected his side to win. By temperament, by choice, by the nature of most of his friendships, by the cross-grained character of his profession he belonged in perpetual opposition. Now a devastating election result had made him a shareholder in power, morally responsible for cultural subsidies to rock concerts and nuclear testing in the Pacific. Unfolding a copy of the left-wing daily *Libération* on the No. 82 bus, which runs through diehard territory, no longer would signify a minority rebellion but majority complacency. Grippes was nearing the deep end of middle age. For the first time he had said to himself, "I'm getting old for all this."

Down in the street, as if the tenth of May were a Sunday like any other, cinema lines straggled across the sidewalk to the curb. It seemed to Grippes that it was not the usual collection of office workers and students and pickpockets and off-duty waiters but well-to-do dentists from the western regions of the city and their wives. The dentists must have known the entrepreneurial game was up and had decided to spend their last loose cash on an action movie set in Hong Kong. Grippes pictured them sorted into ranks, surging along the boulevard, the lights of pizza restaurants flashing off their glasses in red and green. Their women kept pace, swinging gold-link necklaces like bicycle chains. There were no shouts, no threats, no demands but just the steady trampling that haunts the nights of aging radicals. Wistfully, as if it were now lost forever, Grippes had recalled the warm syncopation of a leftist demo: "Step! Shuffle! Slogan! Stop! /Slogan! Step! Shuffle!" How often had he drummed that rhythm of progress on the windowsill before he was forced by the sting of tear gas to pull his head in!

Having set his dentists on the march, Grippes no longer knew what to do with them. Perhaps they could just disband. Those to whom the temptation of power had given an appetite could stroll into Chez Hansi, at the corner of Rue de Rennes, and enjoy one last capitalist-sized lobster, chosen from the water tank. What about Grippes? What was he supposed to be doing on the night of change? Reminded of the steadfast role of the writer in a restless universe, he had poured himself another glass and settled down to compose a position piece, keeping it as cloudy and imprecise as his native talent could make it. Visions of perfection emerge and fade but the written word remains to trip the author who runs too fast for his time or lopes alongside at not quite the required pace. He wrote well into the night, first by hand, then after removing a new version of "Residents are again reminded . . ." made about fifteen typed revisions of the final text.

The next day (as Grippes recalls the affair), he deposited his article at the editorial offices of the most distinguished newspaper in France. The paper had printed it, finally; not on page 1, with nationwide debate to follow, but on 2, the repository for unsolicited opinions too long-winded to pass as letters to the editor. Under a provocative query of some kind—say, "What Tomorrow for Social Anthropology?"—page 2 allowed the escape of academic steam and mea-

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sured the slightly steadier breathing of neo-monetarists, experts on regional history, and converts to Islam. A footnote in italics described the correspondent's sphere of activity. Grippes's label, "man of letters," confirmed his status and showed he was no amateur thinker.

His entry looked a bit crowded, wedged next to that of a dealer in rare stamps calling for parasocialist reform of his profession, but Grippes was pleased with the two-column heading: "Utopia Our Way." "Now that the profit motive has been lopped from every branch of French cultural life," his piece began, "or so it would seem," it continued, thus letting Grippes off some future charge of having tried to impoverish the intelligentsia, "surely." After "surely" came a blank: page 2 had let the sentence die. In the old days (Grippes's prose had suddenly resumed), when he went to the cinema there was room for his legs. He could place a folded jacket under the seat without having it stuck with gum. Ice cream, sold by a motherly vender, tasted of real vanilla. Audiences at musical comedies had applauded every dance number: think of "Singin' in the Rain." In spite of a flat cloud of tobacco smoke just overhead one seemed to breathe the purest of air. Now the capacious theatre under Grippes's windows had been cut into eight small places, each the size of a cabin in a medium-haul jet. Whenever he ventured inside, he expected to be told to fasten his seat belt and handed a plastic tray. Subtitles of foreign films dissolved in a white blur, while spoken dialogue could not be heard at all—at least not by Grippes. He knew that twenty-three years of right-wing government had produced a sullen and mumbling generation, but he felt sure that a drastic change, risen from the very depths of an ancient culture, would soon restore intelligible speech.

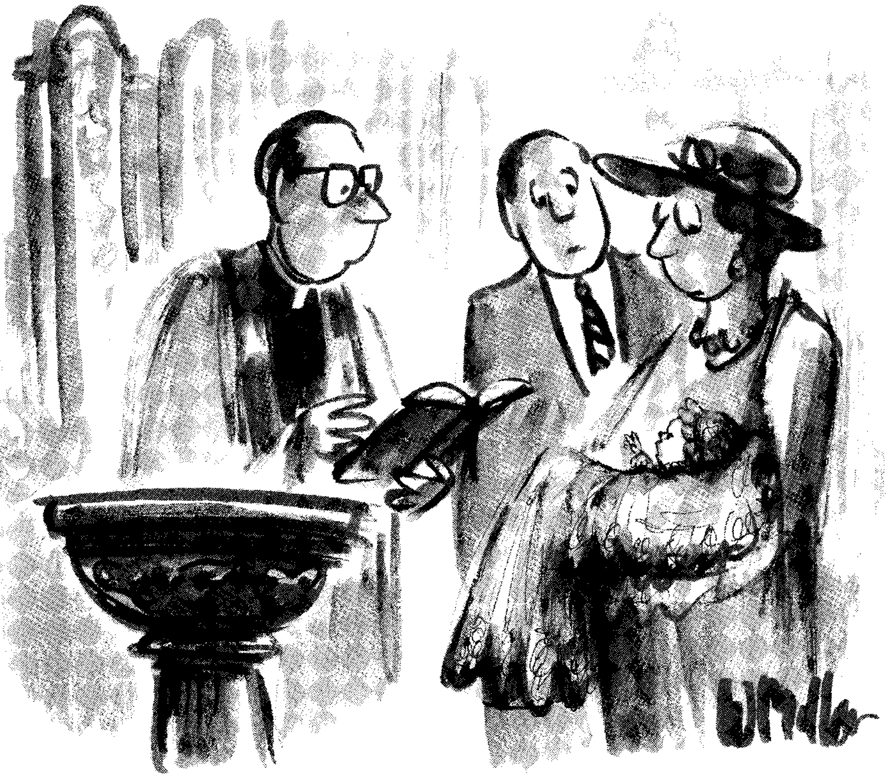
This was the clipping Grippes had found in the jacket pocket, along with the spoon. He had to admit it was not perfect. Nothing had ever been done about the cinemas. The part about rising from the depths made the 1981 Socialist plan of intentions sound like wet seaweed. Still, he had staked a claim in the serene confusion of the era and had launched an idea no one could fault, except owners of theatre chains. And "man of letters" had remained on the surface of the waters, a sturdy and recognizable form of literary plant life, still floating.

Last June, it rained every night. Wet clouds soaked up the lights of Montparnasse and gave them back as a reddish glow. At about three o'clock one morning, mild, moist air entered the room where Grippes sat at his writing desk. A radio lying flat on the table played soft jazz from a studio in Milan. A cat slept under the desk lamp. Moths beat about inside the red shade. Grippes got up, pulled a book from the shelf, blew the dust off, found the entry he wanted: "19th June—Half-past one. Death of my father. One can say of him, 'It is only a man, mayor of a poor, small village,' and still speak of his death as being like that of Socrates. I do not reproach myself for not having loved him enough. I reproach myself for not having understood him."

It so happened that Grippes had just written the last two sentences: same words, same order. Almost instantly, the cartoon drawing of a red-bearded man wearing a bowler hat had come to mind—not his father, of course. It was Jules Renard, dead for some eighty-odd years. Renard's journals had been admired and quoted often by Grippes's father, dead now for more than forty. A gust of night wind pushed the window wide and brought it to with a bang. The cat made a shuddering movement but continued to sleep. Lifted on a current, a moth escaped and flew straight back.

Grippes wondered how much of the impressive clutter in his imagination could still be called his own. "At least you always know what you are trying to say" referred to unexamined evidence. Like his father, like Jules Renard, he had been carried along the slow, steady swindle of history and experience. Pictures taken along the way, the untidy record, needed to be rearranged by category or discarded for good. Thousands of similar views had been described in hundreds of thousands of manuscripts and books, some in languages Grippes had never heard of. His inspiring goddess had found nothing better to dish up in the middle of the night than another man's journal, and even had the insolence to pass it off as original.

A few notches away from Milan, the BBC was proposing a breakdown in human relations. (Cressida to Quentin: "My cab is waiting, Quentin. I think everything has been said." Quentin to Cressida: "Am I allowed to say goodbye?" Door slams. High heels on pavement. Taxi loud, then fading. Quentin to no one: "Goodbye. I shan't be denied



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the last word.") The departure of Cressida was stirring dejection or inducing sleep across Europe and the Middle East, down the length of Africa, in India, in Singapore, in Western Samoa. Men and women who had their own cats, moths, lamps, wet weather, and incompetent goddesses were pondering Quentin's solitude and wondering if it served him right. Grippes pulled a large pad of writing paper from under the sleeping cat and drew a picture of a London taxi. He drew a Citroën of the nineteen-sixties and a Peugeot with an elegant dashboard, out of some fifties film, set on the Riviera, then a tall Renault, all right angles, built in the thirties, still driven in the early forties by black-market operators and the police. He shaded it black and put inside three plainclothes inspectors.

The Renault, as it approached his grandfather's house, could be heard from a distance; it was a quiet afternoon, close to the end of things. The car turned into the courtyard. Two of the men got out. They had on city suits, felt hats, and creaky, towny shoes. Young Henri's grandfather stood in the kitchen with his arms folded, saying nothing. The two men looked in the usual places, turned up loose tiles and floorboards, slashed all the pillows and bolsters with a knife. As a rule, these sudden descents ended with everyone around the kitchen table. His grandmother had already wiped the faded red-and-blue oilcloth and had begun to set out the thick glasses and plates.

From the window of his wrecked bedroom (the gashed pillows lay on the floor) Henri watched the strangers digging aimlessly outside. They were clumsy, did not know how to use a spade, how to lift the clods they turned up. He saw them the way his grandfather did, cheap and citified. But to hold the law cheap one needed to have powerful allies. His grandfather had physical strength and a native ability to hoard and hang on. The men threw the spades down and came back to the house. Their shoes left mud prints across the kitchen floor and up the scrubbed stairs.

In his room, which had been his father's, down and feathers rose and hovered with every approaching step. One of the visitors took a book down from a shelf over the washstand. He made the remark that he had never seen books in a bedroom before. Henri started to answer that these were his father's old schoolbooks but remembered he was not to mention him. The man gave the book a shake, releasing a shower of handwritten verse: Henri's father's adolescent attempts to reconcile the poetry of sexual craving, as explained in literature, with barnyard evidence. The second stranger offered Henri an American cigarette. It was too precious to waste in smoke. He placed it carefully behind an ear and waited for the question. It was, "Where would you put a lot of contraband money, if you had any?"

Henri answered, truthfully, "In the dark and in plain sight."

They went down to the cellar, pushing Henri, and ran beams of yellow light along racks of wine and shelves of preserved fruit in earthenware crocks. About every fourth crock was stuffed with gold coins and banknotes. The men asked for a crate. Henri, promoted to honest member of the clan, checked the count. He droned, ". . . four, five, six . . ." while his grandmother wept. A few minutes later, he and his grandmother watched his grandfather being handcuffed and hustled into the Renault. He could have brained all three men with his locked hands but held still.

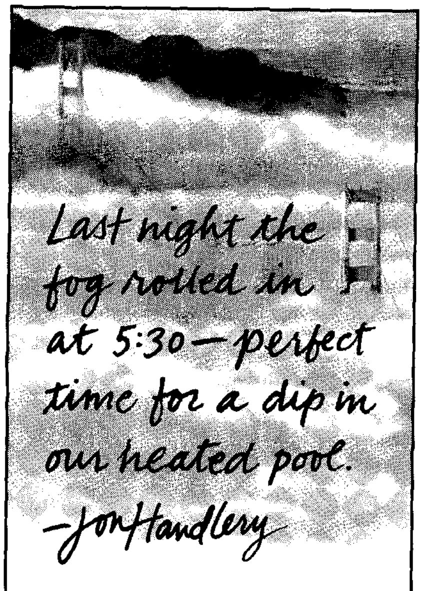
"Forgive me," said Henri. "I didn't know it was down there."

"You had better be a long way from here before he gets back," his grandmother said.

"Won't they keep him, this time?"

"They'll work something out," she said, and dried her eyes.

TODAY Grippes was wakened abruptly at about eleven-thirty. Two policemen were at the door, wanting to know if he had heard anything suspicious during the night. There had been another incident concerning Mme. Parfaire. This time, the intruders had broken a Sèvres sugar bowl and threatened the dog. All Grippes could say was that the dog was nineteen years old and deaf and had certainly not taken the threat to heart. After they went away, he shuffled along the passage to the kitchen. The cats—a tabby and a young stray—ran ahead. (He swears they are the last.) The first things he saw were the jacket on its wire hanger and the soiled windowpanes. At a window across



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the court a woman, another early riser according to Grippes time, parted her curtains. She had nothing on except a man's shirt, unbuttoned. Standing between the flowery folds, she contemplated the sunless enclosure. (The cobblestones below are never dry, owing to a stopped drain. For years now tenants on the lower floors have been petitioning to have the drain repaired. Their plight gets not much sympathy from occupants of upper stories, who suffer less inconvenience or accept the miasma of mosquitoes and flies in summer as the triumph of nature over urban sterility.)

Having observed that nothing had changed during the night, the woman closed the curtains with a snap and (Grippes supposes) went back to bed. He had seen her before, but never at that hour. The entrance to her building must be somewhere around the corner. He cannot place it on a map of Montparnasse, which is half imagined anyway. For a time he supposed she might be a hostess in a club along the boulevard, a remnant of the Jazz Age, haunted by the ghost of Josephine Baker. The other day, he noticed that the club had become an ordinary restaurant, with a fixed-price menu posted outside. Inquiring, he was told the change had come about in the seventies.

He put some food down for the cats, plugged in the coffeemaker, and started to clean the window and stone sill. The jacket got in the way, so he removed it from its wire hanger and put it on. The movement of opinion in the building concerning Mme. Parfaire and pigeons has turned against Grippes. She seems to be suffering from a wasting and undiagnosed fatigue of the nerves—so such ailments of the soul are called. Some think the two men who keep breaking in are nephews impatient to come into their inheritance. They hope to scare her to death. Others believe they are professional thugs hired by the nephews. The purpose is to induce her to sell her apartment and move into a residence for the elderly and distribute the money before she dies. Greedy families, the avoidance of death duties are among the basic certainties of existence. No one can quite believe Grippes does not know what is taking place upstairs. Perhaps he is in on the plot. Perhaps he is lazy or just a coward or slumps dead drunk with his head on the typewriter. Perhaps he doesn't care.

Whispered echoes, mean gossip, ignorant assurances reach his ears. Mme. Parfaire when she descends the curving staircase clutches the bannister, halts every few steps, wears a set expression. Strands of hair hang about her face. Even in her wan and precarious condition, popular sentiment now runs, she finds enough strength to open her windows and sustain the life of pigeons. Garbage throwing, once seen as a tiresome and dirty habit, has become a demonstration of selflessness. Once a week she totters across the Seine to the Quai de la Mégisserie and buys bird food laced with Vitamin E, to insure the pigeons a fulfilled and fertile span. "Residents are again reminded . . ." is viewed with a collective resentment. Not long ago an anonymous hand wrote "Sadist!"—meaning Grippes.

Yesterday he happened to see her in

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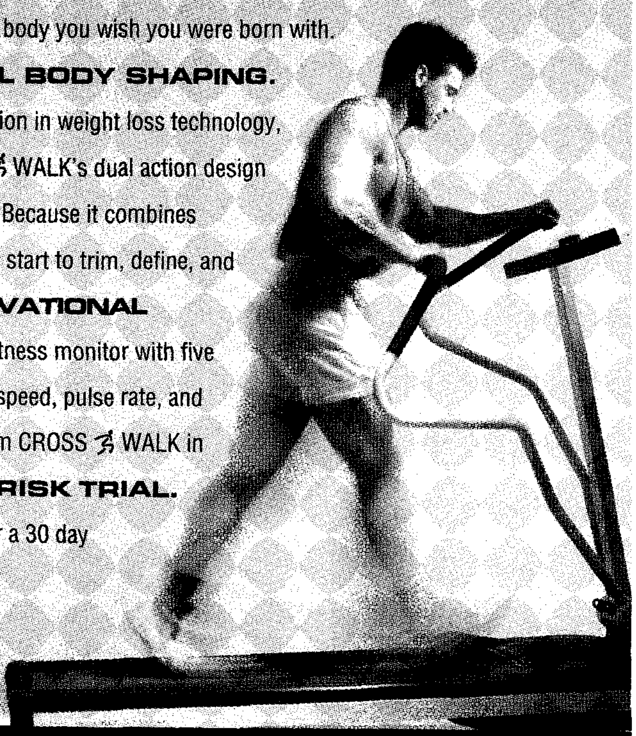

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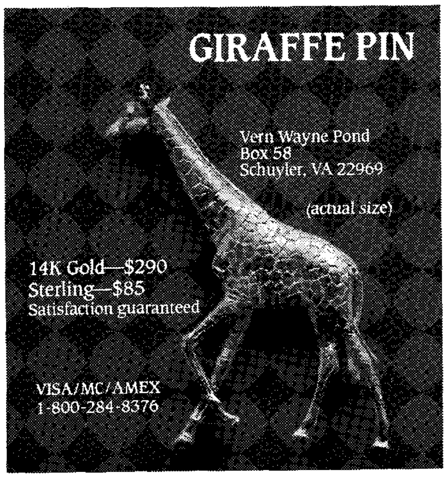
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the lobby, talking in a low voice to a neighbor holding a child by the hand. She fell silent as Grippes went by. The women watched him out of sight; he was sure of it, could feel the pressure of their staring. He heard the child laugh. It was clear to him that Mme. Parfaire was doped to the eyes on tranquillizers, handed out in Paris like salted peanuts, but he could not very well put up a notice saying so. People would shrug and say it was none of their business. Would they be interested in a revelation such as "Mme. Parfaire wants to spend her last years living in sin, or quasi-sin, or just in worshipful devotion, with the selfish and disagreeable and eminently unmarriageable Henri Grippes"? True, but it might seem unlikely. As an inventor of a great number of imaginary events Grippes knows that the reflection of reality is no more than just that; it is as flat and mute as a mirror. Better to sound plausible than merely in touch with facts.

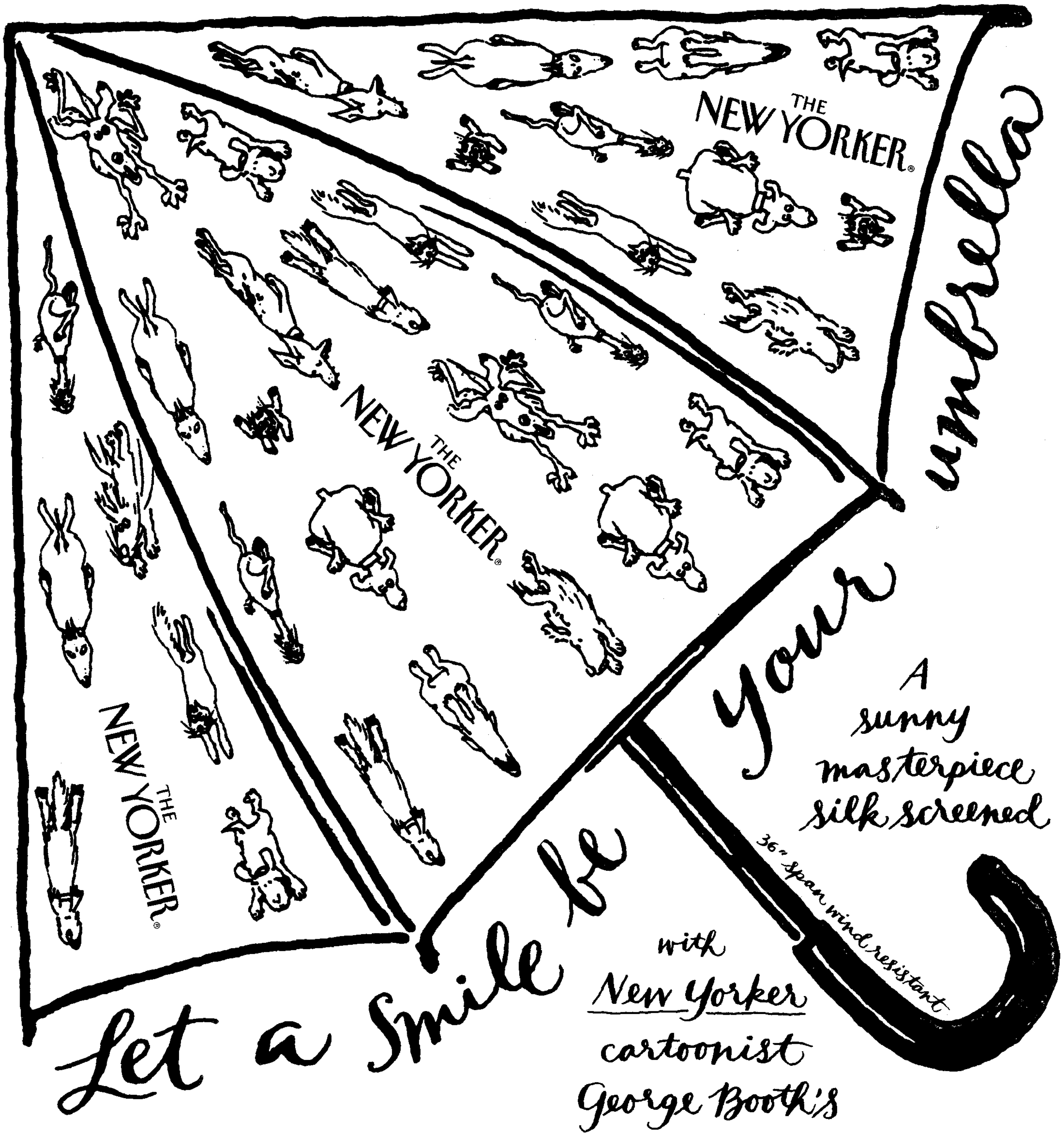
He had just finished cleaning the window when the siren began to wail. He looked at the electric clock on top of the refrigerator: twelve sharp. Today was a Wednesday, the first one of the month. He could hear two distinct tones and saw them as lines across the sky: a shrill humming—a straight, thin path—and a lower note that rose and dipped and finally descended in a slow spiral, like a plane shot down. Five minutes later, as he sat drinking coffee, the warning started again. This time, the somewhat deeper note fell away quite soon; the other, more piercing cry streamed on and on, and gradually vanished in the bright day.

Stirring his coffee, using his old friend's spoon, Grippes thought of how he might put a stop to the pigeon business, her nighttime fantasies, and any further possibility of being wakened at an unacceptable hour. He could write a note inviting himself to lunch, take it upstairs, and slide it under her door. He would go as he was now, with the plastic jacket on top of a bathrobe. Serving lunch would provide point and purpose to her day. It would stop the downward spiral of her dreams. Composing the note (it would require tact and skill) might serve to dislodge "Residents are again reminded . . ." from his typewriter and his mind.

He pictured, with no effort, a plate of fresh mixed seafood with mayonnaise or just a bit of lemon and olive oil, saw an omelette folded on a warmed plate, marinated herring and potato salad, a light ragout of lamb kidneys in wine. He could see himself proceeding along the passage and sitting down on the chair where, as a rule, he spent much of every night and writing the note. From the window, if he leaned a bit to the right, he would see the shadow of the Montparnasse tower, and the office building that had replaced the old railway station with its sagging wooden floor. Only yesterday, he started to tell himself—but no. A generation of Parisians had never known anything else.

An empty space, as blank and infinite as the rectangle of sky above the court, occurred in his mind, somewhere between the sliding of the invitation—if one could call it that—under her door and the materialization of the omelette. The question was, How to fill the space? He was like someone reading his own passport, the same information over and over. "My dearest Marthe," he began (going back to the first thing). "Don't you think the time has come . . ." But *he* did not think it. "Remember that woman who said she had known van Gogh?" She had no connection to their dilemma. It was just something he liked to consider. "You should not be living alone. Solitude is making you . . ." No; above all, not that. "Perhaps if one of those nephews of yours came to live with you . . ." They were all married, some with grown children. "I think it only fair to point out that I never once made a firm . . ." The whine of the dissembler. "The occasional meal taken together . . ." The thin edge. "You know very well that it is against the law to feed pigeons and that increasingly heavy fines . . ."

How good it would be to lie down on the kitchen floor and let his inspiring goddess kneel beside him, anxiously watching for the flutter of an eyelid, as he deftly lifts her wallet. As it turns out, there is nothing in it except "Residents are again reminded . . ." Like Grippes, like the prosecutor, like poor Marthe, in a way, his goddess is a victim of the times, hard up for currency and short of ideas, ideas of divine origin in particular. She scarcely knows how to eke out the century. Meanwhile, she hangs on to "Residents are again . . . ," hoping (just as Grippes does) that it amounts to the equivalent of the folding money every careful city dweller keeps on hand for muggers. ◆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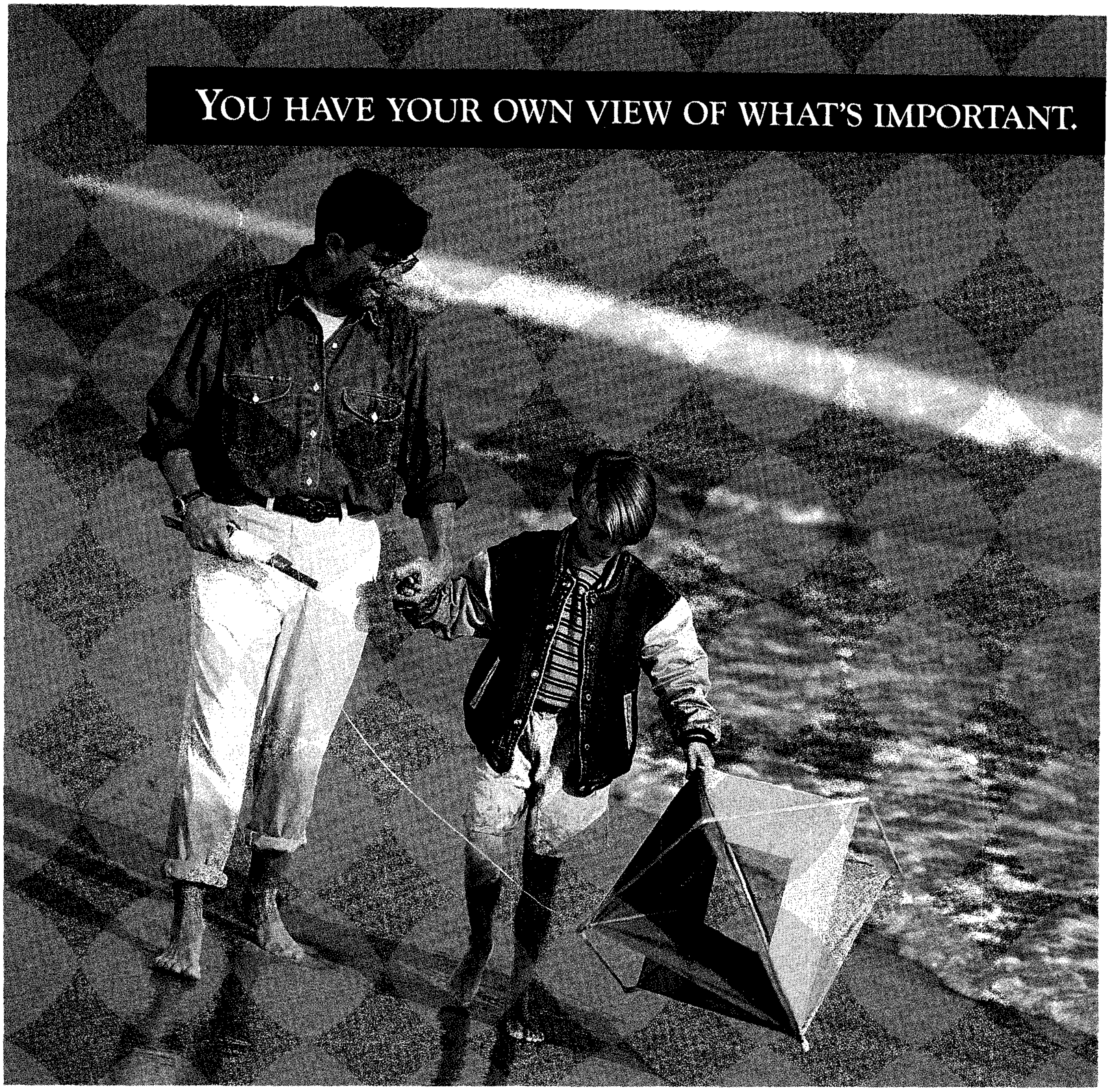
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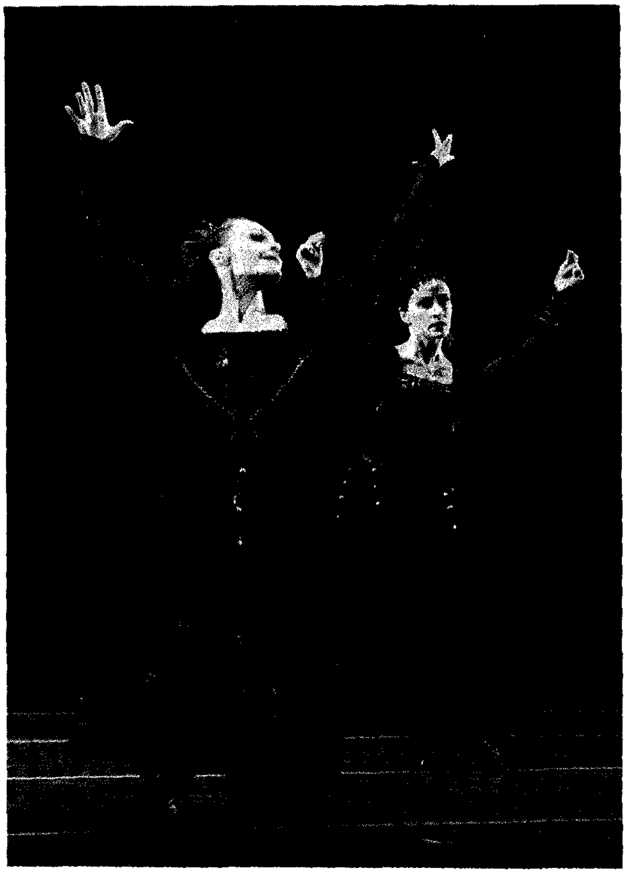
THE CRITICS

DANCING

SOMEONE'S IN THE KITCHEN WITH DEMETER

BY ARLENE CROCE

THESE are tough times for dancers; the whole profession is in an artistic recession. The ideas that motivated choreography for three generations have stopped circulating, and when ideas stop circulating even the commercial part of the dance world suffers. A recent issue of *On the Move*, a publication of the Choreographers' Resourcenter, in Los Angeles, canvassed some of the area's professionals for advice on how to survive in "The New Reality." The responses didn't go much beyond positive thinking ("*Get creative! Expand!*") and negative doing ("The new reality is: don't give up your day job"). One dancer summed it up: "It's fucking murder out there!" In this depressed, end-of-empire atmosphere, the big brains who remain active must be forgiven for resorting to strategies in an attempt to transcend creative burnout. Last year, when Twyla Tharp appeared with a select group of dancers at the City Center, I thought she was one such case. She presented some new pieces that weren't very interesting, and she also presented herself, after a long absence from the stage, in a new way: the Choreographer at grips with her material, searching, expounding, taking the audience into her confidence, letting us see (or think we see) the process by which the Choreographer Creates. Tharp is an entertaining talker and a willing clown, and the illusion of spontaneity worked. The lecture-demonstration format was loose enough to let her try different, and possibly riskier, options at each performance, but Tharp didn't pursue the advantage. She spent the rest of the year pursuing whole new strategies: appearing with Baryshnikov at extortionary prices around the country, publishing a determinedly marketable autobiography, busying herself with movie work. Plainly, at the age of fifty-plus, Tharp had entered her celebrity period and had nothing more to tell us.



The Martha Graham company's Christine Dakin and Terese Capucilli in Twyla Tharp's "Demeter and Persephone," the first choreography created by an outsider in the history of the Graham troupe.

MARTHA SWOPE

Now, this fall, she is suddenly back on track. An engagement at the City Center, reuniting Tharp with last year's core group of dancers, reverted to lecture-demo informality as the premise for an entire evening. Weeks later, at the same theatre, Tharp provided a major première for the Martha Graham company. It was a statement of kinship with Graham that would have seemed surprising only if you hadn't already begun reading Tharp's career moves in the light of the Graham precedent. Graham didn't make Hollywood movies, and her own image-conscious autobiography was published posthumously; but she eked out a lifelong career by taking many paths, some of them leading to contradictory goals. She changed her style, revamped her aesthetic, made a pact with ballet. All this Tharp has done. Her current performance mode may be modelled on Graham's latter-day platform appearances, when she would hold audiences under a spell, speaking in epigrams and giving her famous class in public. Graham not only made an art form out of the lecture-demo but made an actual ballet, "Acrobats of God." (Tharp's version, which we saw

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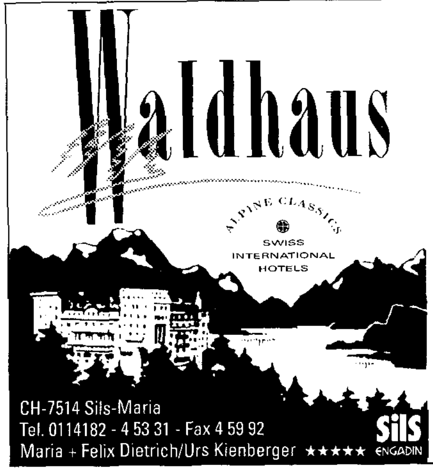
last year, was called "Men's Piece.") There are other similarities between Tharp and Graham: the girlhood relocation to California, the escape from home and renunciation of convention, the endless self-tutoring, the first successes with an all-female troupe. There are plenty of dissimilarities, too, and Tharp cannot and does not claim to be a direct descendant of Graham. She took the class for one year and spent another year in the company of Paul Taylor, who *had* danced with Graham. In terms of technique and in terms of just about everything else that matters, she and Graham are miles apart. Though they are both aligned with the modern dance, they scarcely seem to share a medium; the one is ceramics, the other macramé.

Tharp is not yet the mistress of occasion that Graham was when she began, at a later age, to speak regularly in public. But the audience seems to feel about Tharp as it felt about Graham—that this is the authentic voice of Dance, and they had better pay attention. The September programs gave us a good look at Tharp—the personality, the dancer. She talked fervently and amusingly, put her dancers through hoops, thought up new phrases and parsed them for us and taught them to people who volunteered; she even took questions. She was no end of friendly. As a dancer, she was in remarkable physical shape. Any tightness in the upper back was offset by leg gestures as high and free as a child's. Her best dancing came in a wide-ranging, multifaceted, typically ambiguous solo to "Fever"—Buddy Guy's version, not Peggy Lee's. The solo gave the audience a puzzle to solve: was Tharp still challenging herself or just bopping along? It was possible to believe that she was doing both—now one, now the other—and that both were wonderful; and this has been the paradox of Tharp's style since the beginning. The solo also brought us as close to jazz as we were going to get, barring only a brief excerpt from "Baker's Dozen" (Willie the Lion Smith, 1979) and some of the "Nine Sinatra Songs" (1982). Of the other group pieces that Tharp showed this season, "Sextet" is pleasant viewing, especially now that it has been reset to music by Peter Melnick, but it lacks the Tharpian paradox—its complexities don't look improvised—and "Octet" is even more locked in. Both pieces are mainly about partnering and pointwork and make me wish to God Tharp had never heard of either. The four women of "Octet" are former New York City Ballet dancers (Allison Brown, Stacy Caddell, Julie Michael, and Shawn Stevens), and Tharp showers them with adjectives: "graceful, delicate, powerful, gorgeous, seductive, and committed." They are, she says, "the Balanchine ideal." But her choreography ties them up, submits them to officious male attention and to overcomplicated tests of virtuosity. Some see drama in this that is not unlike Balanchine drama. Actually, it is only one Balanchine drama out of many. Tharp is more like Balanchine the less she tries to remind us of him, as when she hits on a metaphor that is all her own, raising her paragons in the air and giving them body squiggles like mermaids going over a waterfall.

With Tharp presenting two programs of work variously dated 1979, 1982, 1986, 1991, and 1992, and topping it off with "Fever" and a preview of work to come, the season inevitably became a retrospective in which one saw Tharp's progress over the years as an odyssey of self-invention or re-invention. It was hard not to feel compromise setting in. "In the Upper Room," the 1986 piece to Philip Glass, brought her the young audience she needed and may be said to have renewed her, but it is also her most overdetermined piece to date, as monochromatic as it is unspontaneous. The finale, a sustained slow crescendo abruptly terminated by a blackout, is the most impressive thing of its kind since "The Golden Section" (1981), but for me it is too much of an onslaught, relentless in a way that "The Golden Section" is not. "In the Upper Room" marks the conversion of a jazz precisionist to the aesthetic of rock—it's for people who want to be smashed, not teased, by the beat. I let myself take heart from the way it was staged this season—uncostumed, unlit, and with the bare walls of the theatre exposing the dancers' movements "backstage." The rough edges gave the ballet a semblance of humanity. And who is to say that this humanity, a by-product of the evening's informality, was not anticipated by Tharp and even "planned" by her? In her early days, Tharp revelled in the uncalculated consequences of calculation. She was among the very few choreographers of her generation who perceived that you could put on the stage things that hadn't actually been worked on in rehearsal and who



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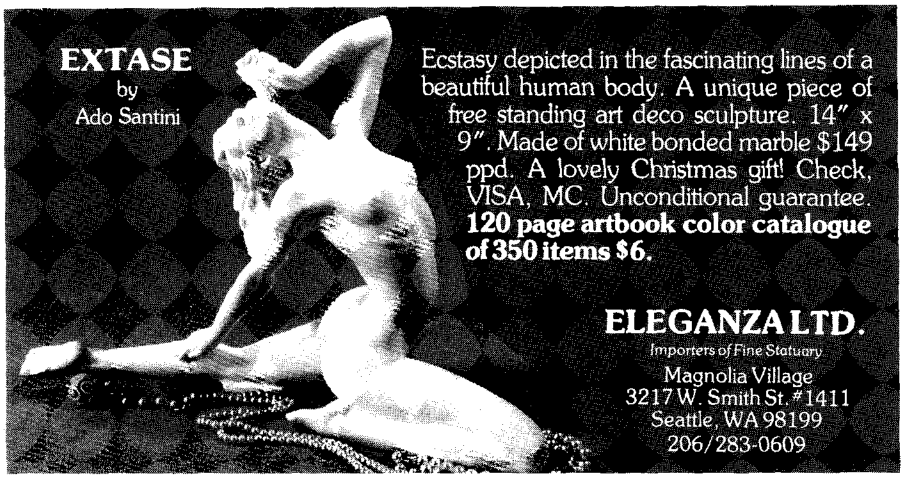

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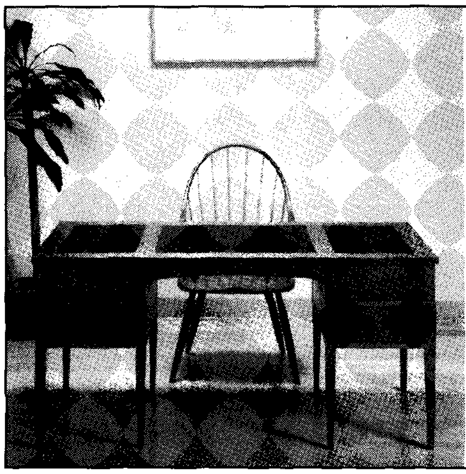

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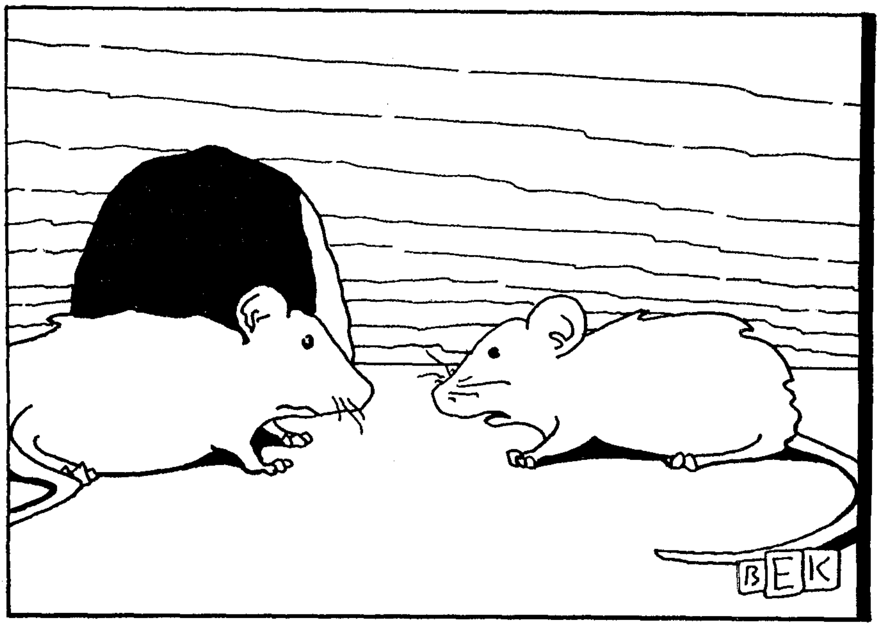
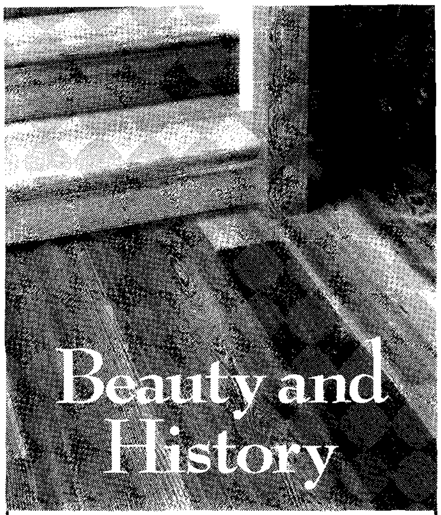


"Cheese is just a substitute for the love you've never given me."

knew what to do with that perception. In time, and largely by videotaping her rehearsals and studying the tapes, Tharp got to know how everything could be predicted, everything could be worked on, to its ultimate boring perfection. In the September "retrospective," Tharp seemed to be seeing herself whole, her past and her present, without misgivings. "In the Upper Room" is a closing ballet. In the same position on the alternate program she placed the scintillating "Relaxin'," from "Baker's Dozen," a piece I thought her company had stopped performing long ago. So you carried away with you two contradictory images, but in the lesser one there somehow lurked some memory of the fortuitous and of the incidental grace that had made the other great.

For Twyla Tharp, Martha Graham has been more an offstage than an onstage mentor. As a dancer and choreographer, Graham emphasized body contour over footwork, the center rather than the extremities, the stage space as an arena of conflict and decision. Tharp has done just the opposite: for her the stage is a commodious and fluid space, a place of ambivalent riot; and the expressionistic uses to which Graham put her technique—Them against Me, Me against Myself—are things Tharp has no way of showing. (Her discomfort with the programmatic and the interpretative is something she and we both know about by now.) Her Graham ballet is called "Demeter and Persephone." It's about a mother and a daughter, a story Tharp has tried to tell before. This time, she overcomes her main obstacle—what she calls "the element of pretend." She doesn't attempt to treat the subject as Graham, or any other contemporary dramatist, would have. In a brief preview of the choreography, Tharp herself danced, executing spiral backbends to the floor. These and other Grahamish exertions seemed to be enclosed in heavy quotation marks. But as danced by the Graham company the ballet is not a self-conscious crossover effort. The Grahamisms, sparingly chosen, are woven into the fabric and out again almost before you can spot them.

And Tharp has given herself an insuperable barrier to self-consciousness—she's chosen to set the whole ballet to klezmer music. Demeter and Persephone are Jewish. They are characters in some sort of ancient ritual being enacted at a village festival—Tharp doesn't bother to tell us where. The idea, which comes from "El Penitente," seems to be that myths are eternal and transcend cultural boundaries. Maybe Tharp has been reading some of our angry multiculturalists who would like to convict Martha Graham of plundering other people's mythologies. I've no idea whether a real counterpart to Tharp's lyrical shtetl exists (Graham's *penitentes* were based on Mexican villagers), but she persuades me that it exists in her imagination. Her tribe is nomadic—it wanders in at the



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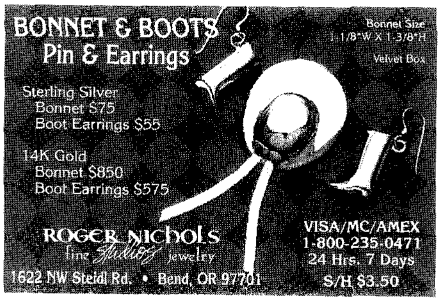

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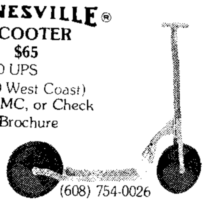

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beginning and away at the end—and its members are as kinetically charged up as Nijinska's peasants in "Les Noces." The ritual is a total dance experience. A girl leaves her mother, takes up with a handsome lad, the mother grieves, the girl returns; but these events are submerged in a welter of dancing so multifarious, so infectious that one doesn't stop to think what it all means—one just assents to the commotion and rides along with it. We haven't seen this amount of deviltry in Tharp for a long time. There are no toe shoes in "Demeter and Persephone," and the largely female cast keeps her from overindulging in the perilous pas de deux. True, there is no identifiable Upper or Lower World. But the lack of dramatic scenography is, I think, a virtue. "Demeter and Persephone" plunges ahead like those classical plays in which changes of scene are indicated by the entrance of new characters rather than by shifts in locale; it has its own form of continuity. As for the lack of dramatic gesture, don't worry. Tharp's command of it may be less than nil, but she does know something about feminine hysteria, and the craftsman in her collaborates with the comedian to produce a kind of sexual satire not seen on Graham's stage since the goddess herself portrayed female folly in "Every Soul Is a Circus" and "Punch and the Judy." Scenes of pandemic emotion going on at various exquisitely calibrated pitches are a specialty of "Demeter and Persephone," and so the wonderful Tharpian paradox comes around again. Or, if it's monologues you want, Demeter when deserted throws a fit that may be Tharp's answer to Medea's dance of vengeance. Certainly, only Tharp could have created this cataclysm of knees and elbows, the histrionic high point of this diversion of yentas. (In her preview talk, she characterized Demeter as "the world's first kvetch.")

"Demeter and Persephone" is the first choreography created by an outsider in the history of the Graham company. It's an excellent opportunity for the dancers to come down from their elevated perches in the Graham repertory and get happy, and the opportunity is gratefully seized. Tharp has cast the company's foremost senior dancer, Christine Dakin, opposite its most promising newcomer, Rika Okamoto, and she unburdens the torchbearing Terese Capucilli by giving her a winsome,

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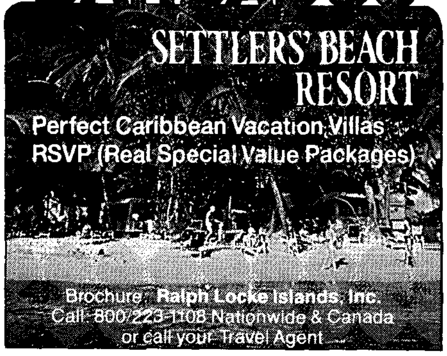
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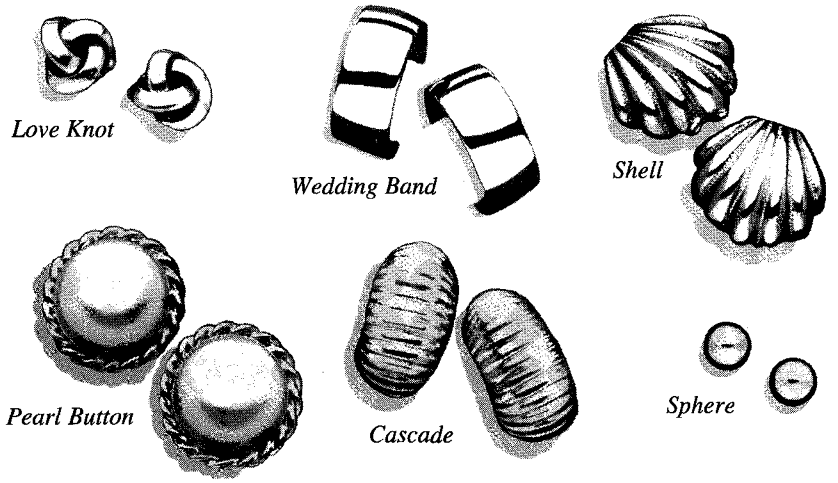

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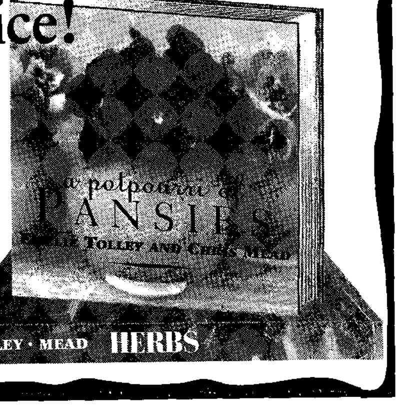

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somewhat outré role as the leader of the ritual. (The role corresponds to Capucilli's anomalous presence in the Graham company. She carries her roles more through sheer dogged strength and gutsiness than through technique.) The other outstanding performance, a ballast for all this female energy, is Floyd Flynn's boyish Hades.

But the success of the ballet doesn't derive from Tharp meeting Graham; it derives from Tharp meeting klezmer. On tape are three different whizbang bands and a vocalist, and Tharp gives us the spectacle to match that sound: the prideful heads and shoulders, the jangling bracelets, the feet scuffing in the dirt. Because the Graham company denies press tickets to certain publications, including *The New Yorker*, I will not comment on the rest of what was on the Graham programs I saw, but I will say that all the music customarily played by a live orchestra was on tape, an evil necessity that ought not to become a tradition. This, of course, affected Tharp's piece not at all. She seems to have thought of everything.

IT is difficult these days to find a downtown dance concert that shows the slightest interest in dance aesthetics. "Pursuing the Pleiades," an evening presented at Dance Theatre Workshop by Amy Spencer and Richard Colton, was a thoughtful expression of the dilemma that serious choreographers face and may have always faced: does the dance come out of the story or does the story come out of the dance, and what is the place of music? Spencer and Colton, two former Tharp dancers, direct a Boston-based company—an attractive and homogeneous one, to judge by this single concert—with places for dancers and actors. (Timothy Doyle is a collaborator.) For the pieces that began with stories, scores had been fashioned from various sources: John Cage, Chopin, and Charles Trenet for a Grace Paley story, and Debussy, Rachmaninoff, and Shostakovich for one by Chekhov. Spencer/Colton, as they call themselves, did not resolve the dilemma—every piece on the program had strong and weak points that tended to cancel each other out—but they didn't arrive at a stalemate, either. The performers had exceptional discretion: the acting was not overly stylized, the dancing was not melodramatic. Spencer/Colton is fusionist theatre governed by a dance intelligence. ◆

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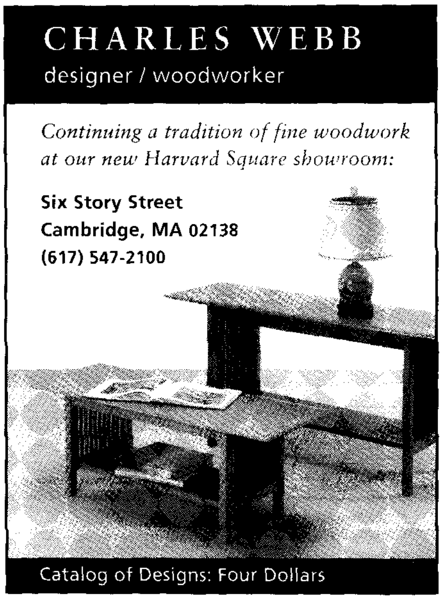

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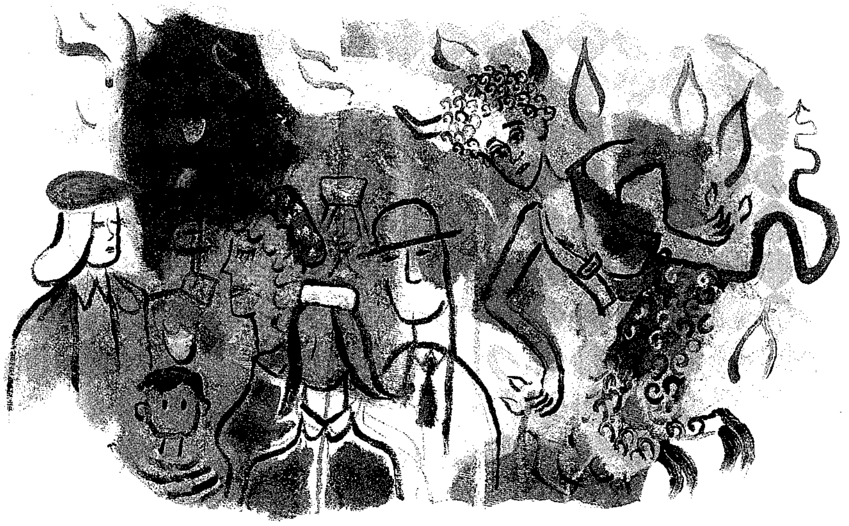
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS



Demon child: Robin Tabachnik in Lukas Foss's "Griffelkin."

JOSH GOSFIELD

I DON'T suppose many of us, if asked to call to mind the leading American composers of the moment, would come up with a list headed by the names of Lukas Foss, Hugo Weisgall, and Ezra Laderman. So City Opera's choice of repertory for its anniversary splash was certainly a victory against the chic. It was also a victory on behalf of venerability and experience, since all these composers could have been writing for the company when it was founded, fifty years ago. Mr. Weisgall—whose record with City Opera goes back, if not quite that far, at least to 1959 and his "Six Characters in Search of an Author"—was giving us his tenth opera. From Mr. Foss we were hearing a piece that had first been seen on NBC television in 1955—a fact that made the billing of this three-opera event as a "World Première Festival" a mite generous. Mr. Laderman, at the age of sixty-nine, had to count as the young unknown.

It's a question that shouldn't arise, but here it's unavoidable: Why these three? One struggles to imagine the sensibility that, reeling from the experience of one of Mr. Laderman's symphonies, or whatever, can't rest until an opera has been commissioned from him. One labors to find some sympathy with the judgment that Mr. Foss's "Griffelkin"—after its television showing, and after its successive stagings at Tanglewood, in Karlsruhe, and by Skylight Opera, in Milwaukee—still has something new to tell the world. Only Mr. Weisgall's selection is at all easy to understand, and in his case the new work arrived not by immediate invitation but on the rebound from San Francisco Opera, which had ordered the piece and then, following a change of general director, dismantled plans to produce it. City Opera had the opportunity in this birthday season to remind us that it's the company for new singers, new visions, new operas—to give us a positive celebration of the new. If that didn't happen, it may be because the company is in no mood, and no condition, to celebrate.

Mr. Laderman's "Marilyn" was the dismal flagship of the enterprise. The libretto was by Norman Rosten, who knew Monroe, and who supplied his composer with a morality play, generally of two-handed scenes, in which the central character was seen with characters who were mostly types (Photographer, Psychiatrist, Mogul, Senator), mostly male, and, with wearying inevitability, mostly exploitative. Mr. Laderman's music slumbered along beneath all this, occasionally making the effort—doomed—to kick itself into life with a ragtime dance or a rhapsodic love duet: perhaps the intention was to convey the dulled senses of one low on

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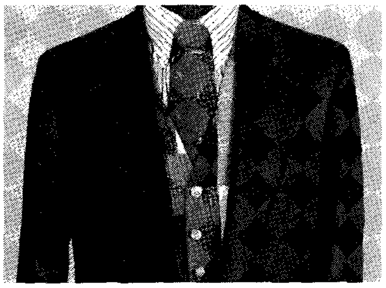

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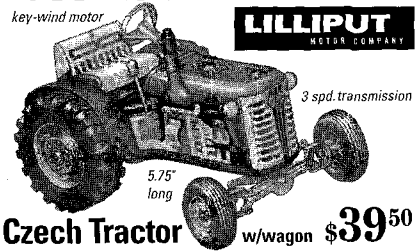

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barbiturates and alcohol. Nobody seemed to have noticed that the definitive opera about the Marilyn Monroe story was put together at a time when she was still a child—except that then it was called "Lulu," and the music was by Alban Berg. In the absence of life within Mr. Laderman's score, a lot had to be supplied by the performers. Hal France, conducting, gave every sign that he, at least, thought this a great show. Kathryn Gamberoni, in the title role, couldn't achieve much with the uninteresting music she was given to sing, but she should go on from here with a fair chance in the next Monroe-look-alike contest. After seeing her impersonation, one was a little disappointed to discover that the costume and makeup departments had decided to pass on the Senator, though Michael Rees Davis gave us the smile. Ron Baker worried sensitively as the Psychiatrist.

On to "Griffelkin." Mr. Foss took the story from a tale his German mother used to tell him, about a boy Devil who is sent to Earth to make mischief but discovers it's much more fun to be human and good. In its original fifty-minute television form, the piece might possibly have had some usefulness as a musical entertainment for children, but expanded to double the length, and spread out over three acts, and twittering to an audience almost wholly of grownups, it became an embarrassment. Mr. Foss didn't help his work's case by referring to the music as American Mozart. Whatever that might be, this isn't it: one might think, rather, of "West Side Story" Bernstein and "Amahl" Menotti, since the revised and padded-out score still has a distinctly fifties sound. One might also think—given that this is the story of an impish boy whose pranks turn sour on him—of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," though that would be to raise the stakes to a point where "Griffelkin" would vanish as a nothing. The piece has little charm and less wit, and, as with "Marilyn," deficiencies in the material couldn't be disguised by all the effort and skill that had gone into the presentation. Susan Branch provided some cheerful costumes for the things brought to life by Griffelkin's magic: a pair of stone lions, a letter box, a Teddy bear. Diana Daniele did her Katisha stuff as Hell's grandmother. And Robin Tabachnik gave an outstanding, sprightly performance as the fooling demon—though the effect of her bright and unaffected singing was to intensify the wish that we had all been there for the Ravel.

Set beside its two companions, Hugo Weisgall's "Esther" was something of a triumph. It worked. It did what it set out to do, which was to project the Biblical story straightforwardly and vividly, with music used to give a high definition to each of the characters, through scenes maintaining a decisive musical-dramatic momentum from beginning to end of each of the three acts. There was no pussyfooting about accessibility or eclecticism. Mr. Weisgall, at the age of eighty-one, goes on writing hard-edged, hardheaded twelve-note music—the kind of music that Verdi might have written if he had had Schoenberg for a teacher.

According to what we were told, San Francisco had dropped the piece because of its "Meyerbeerian" proportions, and yet what we heard and saw in no way justified that comparison. True, there's a chorus and a children's chorus, but they appear only briefly, and the opera would certainly be the poorer without them. Esther's story is one of those Bible narratives that chiefly concern the saving of the Jewish nation: the people need to be there. And Mr. Weisgall writes well for them. One of his most immediately attractive scenes places Esther among the women of Xerxes' harem, in flowing, seductive music in which he was maybe recalling "Aida": there is a similar touch of the exotic, and in similar tones of alternate sensuousness and brutality, through much of the score. As for the children, they arrive only in the last act, for a laughing song to mock Haman, who is Xerxes' chief minister and the principal villain of the piece: the chorus is a light moment introduced, with a characteristically sure feeling for traditional theatrical values, just before the work moves into its weighty last group of scenes. Nothing in the scale of the opera would offer grounds for abandoning it, and though anybody has the right to pay for something and then not use it, San Francisco's treatment of Mr. Weisgall is perplexing in the light of his stature among American opera composers, and all the more so when he took up the Esther subject only in response to the company's request.

If he was unlucky in his original patron, he was fortunate in his librettist, Charles Kondek. Mr. Kondek's wording, mostly in prose, is plain, simple, and neutral, and therefore well suited to Mr.

Weisgall's frank musical delivery. The art is in the shaping of the drama, and especially in the way a phrase, or sometimes a single word, will carry forward from one scene into the next. For instance, the second scene of Act I drifts away to its end as Esther contemplates the fate of Xerxes' rejected queen, Vashti, and then immediately there the ex-wife is, violently charged up with feelings of anger and vengeance, and having behind her the implacable endorsement of an orchestra of steel.

Such dramatic fluidity needs its answer in the staging, and Christopher Mattaliano's production was always ready. Having three new operas to mount on consecutive days, City Opera had provided them all with elementary sets of a few platforms and sliding panels, leaving most of the work to be done by costumes and lighting. In "Marilyn" and "Griffelkin" this sometimes seemed a cheapskate approach (particularly if you went to both operas, and saw the same city-block projection used in each), but in "Esther" the uncomplicated design was in keeping with the bold-stroke epic quality of the score, and made it possible for Mr. Mattaliano to contrive the necessary swift transformations of scene. Joseph A. Citarella's costumes brought us Persepolis reliefs in florid color.

This opera was also the most securely cast of the three—unless it was simply that Mr. Weisgall's music was so much more grateful and challenging to sing. The central character is, he has said, "the only true heroine I have ever put on the stage," and it was perhaps not only by taking cues from Racine but also by consulting his own experience that he made her so. His Esther is very conscious of herself as a Jew. When she saves the Jewish people by telling Xerxes of Haman's murderous intentions against them, she does so by resolutely declaring herself of their number: "We are all of us one! We are one! It was not something that I asked for, but it is something I cannot change"—the line sung with strength and affirmation. Mr. Weisgall gives Esther a warm confidence, almost a maternal calm, to go along with her defiant heroism: she succeeds by means of a serene truthfulness. The role therefore needs, together with the power of a dramatic soprano, mezzo-ish registers of poise and richness, and in all these respects it was splendidly taken by Lauren Flanigan, who also showed certainty and devotion in her bearing.

As so often in opera, though, much of the most striking music goes to the wicked. I've mentioned Vashti's impressive first scene, but have not said how it was forcefully projected in Robynne Redmon's performance. It's a pity the author of the Book of Esther never got to hear this, because then he or she might have given the deposed queen something to do in the latter part of the story. As it is, she has to disappear soon after the beginning of the second act. However, her place as the spiritually bleak center of the opera is taken over very thoroughly by Haman, a role that Allan Glassman sang with consistent might and precision, out of a dark but always well-focussed tenor. Eugene Perry seemed less certain about what he was supposed to be doing as Xerxes: the fault may possibly be in the piece, which, in order to home in on the duel between Esther and Haman, necessarily leaves the king as little more than a fulcrum and a blank observer. The Jewish leader Mordecai, too, suffers from the concentration on Esther as the drama's active personage; his part, though, was sung with sureness and noble gravity by Joseph Corteggiano. Joyce Castle fretted usefully as Haman's wife, Zeresh, and the countertenor Thomas Mark Fallon, lucklessly making his company début as Xerxes' chief eunuch, sang his part with sweet tone and good grace.

The adult chorus also performed well, and better than the orchestra in fulfilling Mr. Weisgall's demands for solidity and attack: Joseph Colaneri was both conductor and chorus master, and had evidently prepared the opera ably. Toward the end of the piece, the chorus comes to the fore with Psalm-like songs of triumph, but Mr. Weisgall and Mr. Kondek follow their Biblical model in going beyond exultation in the defeating of enemies toward a thoughtful peace. The Book of Esther ends with an account of the story being written out multitudinous times, so that we leave the events as they ripple into the world in tellings that will be retold every time the festival of Purim is celebrated: "Friendly and sincere letters were sent to all the Jews throughout the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces of Xerxes's kingdom to establish these days of Purim on their proper date." The opera, in returning to the imagery of death with which it began, leaves us remembering that this is a cautionary tale with echoes going on down into our own century. ♦

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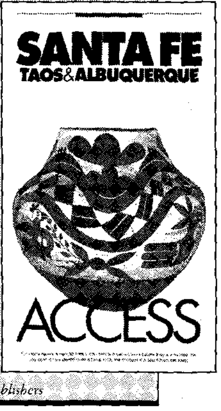

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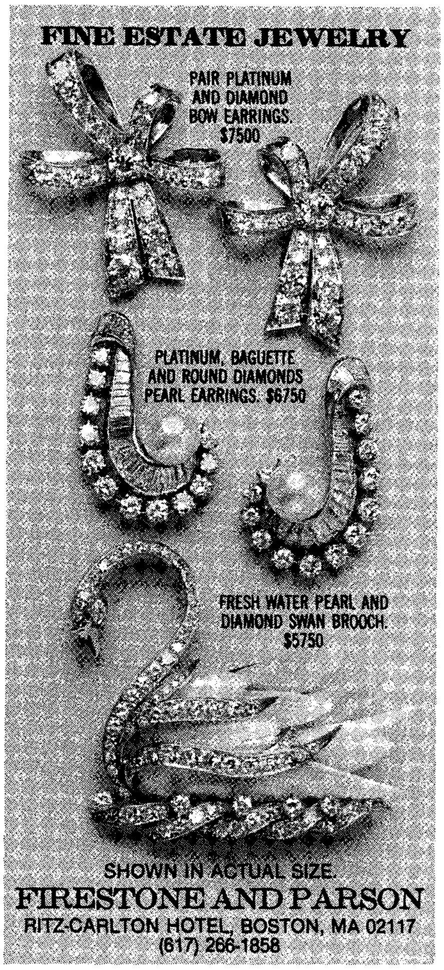
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AFTER THE CRASH

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE central event in Peter Weir's "Fearless" is the crash of a commercial airliner, and it would be an understatement to say that the movie does justice to the visceral horror of the calamity. The story begins in the immediate aftermath of the crash. Pieces of the broken jet lie scattered across cornfields; passengers stagger from smoldering, jagged holes in the fuselage, drop to their knees in the debris, and start screaming the names of their loved ones; rescuers dash about in a frenzy, dragging both the living and the dead clear of the wreckage. In this opening sequence, Weir's camera roves, documentary style, through the senseless sprawl of twisted machinery and crumpled bodies, but it doesn't linger on corpses. The nightmarish effectiveness of the scene depends less on the spectacle of violent death than on a vividly conveyed sense of chaos—of a profound, unassimilable wrongness in the order of the world. There's a tender, almost enraptured quality to Weir's work in this sequence. He caresses the textures of the disaster, savors the floating smoke and the undifferentiated noise and the bleaching glare of the midday sun. Once or twice, he interrupts the furious action on the runway with an oddly serene aerial view of the crash site, as if he had suddenly drifted into a reverie. Seen from such a height, the shattered machine seems to have arranged *itself* into the splayed patterns of an Action painting, inviting interpretation, contemplation, and even, perhaps, a touch of awe.

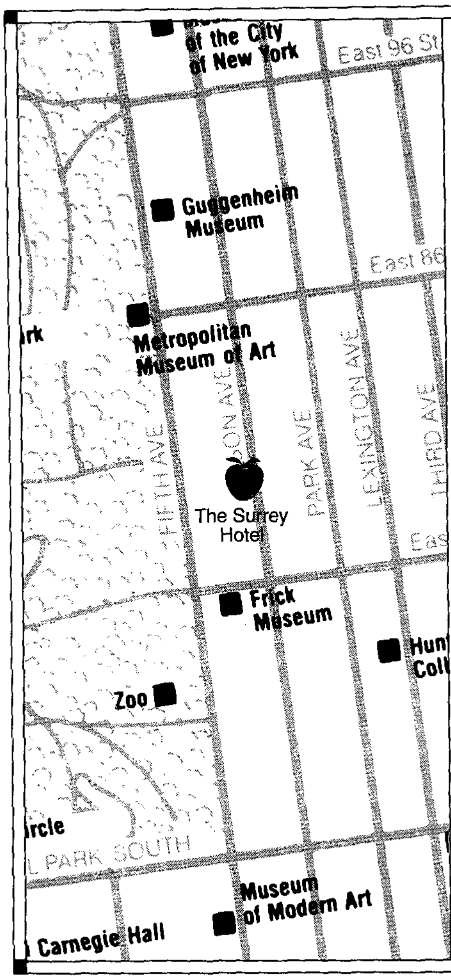
Peter Weir knows a metaphor for the fragility of modern man's existence when he sees one, and he seizes on this plane crash as if it were something that he had been searching for all his life: an ideal vehicle for the sort of apocalyptic imagery and metaphysical speculation that dominated his early Australian films, like "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975) and "The Last Wave" (1977), and continued to pop up, every now and then, in his subsequent work. (The fairly conventional Hollywood pictures he made in the eighties—"The Year of Living Dangerously," "Witness," "The Mosquito Coast," and "Dead Poets Society"—all gave off whiffs of higher spiritual significance.) The novel, by Rafael Yglesias, on which "Fearless" is based is a serious and often frighteningly acute exploration of how a terrible accident alters its survivors' understanding of their lives. One survivor, a young woman named Carla (played in the film by Rosie Perez), loses her two-year-old son in the crash and sinks, understandably, into a kind of dazed emotional immobility, whose elements are simple grief, a not so simple sense of cosmic despair, and, worst of all, guilt: she was holding her child on her lap during the jet's lurching descent and let go of him at the moment of impact. The other main character, a fortyish architect named Max (Jeff Bridges), has a different sort of reaction, and an altogether more disturbing one. His brush with mortality liberates him (he thinks) from the fears and constraints that had ruled his pre-crash existence as a comfortable, unreflective, and bearably harried urban family man. What happened to Max, the book explains, is that as soon as he realized that the jet was out of control (the hydraulic system failed, leaving the pilot powerless to keep the plane on course) he abandoned any illusion of control over his own fate, and that resignation conferred on him an unaccustomed feeling of strength and clarity: when the crash is over and he has walked away, he wants to maintain that exalted emotional state—he's unwilling, or unable, to come back down to earth.

And the movie tries to stay up there with him. Although Yglesias also wrote

LAURA LJUNGKVIST

the screenplay, Weir seems to have tilted the story somehow—away from the ironic and into the mystic. The novel's Max is an extremely ambiguous figure. We understand his desire to live unencumbered by everyday anxieties, but it's hard not to find him obnoxious. The things he no longer wants to worry about include the feelings of his wife and his friends and his ten-year-old son. He reënters ordinary life as a callous, self-absorbed man who presents himself in the righteous guise of a truthteller; the light of revelation shines through him as through a magnifying glass, and he's willing to let its rays burn everyone around him. The reborn Max is, by any reasonable standard, a monster and a bully, and Bridges—a genius at portraying men who are profoundly alienated from the conditions of normal life—captures some of the character's chilling, inhuman arrogance. This might have been a great performance, but the movie sabotages it by seeming to adopt Max's point of view—to identify with this desperate, deluded man. In the novel, Carla's hopelessness and racking sorrow supply the recognizable human responses that balance, and give context to, Max's celestial indifference. The movie skimps her story in favor of his, and that's a shame, because Perez is terrific, and, more fundamentally, because the emphasis on Max's perspective throws the whole narrative into a perilous spin. As the movie "Fearless" speeds along, our initial fascination with the hero wears off decisively. The film's obsessive focus on Max turns his character into a Holy Fool, and at a certain point you realize, with horror, that Weir has hijacked Yglesias's story and headed for the Twilight Zone.

In terms of imagery and rhythm, "Fearless" is a stunning piece of filmmaking. Weir is a far more powerful visual shaman than he was in the days of "The Last Wave," in which the intervals between his arresting apocalyptic sequences were filled only by tedious exposition and a persistent low-grade mood of apprehension. In "Fearless" he establishes a hushed, hypnotic aura right from the start—that opening sequence is quite an attention-getter—and manages to keep us in the trance for the picture's entire two-hour running time. The cinematography, by Allen Daviau, is vibrant, alert. In the first half of the movie, when Weir wants us to understand Max's heightened awareness of sensations in the wake of his escape



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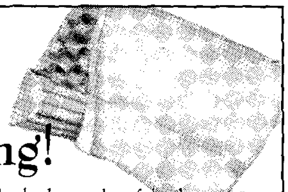

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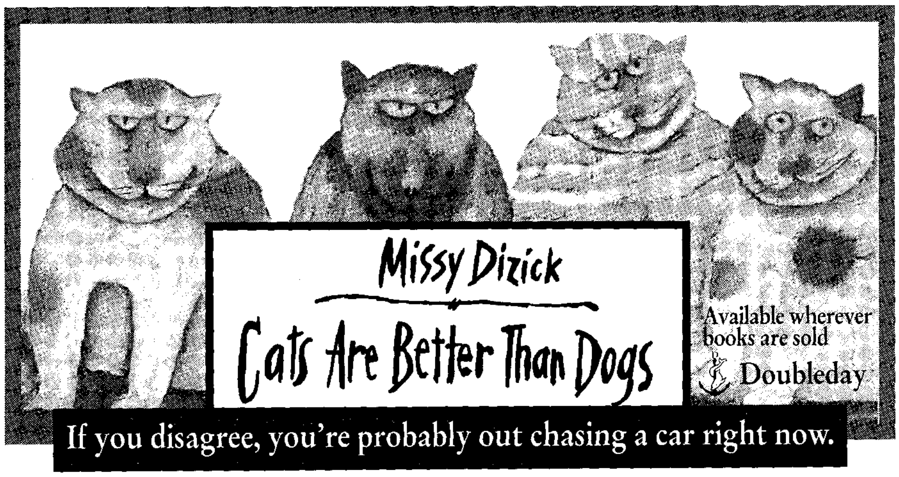
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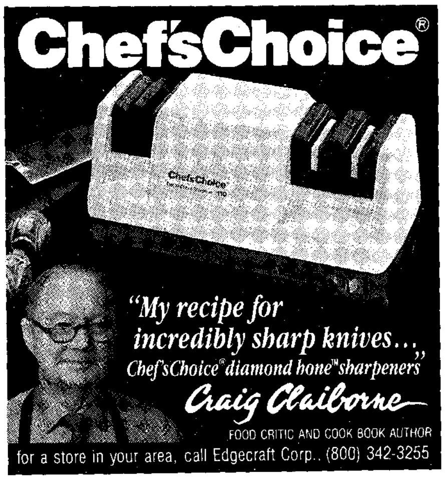
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from death, Daviau's crisp images do the job and then some: our curiosity about what small beauty the next shot will uncover functions as a kind of suspense. And, cannily, Weir varies the pace and the visual texture of the narrative by administering periodic jolts of disaster-movie terror, in the form of flashbacks to Max's and (less frequently) Carla's experiences in the agonizing final minutes of the doomed plane's descent. These interruptions create suspense, too: we know that ultimately Weir is going to unleash the full force of his prodigious skills on a re-creation of the crash itself, seen from the perspective of the passengers trapped in the cabin. That's not something anyone in the audience really wants to see, but our dread of the inevitable does, at least, keep us distracted from the present-tense narrative, which, in the picture's last third (as in the novel's), becomes increasingly strained and improbable.

Weir has constructed "Fearless" to build to a spectacular, harrowing two-track climax in the present. Max again nearly dies (this time from an allergic reaction to a strawberry), and, as he gasps for breath, remembers at last the very moment of the crash, in all its sickening detail. The filmmaker is, to say the least, up to the task of confirming our direst fears about airline safety. The sequence is a furious kinetic vision of things ripping apart, of the end of the world inside a thin metal shell. This all too persuasive contemporary apocalypse seems to last forever, but finally shades—gracefully, if not very intelligently—into something else: an out-of-body kind of vision, in which the gutted fuselage becomes a radiant corridor leading Max into another world. Back in the present, Max comes out of his strawberry-induced shock, looks at his worried wife (Isabella Rossellini, gleaming like porcelain), and seems ready, even eager, to reclaim his former self: the loving, unremarkable family man, complete with responsibilities and the normal human complement of fears. As therapeutic uplift goes, this is pretty florid. Using a plane crash as an image of the scary instability of modern life makes some sense—in an abstract, aestheticized sort of way. But turning a forty-year-old man's disenchantment with life into epic-scale metaphysical adventure is just nutty. When you start believing that a midlife crisis can unlock the mysteries of the universe, it's time to get your head out of the clouds. ♦

THE THEATRE

MISSISSIPPI MUD

BY JOHN LAHR

"SHOW BOAT" was born "big and meant to stay that way," said Oscar Hammerstein II, who was present at the conception. It was billed as "An All American Musical Comedy," and so it was. This watershed musical, about a group of touring riverboat players who worked the towns along the Mississippi, spanned forty years of American history, ranged across a panorama of classes, colors, and careers, and told its sprawling story using the wide variety of popular musical styles that had captivated the American public for the past sixty years. "Show Boat," which opened on December 27, 1927, was a radical departure in musical storytelling, marrying spectacle with seriousness. It was conceived as a discourse on American musical and social history, and nothing like it had ever been seen on the American stage. The size of its ambition and its cast were symptomatic of the buoyancy of Broadway, which was at its peak in the 1927-28 season, when two hundred and sixty-four shows were produced in seventy theatres. "Show Boat" arrived under the auspices of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the entrepreneur of Broadway musical extravaganza, and under the authorship of Hammerstein and Jerome Kern, the architects of Broadway musical change. Ziegfeld, whose contract with the authors originally called for the delivery of a script within three weeks of signing, was paying for fun, not ferment. He feared adding gravity to the musical's habitual good times. "In its present shape," Ziegfeld told Kern, complaining about the complicated plot of family unhappiness, tragedy, and miscegenation, "it hasn't got a chance except with the critics, and I'm not producing for critics and empty houses." But Hammerstein and Kern were adamant that a musical should mean something; and "Show Boat," in its broadest sense, was meant to mean America. The show was inclusive, not exclusive. Its capaciousness, like that of the land itself, pronounced its abundance—of talent, of heart, and, in its acknowledgment of race, of the society's sins as well as its dreams. Here was a musical that, at a stroke, did away with the traditional Broadway folderol of "No girls, no gags, no chance" and brazenly offered up a picture of the democracy. "Show Boat" was democratic in the focus of its story, in its themes, in its music, in its interracial cast. And, as its many revivals and three films attest, "Show Boat," like all democratic experiments, was constantly revising itself.

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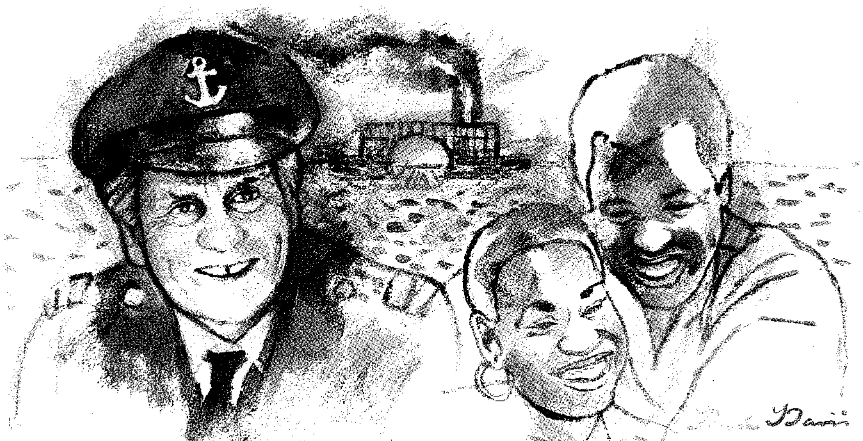

Robert Morse, Gretha Boston, and Michel Bell in Harold Prince's Toronto production of "Show Boat."

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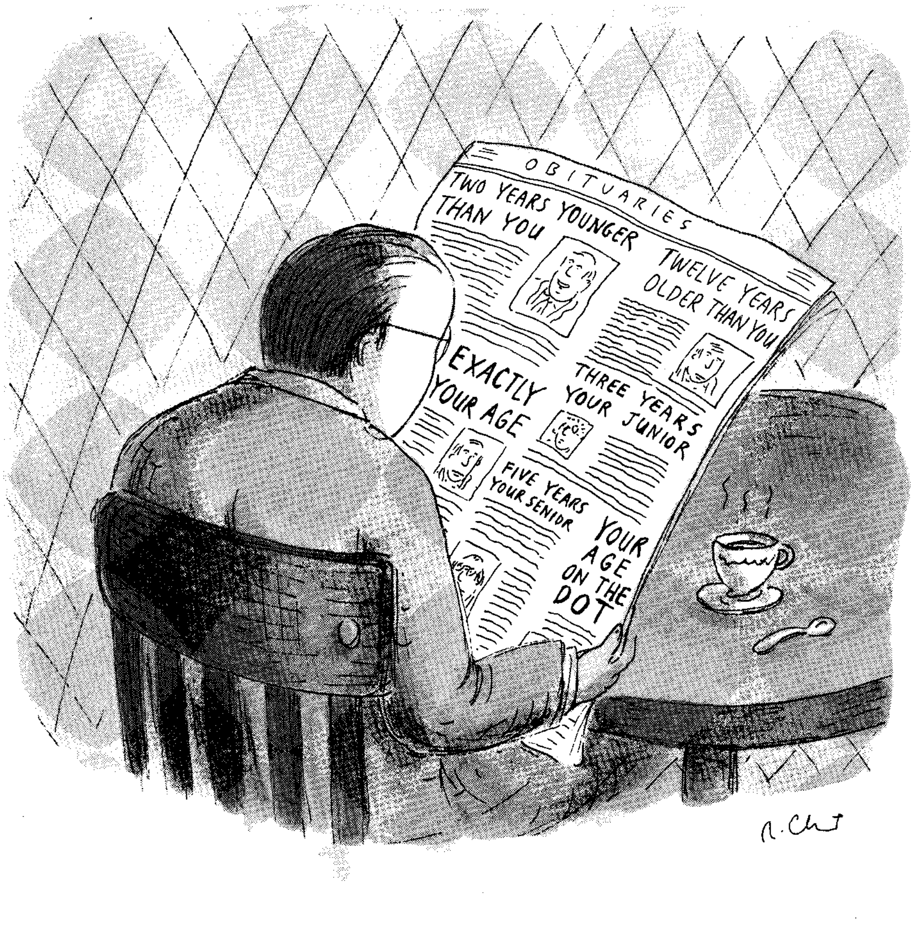
Arts Centre, has, in keeping with the controversial ambitions, if not the democratic spirit, of the musical, caused a rhubarb. Since April, the Coalition to Stop Show Boat, a collection mostly of leaders of Toronto's black community, has been trying to run "Show Boat" aground. The Coalition has been hard at it, lobbying Ontario's Human Rights Commission and, even before previews began, mounting weekly demonstrations of as many as a hundred people outside the theatre. At the preview I saw, there was a whiff of autumn and of Weimar in the air. About forty armed police, some helmeted and mounted, stood behind police barricades outside the building while inside plainclothesmen, stationed at every exit of the massive eighteen-hundred-and-fifty-seat Main Stage Theatre, watched the audience. In 1927, Hammerstein and Kern wanted to open a theatrical discussion about race relations in America; in 1993, the Coalition to Stop Show Boat, branding the show "racist, anti-African propaganda" and a "discriminatory and harmful cultural experience," was noisily trying to close it down. The brouhaha that has been percolating over the last several months began as the bleatings of the uninformed on behalf of the underrepresented and ended in anti-Semitic catcalling. "Most of the plays that portray blacks or any other ethnic groups in a negative way is always done by a white man, and always usually a Jewish person is doing plays which denigrate us," Stephnie Payne, a black member of the North York board of education, said in a television interview, referring to the producer of the show, Garth Drabinsky, and his director as well as to Ziegfeld, Hammerstein, and Kern. Ms. Payne later apologized for her remarks, but the racial slurs of the self-styled anti-racists have clung to the production. One protester's sign read, "Show Boat Is Not Kosher (Unclean)." But is it?

Certainly there's little to defend in Edna Ferber's gushing best-seller on which the musical is based. Ferber writes like a teen-ager on diet pills: "The Mississippi itself was a tawny tiger, roused, furious, bloodthirsty, lashing out with its great tail, tearing with its cruel claws, and burying its fangs deep in the shore to swallow at a gulp land, houses, trees, cattle, humans, even; and roaring, snarling, howling hideously as it did so." Her novel is a kind of hilarious anthology of bad writing, and it does include some unconscionable racial caricatures. "Almost invariably," she writes of the blacks



rushing to see the riverboat, the Cotton Blossom, as it pulls along shore with its calliope blasting, "some magic-footed Negro, overcome by the music, could be seen on the wharf executing the complicated and rhythmic steps of a double shuffle, his rags flapping grotesquely about him, his mouth a gash of white." But the book is not the play—a distinction that the Coalition can't quite fathom. "Since the play is based on the book," one of its members said, "the play has to be racist." Well, no, it doesn't. Hammerstein and Kern imbued Ferber's characters with their own concerns, putting a new chassis on the story and souping up the old engine to make a theatrical vehicle for themselves. In "Ol' Man River," which Hammerstein characterized as "a song of resignation with a protest implied," the Mississippi is transformed from Ferber's symbol of romantic chaos into one of Christian redemption. Through Joe, sung here by Michel Bell with an almost freaky cavernous basso that seems to echo down the ages, Hammerstein makes injustice sensational in the song's very first words:

> Dere's an ol' man called de Mississippi;
> Dat's de ol' man dat I'd like to be!
> What does he care if de world's
> got troubles?
> What does he care if de land ain't free?

The song is a hymn of anguish and endurance in the static post-Reconstruction South. Although the published lyric now substitutes "colored folks" for "niggers" (Hammerstein made the change for the 1946 revival), the original shocking, bitter refrain was truer to the outraged spirit of the slaves and to the metre of the song, whose fury, even in its bowdlerized form, is clear for those who have ears to hear:

> Colored folks work on de Mississippi
> Colored folks work while de white
> folks play.

Hal Prince's version of "Show Boat" displays—as much as a Broadway musical can—a sense of black humiliation amid jubilation. After all, this is a show in which two troupe members, Steve and Julie, take themselves away when Julie's "mixed blood" is discovered. But describing racism doesn't make "Show Boat" racist. The production is meticulous in honoring the influence of black culture not just in the making of the nation's wealth but, through music, in the making of its modern spirit. The point is made with brilliant concision in the orchestrations of Robert Russell Bennett and William David Brohn in the montage that takes over the story from the turn of the century to the twenties and moves sharpish from ragtime to jazz to Charleston—all jaunty expressions of black liberation. "Show Boat" 's curtain call makes a spectacle of integration, while the musical's story pointedly does not. It begins in the eighteen-eighties with two water barrels at the side of the stage, one marked "Colored Only," the other "White Only"; and it closes in the nineteen-twenties with Kim, the celebrated granddaughter of the show boat's captain, at the end of "Kim's Charleston," perched on top of a ticket box that reads "Balcony: Colored Only." The lives of the white folks have taken wild turns of fortune, but the black stories remain fundamentally static. (In the original finale, part of which has fortunately been cut by Prince, both Kim and the child of the play's comic performing couple, Frank and Ellie, are redeemed by theatrical stardom, whereas Joe and the black community make do with the salvation of the gospel.) This was the shaming state of civil rights in 1927, about which the musical comments:

> Let me go 'way from de Mississippi
> Let me go 'way from de white man boss.

Far from depicting blacks as "subhuman savages, dim-witted, childlike, lazy, drunk, irresponsible, and devoid of any human characteristics," as one of the Coalition members put it, Prince's "Show Boat" clearly dramatizes the reverse. The sources of wisdom (Joe), of courage (Julie, who leaves the Cotton Blossom only to later sacrifice her Chicago singing job—and probably her life—so that her abandoned white friend, Magnolia, can work and feed her young child), of comfort (Queenie's kitchen), and of musical delight (the gospel, blues, ragtime, and jazz numbers, and the accompanying cakewalk, shimmy, strut tap, and Charleston) are black. The black experience, in both its triumph and its tragedy, is at the heart of the show's perception of America.

The linchpin of "Show Boat" is Cap'n Andy Hawks, the dithering and adorable owner of the Cotton Blossom. He

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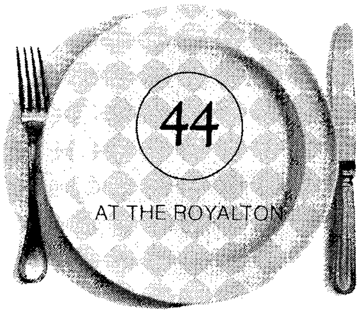

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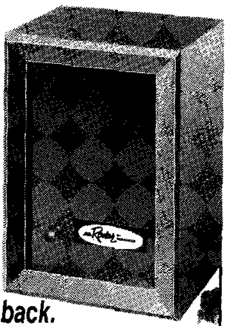

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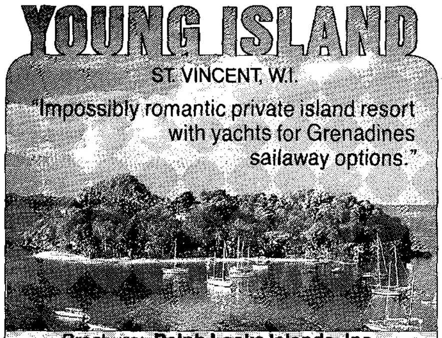

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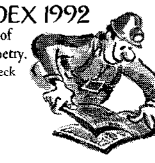

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Actual Size

manages to hire the gambling bounder Gaylord Ravenal for his acting company, to coach his sheltered and beloved daughter, Magnolia, to play opposite the new man, and, finally, to get the two star-crossed lovers married. Cap'n Andy is, as Ethan Mordden has pointed out in these pages, Hammerstein's "cockeyed optimist," whose dreamy eccentricity helps him survive the cussedness of his wife, and who, at the finale, even manages to engineer a last-minute reconciliation of the long-parted lovers. Robert Morse makes a wonderful Cap'n Andy, and it's a thrill to watch him work. Morse is a genuine star turn. He owns the stage with his relaxed, puckish whimsicality. As Cap'n Andy, Morse is all fluster and bluster. His hands, like Andy's shambolic personality, seem to be all over the place—flapping at the heavens, poking into his pockets, resting on his now protruding belly. Morse, who is good on his feet and has a great comic silhouette when he's wedged into a chorus line, gets every bit of humor and poignance out of the role. His style of delivery can best be described as racing to meet a red light. Morse takes a run at a sentence, only to break off in the middle and lay his smoky voice down on just the right word. It's a piquant mannerism. When his wife, Parthy Ann, collapses at the news of her daughter's imminent marriage, someone exclaims, "She's fainted!" Morse takes a beat and says with a twinkle, "Are you sure?" Elaine Stritch is Parthy Ann and makes as much of this thankless role as anyone can. She towers above Morse, and serves as a droll comic foil for his capering benevolence. Stritch's chin juts out at the world like a fist. Ramrod straight, her consonants as hard as her attitude, Stritch is very sour and very funny. She rattles around in her craggy voice, which is capable of stopping the show, but in this outing, where she sings "Why Do I Love You?" to Magnolia's new baby at the redesigned opening of Act II, she's allowed to be merely endearing.

Even in musical plays of "Show Boat" 's calibre, characterizations are usually not so well drawn that they don't benefit from the extra dimension of personality called "star quality." It's hard to define, but when you see it onstage it's hard to miss or forget. Almost all the couples in "Show Boat" bring something extraordinary to their roles. In a fine scene that, incidentally, dramatizes the blues corrupting the white world with pleasure, Lonette McKee, who plays Julie, gives "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" a terrific, swinging interpretation. Her brilliant, forlorn rendition of "Bill" is equally well judged and moving. Rebecca Luker, as Magnolia, is full of beans and acting talent. With the help of the handsome and very charming Mark Jacoby as the feckless Gaylord Ravenal, she makes the "love at first sight" hokum of "Make-Believe" and the passion of "You Are Love" credible and exciting. As Queenie, Gretha Boston gets her gorgeous voice behind "Mis'ry's Comin' Aroun'," the stunning dirge that foreshadows Julie's exposure as a mulatto. Boston exudes a warmth and humor that make it transparent why Magnolia would want to take refuge from her flinty mother in Queenie's kitchen.

In emphasizing the social content of the show, Prince and his designer, Eugene Lee, haven't forgotten the fun of its spectacle. They give us a stern-wheeler that docks before our eyes, a footlit theatre, cotton bales stacked on a Natchez levee, even an electric train that steams across the stage in the distance. Susan Stroman's choreography calls attention not to itself but to the new momentum of the democracy, to which black culture gave voice and, in its vivid dances, also body. In bringing together good and bad, optimism and outrage, celebration and resignation, "Show Boat" demanded a new maturity from musical theatre and from its audience. "Show Boat" insists—and Prince's expert production makes the point irresistible—that the past must be remembered for its sins as well as for its triumphs. History is ambiguous, and so is the idealism of love and hate. "Show Boat" puts that paradox center stage. The show chronicles slavery not to condone it but to deplore it. Anyone with a demitasse for a hat can see the intention. Not, however, the Coalition, a politically correct sign of our winded times, which wants freedom for everything but thought. Adamance without information only trivializes protest. That's why the Coalition's cries of racism have had all the impact of a popgun; and why, after seven decades, "Show Boat" still speaks to the informed heart of the democracy. ♦

BOOKS

PRESSURE COOKERS

BY GEORGE STEINER

Peter Gay's "The Cultivation of Hatred" is a psychohistory of nineteenth-century Western culture as a prelude to the catastrophe of 1914.

KARI KROLL

THE thesis of Peter Gay's new book resides in the ambiguity of its title, "The Cultivation of Hatred" (Norton; $30). "Cultivation" in two senses: a nurturing, a bringing to ripeness, on the one hand, and a taming, a making "cultured," on the other. Continuing his study of "The Bourgeois Experience: Victoria to Freud," Professor Gay sets out to show how the nineteenth century nurtured and at the same time contained within cultural norms those forces of hatred and unreason which were to explode in 1914. This book—compendious, learned, stylishly argued—is in fact a copious footnote to Freud's famous tract "Civilization and Its Discontents." At a time when, except in certain North American circles, Freudian psychoanalysis is receding into the status of a great mythology, a great act of storytelling, Gay adheres almost ritually to the Master. Freud's account of the neurotic pressures built up by the constraints that civility and society impose on the instinctual is the foundation of Gay's study. And psychoanalytic scenarios of the libidinal, the sadomasochistic, and the sublimated provide its idiom. What we have, therefore, is a psychohistory of Western culture, social institutions, and private attitudes from the eighteen-forties to the First World War.

A second talismanic presence is that of Michel Foucault. Gay adopts Foucault's strategy of fixing on a specific, local episode or circumstance, closely documented, in order to derive from it a panoptic view. The episode, as in Foucault, may be—indeed, tends to be—scabrous or pathological or sharply dramatic (a flogging, a public execution, an urban riot). The core of pictorial violence informs and is absorbed in the more abstract, theorizing argument. Like Foucault, Professor Gay has an acute eye for the "minute particulars." It is not, however, their "holiness" that arrests him, as was the case for William Blake, but, rather, their seminal darkness.

This technique is manifest at the outset. The pulsebeat of aggression and socialized containment, Gay says, is fiercely legible in the *Mensur*, the German student duel that flourished during the Bismarckian-Imperial generations, whose purpose lay in the infliction and the acquisition of facial scars. Gay's description is gripping, and his conclusion programmatic:

> The Mensur combined prohibitions and permissions, punishments and rewards, suffering and pleasure, with peculiar felicity. It provided ceremonials for establishing manliness, tests and substitutes for sexual prowess, and, with its obsessively prescribed rules of procedure, a dependable framework within which youths could master the aggressive feelings that swamped them. Better still, the Mensur inflicted enough pain to gratify the most exacting superego.

Where so much is offered, it seems churlish to hope for more. But what is needed is some sense of comparison with numerous other cultures in which ritualized combat, the scarring of face and body, and the public endurance of pain are wholly traditional practices at the moment of initiation into manhood. And when Gay adds a list of illustrious victims of nineteenth-century duels (many of them outside Germany) he omits the most poignant: the death of Évariste Galois, shot down in Paris at twenty, after laying the foundations of modern algebraic theory.

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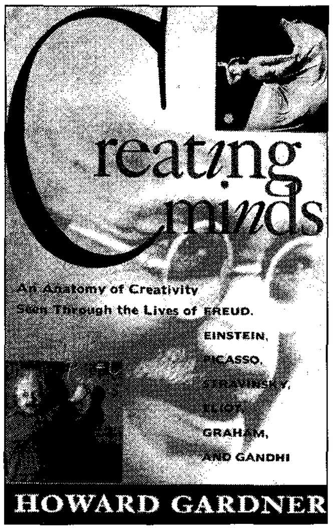
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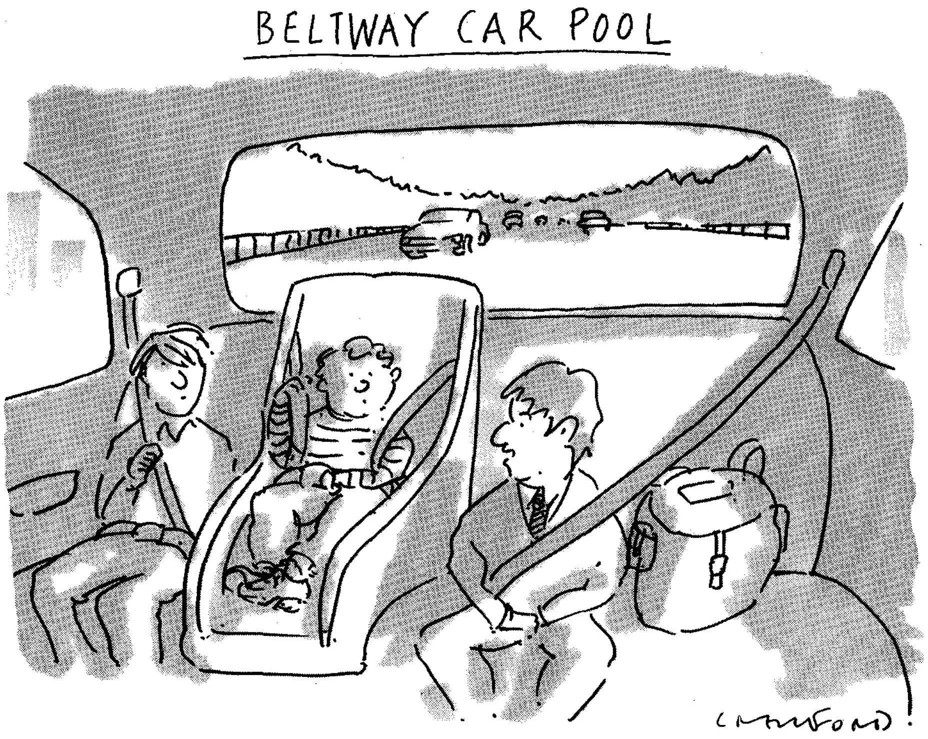
the point and counterpoint of nineteenth-century racism and aspirations toward globalism and humanitarian justice. Again, Freud is canonic: "The rage to improve the world whether it wanted improvement or not, usually called benevolence, was, often enough, what Freud called a reaction formation—a defense mechanism that converts aggressive feelings into their opposite and thus masks them." As Gay rightly stresses, "race was everywhere by mid-century." Colonialist conquests and exploitation of "lesser breeds without the Law" set up a complicated interplay with racism at home. There is a superb false symmetry in the contrast between Benjamin Disraeli's career in Britain or the often masterly entrance of Jews into West European culture and fiscal power, on the one hand, and the Russian pogroms or the Dreyfus affair, on the other. On the black and the Jew were focussed dangerously interactive atavistic fears and impulses toward human fraternity. One does not need Freud in order to understand that the chivalric ideals of Victorian or Gallic virility, compounding, as they did, demands of humane liberality with "ferocious desires barely held in check," would make for an explosive mixture. Illuminatingly, Gay cites Theodore Roosevelt as a representative "extremist of the center." Indeed, throughout, one of the imaginative and analytic strengths of this book is that it enlists both European and North American material.

The key chapter, on "Pathologies"—on public cruelty and the often veiled savageries that characterized schooling and domestic behavior—stands altogether in Foucault's trendy shadow: "Throughout much of the century, great reform campaigns produced little more than the replacement of coarse kinds of cruelty by subtler ones." This is unadulterated Foucault, and a vast oversimplification. One has only to glance at the achievements of John Stuart Mill, of Dickens, of Florence Nightingale and lesser-known hospital reformers to realize the extent of progress. Reform was often slow and was often contravened, but it was genuine nonetheless. Naked children were not pulling pit carts in British coal mines at the close of the century. The whole trouble with Foucaultian word games—and Peter Gay is

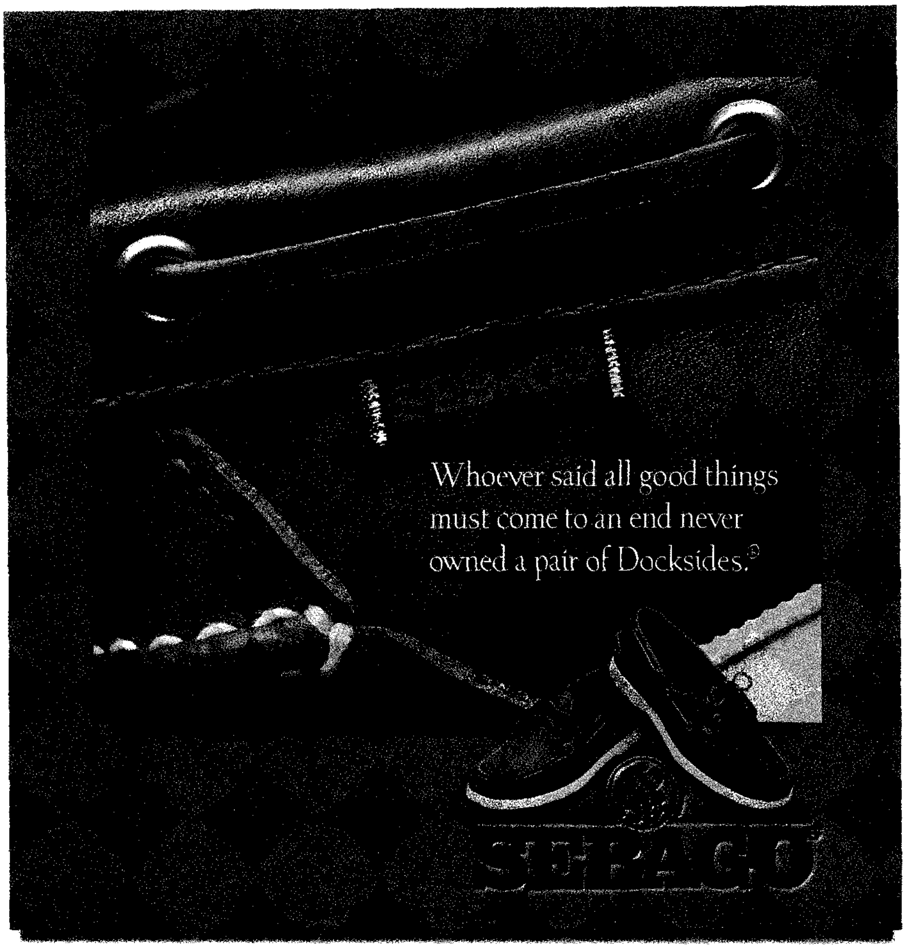


"Under the proposal, regional 'health alliances'—essentially, giant insurance-buying pools—would collect money from employers and individuals and in return offer them a variety of competing health plans. A national health board would control the alliances' budgets and prevent them from raising insurance premiums over a certain amount. Cool!"

too distinguished a social historian not to know this—is the blurring of crucial nuance, of the resistant nature of evidence. "It should be plain by now that the Victorian age was an age of redefinitions." What age is not? Did the Renaissance or the Enlightenment redefine less? "Competition was secularized; race, dramatized; manliness, democratized. Sins became crimes; crimes, diseases; diseases, social problems." To which one can only reply: yes and no. Competition is secularized in seventeenth-century mercantile practice and in Adam Smith. Race is almost unbearably dramatized in "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice." Disease is recognized, and approached, as a social problem during London's last Great Plague, as Defoe plainly shows.

It is in dealing with issues of women's emancipation, of the feminine contribution to the achievements and conflicts of the Victorian and early-twentieth-century period, that Gay's touch is most assured. Mrs. Beeton and her "Book of Household Management" figure prominently beside George Sand and George Eliot. The German feminist Fanny Lewald is set suggestively near Louisa May Alcott. Though evidence is, in the nature of the case, almost unavailable, Gay is surely right in reminding us that alleged Victorian prudishness did not exclude erotic equality in bed. Here, too, as both Foucault and Gay have shown, the history of medicine lies near the heart of any understanding of sensibility and culture. An alternative title for this book could well have been "The Cultivation of Hysteria," meaning the gradual modulation toward reasoned insight of a concept as fundamental to the Victorians in one sense as it was to Freud in another.

The Victorians, Gay argues, were themselves aware of the all-pervasive pattern of aggression and counteraggression. They strove to make these fertile: "Constructive aggressiveness explains much of the progressive thrust of the age and many of its strains." Combativeness, pent-up frustrations led to that "cultivation of hatred" which expressed itself in technology, in scientific advances, in international relations, and in sport. The general formula is that of "attempts to control the price of living in an age striving for mastery" over personal consciousness. Together with numerous previous historians, Gay underlines the imperialism of the nineteenth-century quest for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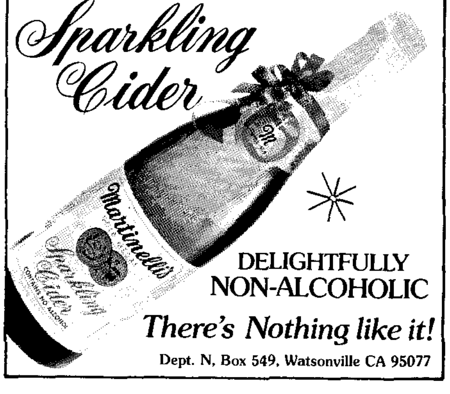
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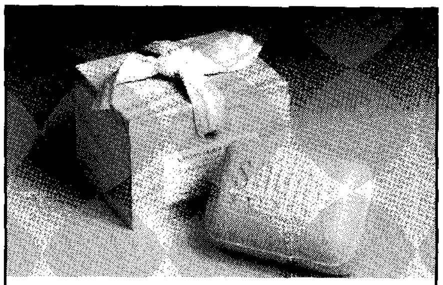
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scientific knowledge and for the application of such knowledge to industrial development. For T. H. Huxley, the teaching of the sciences was equivalent to the acceptance of God's will and purpose. Gay points to Adolphe Quetelet, whose pioneering application of statistics to social phenomena constituted a positivist, marvellously useful mapping of human possibilities. (How much there is in the mere title of Quetelet's magnum opus: "Physique Sociale.") And, perceptively, Gay relates Adam Smith's foreseeing of the modern division of labor to the unstoppable march of specialization in the sciences and in technology. Conquest relies on division.

In the deliberate effort to harness nature, "German scientists took pride of place," Gay writes. It was in imperial Germany, with its rapidly evolving military-industrial complex, that pure science and mathematics commanded the prestige, the public patronage, the social rewards once accorded humanistic learning and the arts. The careers of the physicist Heinrich Hertz, of the bacteriologist Robert Koch, of that "universal genius" Hermann Helmholtz, who made fundamental discoveries in half a dozen fields, including optics, electrodynamics, and physics, illustrate Gay's point. It is, moreover, worth bearing in mind that the entire system of American graduate studies in the sciences—of public grants and of the close interactions between disinterested scientific inquiry and political support—stems directly from the German model. Our scientific moguls and consultants in high places are the immediate heirs to the Wirkliche Geheimräte, the "Excellencies" of the Wilhelmine establishment. No less important was the extension to German engineers of the titles and the aura enjoyed by pure and medical science. The British failure to follow suit has had parlous consequences.

The three volumes of Gay's history of the bourgeois experience culminate in an inevitable epilogue: August 4, 1914. Here lies the crux of the prodigal enterprise. Why did the mechanisms of equilibrium, of political, social, and psychological control, that had after the end of the Napoleonic adventure given Europe an unprecedented progress and hope collapse? Why the long horror of the twentieth century, with its two world wars (in essential fact, two European civil wars), its totalitarian regimes, its death camps, its return to torture, its burning of books and of human beings? What went wrong, pushing us back toward a bestiality that is now becoming numb habit, be it in Bosnia or in our inner cities?

Gay's brief conclusion—"It was not written in the stars"—adds little to the debate. But this is hardly a reproach. There is no more difficult question in the study of history and of the psyche. Nevertheless, there were those who foresaw. Nietzsche envisioned and speculated on a nearing cataclysm. What he called "decadence" would, he predicted, spill over into barbarism. And he did see Germany as the source. Maud Gonne, Yeats' muse, recorded hallucinatory, drug- and trance-induced images of mass slaughter, of mutual massacre on European fields, some years before the event. Hocus-pocus, but irrefutable. The Viennese satirist and philosopher of language Karl Kraus prophesied at the turn of the century that a time was drawing near in which purses would be made of human skin. Sigmund Freud's sovereign intuition of the possibly fatal malaise inside civilization and his fantastications about a "death instinct" come after the fact. They look back on a First World War whose explosion, in that summer of 1914, Freud himself had briefly hailed as a purifying, glorious event.

It may turn out that the hundred years from Waterloo to the Somme were wholly exceptional in their general peace and progress. Homicidal conflict and the unforgiving clash of ideologies—religious, ethnic, social—may simply be the rule in the condition of the human carnivore. It may be that the partial collapse of religious faith in the most developed societies has created a vacuum to be filled not by any rush of reason or tolerance, as the Enlightenment had hoped and predicted, but by fanaticism, fake dogmas, and psychological instability. In his assemblage Gay largely avoids those philosophical, and even theological, concerns which, opaque and exasperating to modernity as they are, may well lie at the roots of our desolation. Psychoanalysis is helpless in the face of metaphysics. As so often, it is the poets who seem to know most. "The Cultivation of Hatred" is a work on the grand scale, both informative and penetrating. But does it add much to the prophetic outcry of Théophile Gautier—"Rather barbarism than ennui"? ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FIRST NOVELS

A Simple Plan

by Scott Smith
(Knopf; $21)

HANK MITCHELL, the Everyman protagonist of this novel, is the accountant at a feed store in northern Ohio. He is cozily married, with a baby on the way. On New Year's Eve day, he and his underachieving brother, Jacob, grudgingly observe the yearly ritual of visiting their parents' graves. They can barely handle being in the same truck, and the presence of Jacob's ice-fishing buddy Lou (who likes to call Hank "Mr. Accountant") doesn't make it any easier. When Jacob's dog—a male named Mary Beth, after an unrequited love—bolts from the truck, they are drawn into the snowy woods, and happen upon the wreckage of a small plane. Prying open the door, Hank discovers the pilot still inside, his eyes picked out by crows. He also discovers a duffel-bag containing over four million dollars. Within minutes, Hank has made the hitherto unthinkable decision to keep the money, formulating a foolproof "simple plan." The predictable descent into horror ensues, but—to the author's great credit—each gruesome and perfectly logical step Hank takes to keep the money comes as a surprise more awful than the last. The smaller felonies Hank commits upon himself and his family—dangling conversations, constant suspicion, a stable life rendered "stunted, gray, unlivable"—are conveyed with a restraint that is heart-rending and every bit as disquieting as the violence that abounds here.

Elect Mr. Robinson for a Better World

by Donald Antrim
(Viking; $20)

THIS agile novel begins peacefully enough: "See a town stucco-pink, fish-belly-white, done up in wisteria and swaying palms." Then we learn that Jim Kunkel—the ex-mayor—has been firing Stinger missiles into the Botanical Garden's reflecting pool. In Antrim's anarchic suburbia, trenches filled with broken glass and spears are becoming as commonplace as shrubbery beds, and yet the citizenry is more concerned about a mysterious rash of sink cloggings. After Kunkel is drawn and quartered by the Rotary Club, Pete Robinson, a third-grade teacher, dreams of becoming the next mayor, and contemplates various campaign slogans: "Pete Robinson for Peace on Earth," "Pete Robinson Is the Only Conceivable Choice for Mayor." Despite the 1:32-scale-model torture chamber in his basement, we're willing to believe him: Robinson just may be the only guy in town who suspects that something odd is going on. Antrim's dark suburban fantasy replaces the usual bedroom intrigues with neighborhood militarism and white-bread sadism. But it's no stern critique—it's richly funny, even whimsical, and bizarrely familiar.

Secrets

by Kelvin Christopher James
(Villard; $20)

A SLIM book that packs a strong punch. James was born in the West Indies and now lives in New York City, and his prose combines island lilt and savvy minimalism: some sentences pull up short or turn on a dime, while others extend in an unexpectedly leisurely fashion. The story, set in the Caribbean, seems to be an undemanding coming of age, in which plump, brainy Uxann savors mangoes stolen from a grumpy neighbor's orchard on the way home from school, cooks for her Paps, and keeps a pretty cool head about his occasional drinking and his Friday-night women. James is able to convey in a brief space the long-feeling rhythm of chores and meals and musings in Uxann's life—and she lives several different lives, as it turns out, in less than a year's time. From the time she has her first period, which is followed closely by her discovery that her Paps is "bulling" her best friend, Uxann's world is dense with revelations and trials that cannot even be hinted at without ruining the pleasure of this carefully designed book. Through it all, you can't help admiring the male author for taking on, with such imaginative sympathy, what becomes an almost urgently female odyssey.

Water Boy

by Gary Reiswig
(Simon & Schuster; $20)

A ROAD sign outside the narrator's Oklahoma town proclaims that Jesus "Is Lord in Cimarron"; another reads, "This Is Devil Country. Support the Cimarron Dustdevils." The Dustdevils are the high-school football team, and town life revolves around football; even a preacher all but holds pep rallies for the team. The narrator, a kind of ultimate mama's boy, renounces the game, while his best friend becomes the top player in the town's history. The story overreaches in symbolism and drama: by the end, there have been two fatal farm accidents, the forcible circumcision of one football star by another, and such an elaborate roundelay of sexual partners that disbelief cannot be entirely suspended. Yet the notion of devils and angels socking it out within the gorgeously trained bodies of tormented young men is played out in a book that is, for stretches, rather gorgeous itself.

Hotel Pastis

by Peter Mayle
(Knopf; $23)

MAYLE'S first novel is much like his memoir "A Year in Provence." A successful English advertising man, here called Simon Shaw, resigns and retires to a remote village in Provence to remodel a derelict building into a small luxury hotel. There are the expected problems with local bureaucracy and labor, but these are more than compensated for in the course of Shaw's search for a superior chef, as once again, Mayle describes in mouthwatering detail every cassoulet, foie gras, and gigot *à point*, every bottle of red, white, or pink wine, that is placed before his characters. This time, however, the gastronomic rhapsody is interrupted now and again by a few crumbs of plot—the robbery of a village bank by way of a sewer, and a low-comedy sequel. Mayle is a writer of grace and good humor, and he gives us here that current novelty a fine light novel. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

A HOLLYWOOD LEXICON

BY DAVID FREEMAN

"So what did the golden retriever say?"

"He wants an E ticket, but for a price."

"I thought it was Rites or Sprites."

"That was yesterday. Here comes the rewrite."

"This town, this town."

A *golden retriever* is a studio executive with the ability to outrun everyone else and bring in the hottest scripts, actors, or directors. Retrievers spend their days on the phone and their nights in restaurants trolling for information—a script that might be unexpectedly available, or a director about to be fired. Retrievers don't care for the long process of developing a script. They are by nature scavengers, looking to snag floundering ventures. The term was first applied to Jeffrey Katzenberg, now the chairman of the Disney Studios, when he was a production executive at Paramount and a man who could wade into executive-infested waters and emerge with the goods. At the time, he was seen as a workaholic. By the almost pathological standards of today's retrievers, Katzenberg's early work habits seem almost casual. Retrievers never sleep; they have no other life. In the world of young executives, to be considered a golden retriever is high praise.

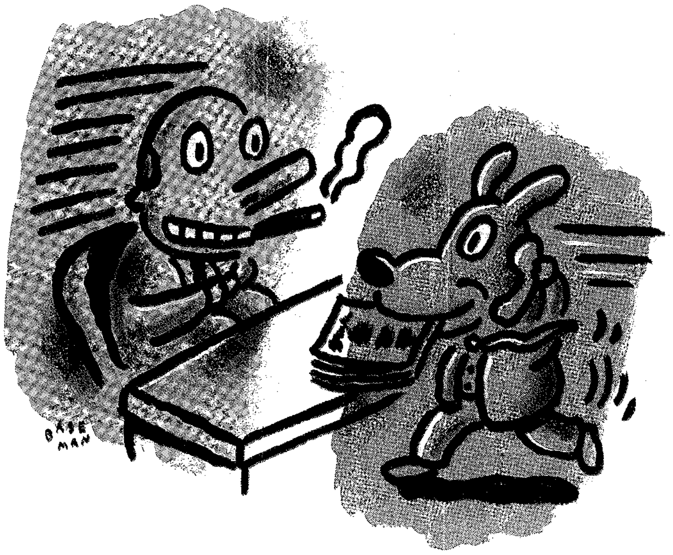
An *E ticket* is a high-action movie. In Disneyland, some years ago, only E ticket holders were permitted on some of the most exciting rides. Not every child could afford an E ticket—a distinction that seemed to break along racial and ethnic lines—but eventually the management made the arrangements more egalitarian. The idea of the E ticket as a thrills-and-spills excursion remains.

For a price means as cheaply as possible. It's a recession-era watchword, always delivered with a sort of financial self-righteousness. "We want to green-light this picture if we can make it for a price." By making the good news provisional, the studio manages to suggest that it's sensible and is holding the line. You, on the other hand, are a foolish child likely to squander money. An E ticket movie can never be made for a price.

Rites or Sprites: Certain story terms seem dusted with magic, at least to film studios. "Rites of passage" is one, "free spirit" another. A rites-of-passage movie, sometimes called "coming of age," is about youth maturing. Jason pursuing the Golden Fleece is an example from an earlier narrative form. More recently, every teen-age movie ever made qualifies. A free spirit is a person not fettered by the constraints of regularly ordered society. Free spirits are usually adorable young women who wear floppy hats and talk to the trees. If there's a stuffy man around, the free spirit will loosen him up. Audrey Hepburn in "Breakfast at Tiffany's" is the apotheosis of the free spirit. Screenwriters, who must always appear surprised when these genres are proposed, have taken to calling them Rites or Sprites.

Here comes the rewrite: Most studio scripts go through several sets of revisions before production. Each round is designed to enhance some aspect of the story or the characters. In "Indecent Proposal," the action all but stops so that Robert Redford, the billionaire who makes the infamous proposal, can deliver a monologue that reveals an unexpectedly sympathetic side of a charming but unpleasant fellow. The speech is a pastiche of "Citizen Kane" and F. Scott Fitzgerald, but it helps the audience understand the character. At the Writers Guild screening of the picture, the crowd knew why the speech was there. As Redford got rolling, several people were heard muttering, "Here comes the rewrite."

This town replaces "Tinseltown," "Lotusland," and even "Hollywood" itself. It might be said of a golden retriever that he "really knows how to work this town." When the two words are uttered in a weary voice, they're usually followed by a self-evident piety: "This town is tough on dreams." It's meant to suggest hard-earned knowledge from the inside looking out. "The town," by contrast, is from the outside looking in: "I can't get anywhere, because I don't know how the town works." Both sides assume that there is a key to success, a Rosetta stone of language or manners. If only it can be discovered, goes the outsider's dream, then the present will be happy and the future glorious. Hah! Not in this town. ♦



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